NOVEMBER.

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MORE LETTERS TO JOHN. By C. B. FRY.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

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Vol. X. No. 56. NOVEMBER, 1903.

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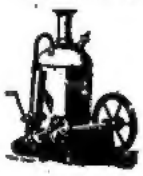

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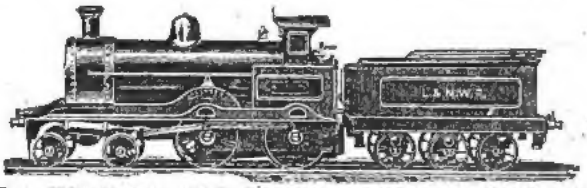

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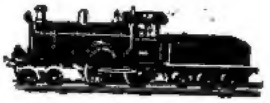

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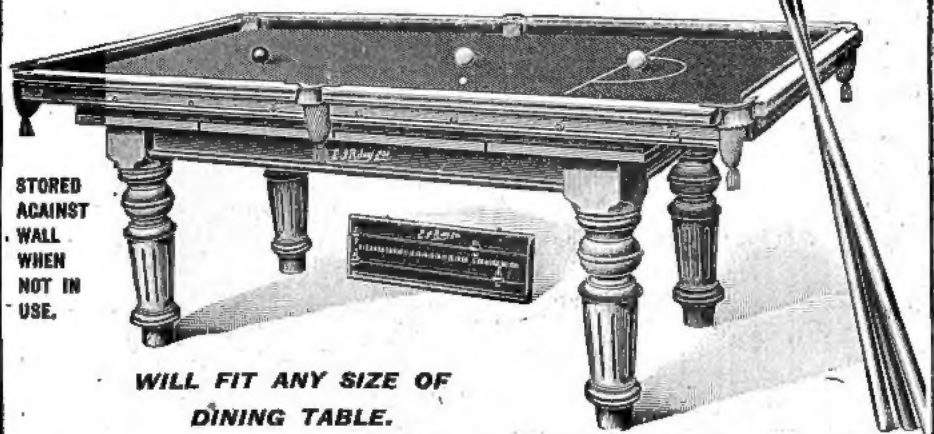

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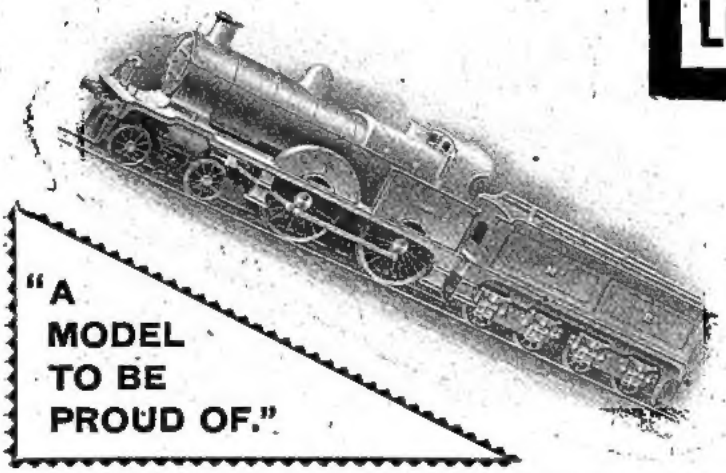

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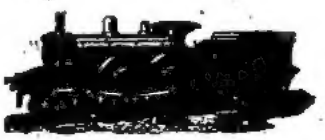

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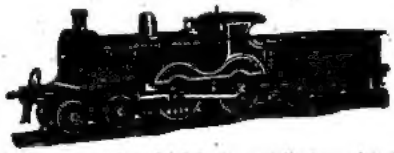

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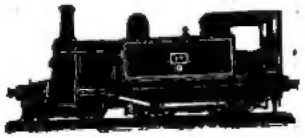

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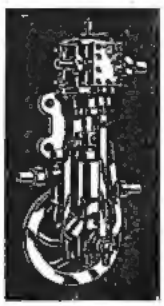

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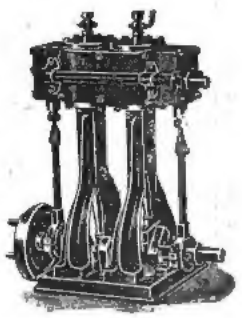

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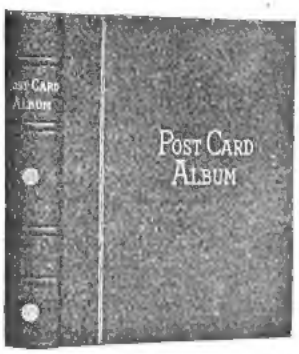

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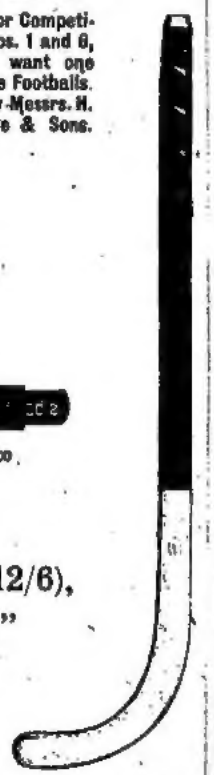

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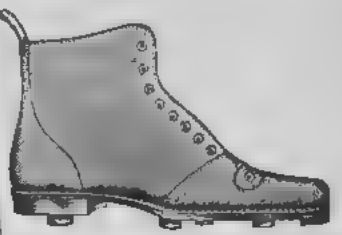

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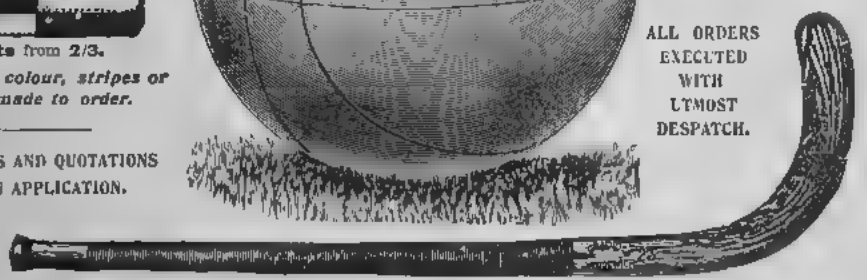

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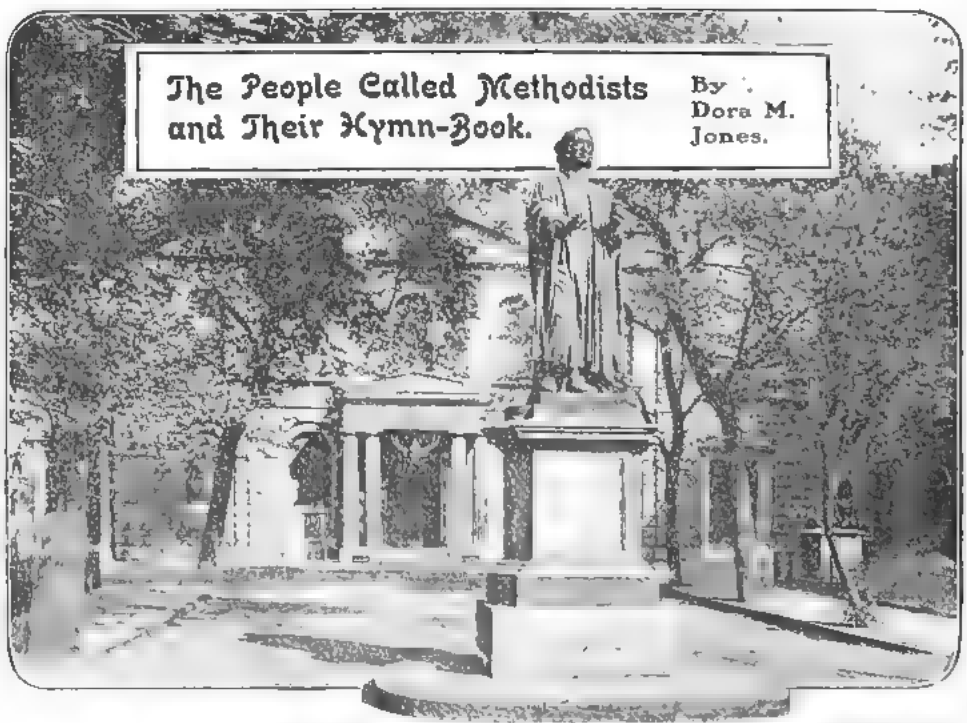

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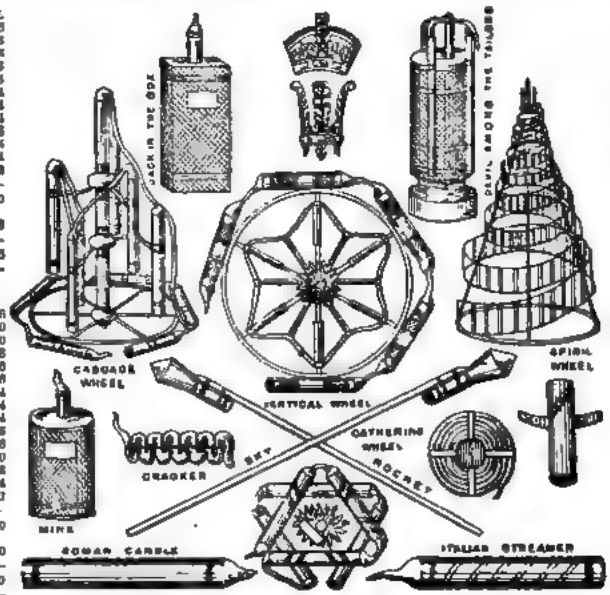

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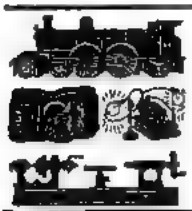

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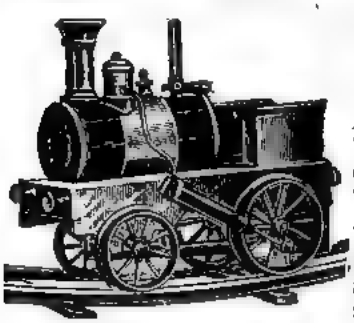

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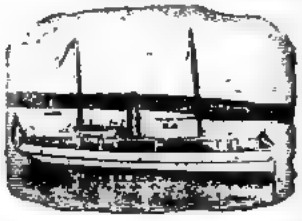

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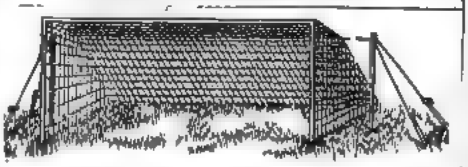

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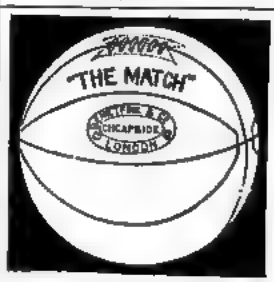

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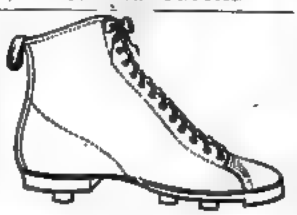

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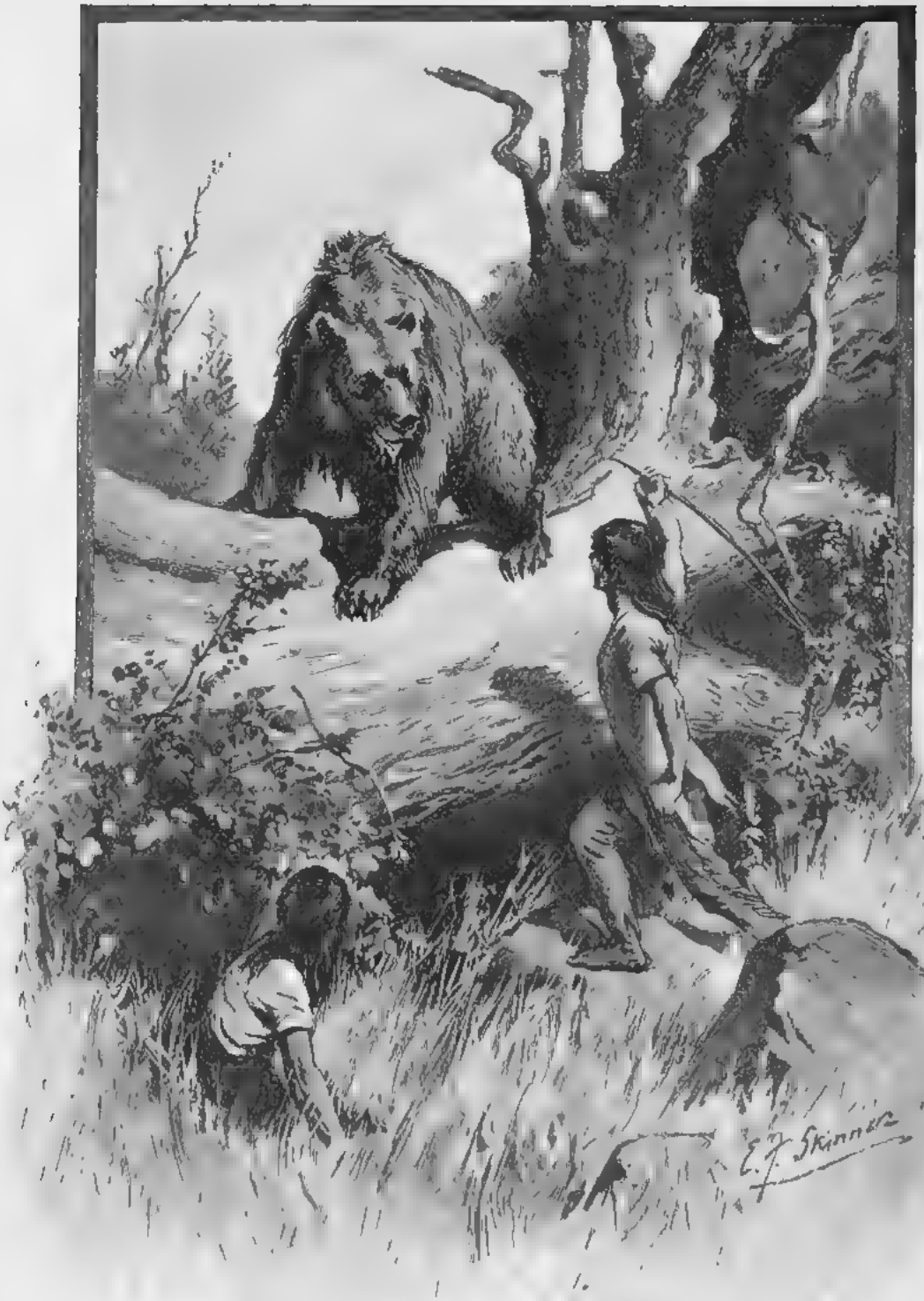
[To Face back of Front.

WHY THE WILD WAVES LAUGHED.

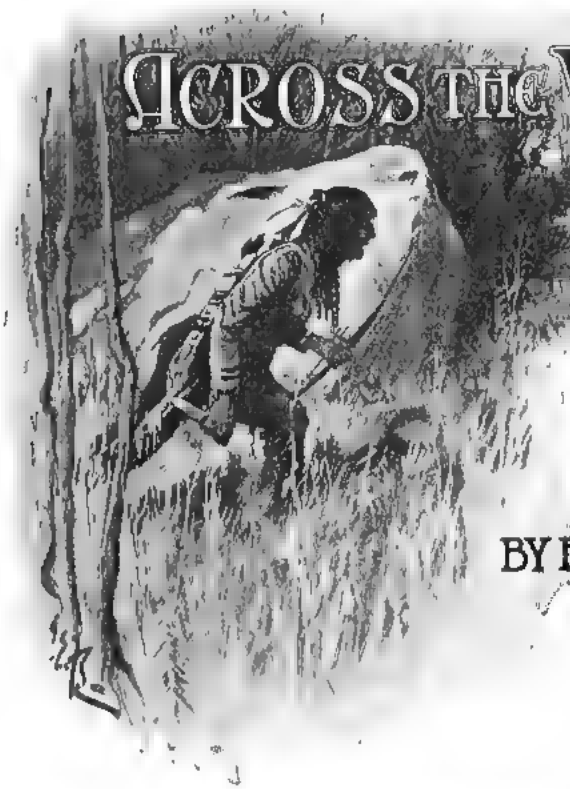
SEEDY PASSENGER: "What's for dinner to-day, steward?"
STEWARD: "To-day, sir? Oh, pea-soup, roast pork, sheep's head, plum pud——"
SEEDY PASSENGER: "Ugh! Bring me an apple."

Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.



ETAPA STRUCK THE ASTONISHED FOUR-FOOT A HARD RAP WITH HIS BOW. [See page 113

ACROSS THE WILDERNESS



Being an account of the Strange Adventures of Etapa and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, Chief of the Red Indian tribe of Oglalas.

BY FRANKLIN·WELLES·CALKINS.

Author of "The Bullet-Maker's Strategy" and "Our Uninvited Guest."

Etapa and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, an Oglala chief, are held in captivity by Tall Gun, an Ojibwa village headman. Taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, one spring day, the boy and girl make a desperate dash for liberty, and set off across the wilderness in the direction of their home, eight hundred miles distant. For a time they elude the pursuing Ojibwas, but at length they walk into a trap and find to their consternation that they are hemmed in by Tall Gun's trailers.

CHAPTER VII.

As the Rabbits Hide.

EVEN as the boy stood, considering how he might best cover his tracks in the sand, two men appeared, not five bow-shots distant, walking down to the water's edge. Nothing but instant flight and a cunningly blinded trail could save the little voyagers.

Etapa sped back to camp, and, as he burst into the opening, Zintkala read the evil tidings in his excitement. She had already buried the embers of a smokeless fire of charred wood, had packed their blankets and other articles in two small, tight rolls, and she looked at her brother with a scared, inquiring face. He put up a warning hand until he had come very near.

"The Raratonwan!" he said. "They are coming—we must go quickly."

As by a lightning stroke the sister's mind reverted to the mysterious visit of the wolf. "Brother!" she said, as Etapa seized his pack, "sung-manitu said thus—go in this direction!"

"It is so," said Etapa, struck by the thought, "we should have gone more quickly." He looked at the ducks in his hand. It would not do to leave so much as a feather upon the trail they must make, and he flung his birds into the brook. "Come," he said. They did not run; they slipped into the bushes at a light and hurried walk. The sister followed the brother, and their feet almost unconsciously sought the bare, hard spots, while their bodies weaved from side to side to avoid a tell-tale contact with the evergreen bush.

A swift change had come over the buoyant, hopeful children of the morning. All the helpful spirits, the birds and animals, had seemed to be aiding in their escape from the Ojibwa. Suddenly the enemy had come upon them, and they were flung upon their own resources in this desperate case. The flushed and confident faces of so late a moment were drawn and pinched, and a pair of bloodless, breathless waifs, like ephemeral shadows, flitted from bush to bush.

In this swift, silent walk they progressed in a

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general direction toward the tamarack swamp; yet Etapa was continually taking sharp, zigzag courses, now and then going back upon his trail as the fox-chased rabbit does. He had no possible doubt that the upper reaches of this neck of bush land were guarded closely by watching, listening Indians, or that the men below would, within a brief time, discover their night camp and their line of flight. Therefore he and Zintkala must keep going, if need be until nightfall, unceasingly dodging and warily listening for hostile sounds.

Suddenly a gun boomed in the rear. To their scared ears the sound was as if a shot had been fired at them from the bush near at hand. But far away to northward another gun answered, and they knew the first shot had announced the discovery of their tracks or their camp, and the second had been fired in answer to a preconcerted signal. Then a still more distant gun report told them that at least three parties of the enemy hemmed them in upon the neck.

Instinctively, Etapa changed his course, going --as ear and eye decided--in a straight line in the direction of the second gun shot. On this track they advanced swiftly until the boy's instinct told him it was time to stop and listen. Then they squatted under the bushes, and, with ears close to the ground, remained silent for some minutes.

Suddenly there was a rustling of the young pines, and a snapping of twigs, which told of the rapid approach of some creature. A brief moment of listening decided the matter. A man was coming! How the young ears were strained and the little hearts ceased to beat that the direction of those footfalls should be accurately judged! And what faint, long sighs of relief were breathed when it became evident that only one man was within hearing, and that he was going by upon one side, paralleling their course!

Etapa then considered. If there had been several men, and they had all passed, making no discovery, he would have gone straight forward, at least for a considerable distance. But that way lay danger even greater, perhaps, than in the rear, and so again he turned their course toward the tamarack swamp and again resumed the tactics of zigzagging and doubling. And no hunter, merely crossing the trail thus made, could have discovered it except by accident or a prolonged and infinitely patient search. But the best tracker of Tall Gun's band would doubtless shortly be put upon their trail at the other end.

After making their way in laborious fashion for some distance toward the marsh the fugitives came upon a slight stony ridge the far slope of which extended to the open swamp. Etapa turned to his sister with a sudden light of animation in his eyes. Zintkala's pale, drawn face responded with an eager flush of comprehension, and again their hearts beat hopefully.

Here, where the bush was not so thick, they made their way more rapidly, stepping from stone to stone, very certain that no human enemy could trail them upon such ground. This tract of rocky soil continued, lying along the marsh, for a considerable distance.

Etapa led the way to within a short distance of the marsh's edge, then followed where the stones were thickest, taking a course parallel to its irregular curves. Thus they actually travelled for a considerable distance back toward their night camp. This course they followed so long as the stones lay thick upon the ground. They had to stoop low at times to keep their bodies under cover.

When they were at the end of the stony tract they had reached a point well down toward where the bog marsh connected with the lake, and had made nearly a half-circuit of their camp. Beyond the two gun shots, and the man running among the bushes, they had heard nothing of their enemies.

Etapa now cast his eyes about for an inconspicuous place of hiding. He finally selected a thin strip of shrub pine, upon the verge of the bog land, where the bush was barely sufficient to cover a prostrate body from prying eyes

Within this thin fringe of bush --the last covert that a civilised person would have chosen--the Sioux children took to cover after the manner of the rabbits. They chose, with the instinct of wild things, each a spot sheltered by slightly raised boulders and a thin veil of pine foliage. Each spread a blanket in double folds and lay at full length upon it. And here they rested silently, with watchful eyes and wary ears, well knowing that a number of Ojibwa hunters were at the other end of their morning's trail and following with more than the persistence of a wolf pack. The children were now wholly dependent for safety upon their success in having made a blind trail. As to immediate danger, they were not much worried, yet, as the sun rose high and beat warmly upon their covert, each fought a mental battle with drowsiness. They lay thus wearily until the afternoon was waning, seeing or hearing nothing to alarm

Then their still alert ears caught slight sounds as of some creature walking in the shallow water of the bog marsh. Soon a softly-measured tread, marked by the light plash and drip of water as a foot was lifted or immersed, told the intent ears that a man was approaching, wading along shore. With bated breath, with animation suspended save as nature concentrated it upon the sense of hearing,

the fugitive waifs lay inert as the stones beside them.

Both, as it happened, and chiefly for interest in passing flights of water-fowl, had their faces turned toward the open swamp. As their eyes thus rested upon a space veiled lightly by the pencil growth of pine, a man came within their range of vision and so close at hand that a

THEY DID NOT STIR SO MUCH AS AN EYELID WHILE AN OJIBWA WADED SOFTLY BY

Google

hiding deer would scarcely have held its covert in their places.

Yet these two did not stir so much as an eye-lid while an Ojibwa, who could almost have touched the bush fringes with his gun, waded softly by, stepping in shallow water between the first bogs of the wet ground. The man was young and a stranger to the voyagers—thus they knew that Bimidji's young men, of another pine-woods village, had joined with Tall Gun's in the chase. In the same instant their torture of fear was lightened by noting that the hunter's eyes were intent upon the tufts of grass which clothed the bogs and drooped into the water. Evidently their trail had been lost when their enemies reached the stony ground!

This man supposed they might have crossed the marsh somewhere about this point where the reach of open bog and water was narrowest, and he was keenly scanning the feathered float of grass for sign of any fresh displacement. In fact, he was looking into the shallow water for their tracks! The man was very cunning—such was the thought of his breathless watchers, and it was with intense relief that they heard the last drip of water from his moccasined heels.

The trail hunter passed so close that had he turned his head to peer intently for an instant into the feather-like fringe of pines he must certainly have discovered the hiders. But, such was the wisdom of these prairie children, it is almost equally certain the hunter would have been astonished at their choice of covert.

Again, had the hunter's faculties been less intently engaged and those of the fugitives less utterly repressed, he might, by his wilderness instinct, have felt their near presence and so have turned his eyes upon them.

Such was the ordeal through which the Sioux children had consciously yet instinctively passed. The rebound of joyful emotion when the danger had gone by was almost more than either could endure in silence. The little girl even found humour in the situation, and she almost laughed outright as she recalled how the man's toes had curled each time as he lifted them from the water. Evidently there was ice at the bottom.

Etapa's elation ran very high, for he felt very certain this man's report would keep any whom he should meet from going over the same ground. But there was also a sobering second thought in the knowledge that other Ojibwas had joined Tall Gun's young men in the pursuit. This might very well mean that 'Lizbet was dead and her people (relatives) were bent upon revenge.

So wearily he lay, as did his sister, breathing with soft regularity, relaxing no whit of vigilance. It was a matter not only of life or liberty, but of honour now, to foil these hated Ojibwas. Again, however, their faces were turned to the swamp where flocks of ducks hurtled by in almost continuous flight. Blue wings, green wings, black and white with flashes of red and gold—swiftly the procession passed, whistling upon the wind like swift flights of missiles.

Now and then a flock of white-faced geese skirted the edge of the marsh, flying low—so low that their dove-coloured breasts and great spread of wing seemed, for an instant, to hover protectingly over the hidden voyagers. Yet the wary watchers well knew that in these close flights there was an element of danger to themselves. Should any suspicious stir or glint of colour catch the cocked eye of the wary leader of one of these flocks his whole herd would go hurtling and squalling skyward, as plain a signal to the watchful Ojibwa as the red light of a camp-fire. So, hungry and bone-weary, the little voyagers lay close in covert until night gathered its curtain close about them and they were free to move with little danger of being seen.

CHAPTER VIII.

'Into the Tamarack Swamp.

WICARPI-KIN, the stars, were glimmering here and there out of a hazy sky, but all the bush land lay mottled in thick darkness, and the open stretch of bog and water showed only as a faintly seen and uncertain space, hemmed with a black wall which marked the line of the tamarack swamp.

This swamp, if it were passable for the feet, offered a line of retreat from the surrounding bush land, where certainly no trail could be followed beyond the extreme edge, and not there if the steps were taken with proper care.

Etapa was not certain of the depth out where the bog had shown only tufts of grass above the water's surface, but the wader had taught him as well as Zintkala that at the bottom of the bog was solid footing of ice and frozen ground. The marsh ice had been covered early with an overflow of melted snows, and it so lay thawing by degrees.

The boy spoke to his sister in low tones, the general confusion of night sounds in this season of bird migration making it safe to do so.

"Older sister," he said, "we shall go hither

far among those thick trees and there hide for another sun."

They rolled their blankets and effects in close bundles and tied them to their backs about the waist, Zintkala saying nothing.

Etapa led the way and they stepped from some close-lying boulders into the water, where there were few bogs and little grass. They walked very carefully, lifting their feet high and putting them straight down to displace as little as possible of the dead vegetation. They had not waded long until they were sure that no one would follow them far into the swamp. The water was much colder than that of the lakes, and the ice at bottom soon benumbed their feet.

The water was nowhere more than knee-deep, but even so its chill became well nigh unendurable. No man could here have waded for a great length of time. But there was capture or death behind the little voyagers, and they pushed ahead with cramping feet and chilling bones. When they reached the tamarack trees they were compelled to seek low-lying limbs, of the larger growth, and to stand upon them, beating their moccasined feet until the blood returned to them.

Then, hungry and still shivering, they began to thread their way into the depths of a swamp where the growth of small tree trunks was so dense as sometimes to compel them to turn their bodies edgewise, pulling their bundle rolls after them, in order to advance. The water was everywhere half knee-deep and the gloom intense. Now and then, through the skeleton web overhead, one particularly bright star glimmered, and its fitful twinkle was all the guide they had. For the most part they made their way by feeling. Etapa trailed his unstrung bow and bundle in one hand and with the other searched the spaces in his front, and Zintkala followed, treading as closely as possible upon his heels, never daring to drop beyond arms' reach. Thus, slowly and with infinite patience, they advanced into the heart of a perilous swamp. Wherever they could find a limb of considerable size thrust across their path they endeavoured to climb upon it in order to beat warmth into their feet. Sometimes this was possible and sometimes, because of the thick growth overhead, they were compelled to creep beneath or to pass around. In spite of these occasional respites from the biting cold of ice-water, their feet in time became so numb and their legs so cramped that they groped their way stumblingly, nerved only by the necessity of foiling their enemies. Doubtless the unspoken thought of each was that they might easily perish in this unknown swamp—for it was better to die here than again to fall into the hands of the Ojibwa.

How many dreadful hours were passed in threading the mazes of the tamarack swamp cannot be known. The voyagers' feet and legs at length became so numb and useless that they were barely able to drag them over the rough under surface, pulling themselves forward by grasping the limbs or small trunks of trees. They could no longer pound life into their legs, even upon a fallen log which they attempted to stand upon.

"Brother," said Zintkala, after a weary time, "brother, I perish. I cannot walk." Her teeth were chattering so that she could hardly speak the words.

"Come, Tanké, let us go on yet a little longer," urged Etapa. "We shall find some large fallen tree and lie upon it to rest."

They did not find the tree, but, after painfully dragging their limbs some little distance further, they came suddenly upon a small open plat of marsh grass—such as is often found, a little oasis in the tamarack woods—where the ground lay quite above the water's level. Half-frozen, faint with hunger, and dizzy with fatigue, they stumbled upon this dry grass as those who are drowning clutch the plank of safety.

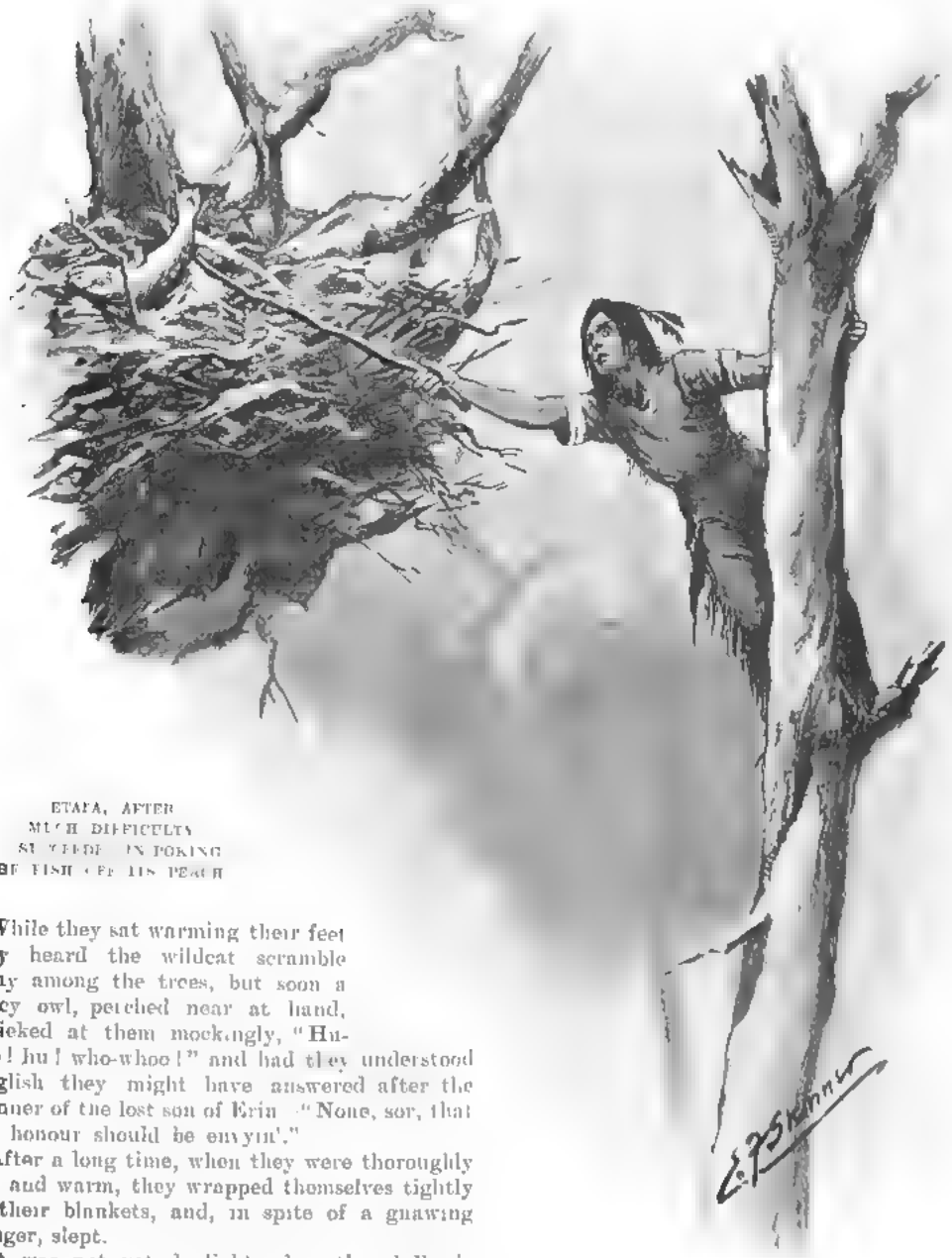
Zintkala fell in a heap, her limbs cramping, her teeth chattering, too exhausted for a warming exercise. She had clung to her blanket roll mechanically. Etapa, though he shook as with a fever chill, was yet able to keep his feet. He stamped about clumsily but manfully, crying out to his sister that she should do as he did. In thus tramping and attempting to jump he stumbled backward over a dead tree which had fallen across the opening. As he crashed among the branches some animal of the cat tribe sprang from its warm nest, spitting and growling angrily. This creature scrambled into a near tree-top and continued to menace the intruders with angry snarls.

Somewhat frightened by the threats of the cat, Etapa decided to build a fire. As there was no wind blowing he knew that the smoke must go upward and could hardly carry a telltale scent to the enemy.

Following the dead tree to its broken tops, he soon secured an armful of fagots, and, with a wisp of dry grass for kindling, speedily had a snapping fire going. As the blaze crept out upon the grass he stamped it out with his wet moccasins, and so prevented the disaster of tale-telling light upon the sky. The tamarack sticks burned briskly, and Zintkala crawled on her hands and knees into the grateful warmth.

Seeing her condition, Etapa piled on more sticks, and both sat with their benumbed feet thrust almost into the flames. Ah, how good was the heat! It was truly waste-ste. But they

were no sooner warm than hunger pinched them anew.



ETAPA, AFTER MUCH DIFFICULTY SUCCEEDS IN POKING THE FISH OUT OF ITS PEACH

While they sat warming their feet they heard the wildcat scramble away among the trees, but soon a saucy owl, perched near at hand, shrieked at them mockingly, "Hu-hoo! hu! who-whoo!" and had they understood English they might have answered after the manner of the lost son of Erin: "None, sor, that yer honour should be envyin'."

After a long time, when they were thoroughly dry and warm, they wrapped themselves tightly in their blankets, and, in spite of a gnawing hunger, slept.

It was not yet daylight when the chill air awoke Zintkala, who sat up to draw her blanket more closely around her, and instantly was stricken with fright. The sky was obscured and the darkness intense. None who do not know by experience the oppressive blackness of a tamarack swamp upon a rayless night can imagine its effect upon the mind of this Indian girl. It was a weird, dank darkness which

carried a positive conviction of the reign of under-world spirits. She was smitten with the fear of the water-god of the Dakotas, the fabled monster of the wakan-wicasa, or medicine men.

"Hoye, younger brother," she called, in a sharp, low voice, "awake quickly! I am afraid of Unk-té-hī." She thrust out a hand and shook him, repeating her appeal.

"He-hee, why do you thus wake me?" he grumbled. "Shh-te!" she warned. "Unk-té-hī will hear you, and the under-water people will surely devour us."

At this the boy sat up, shivering. He, too, was stricken with the fear of Unk-té-hī and his under-water beasts.

"Let us keep very still," he murmured, "and pray to the thunder spirits. Perhaps they will keep the evil ones from finding us. Do you not think, older sister, that they have made it very dark against the under-water beasts?"

"It is very dark," she muttered, "but do not speak further, younger brother."

An unwonted, and, as it seemed to these children, a dreadful silence had fallen upon the earth. They did not know it, but a fog had risen and hung densely in the woods, and upon the waters. The migrating birds and woodfolk, seeing nothing, had fallen to rest. A dead stillness reigned save that now and then an intermittent, rasping shriek seemed to pierce all the black depths of the woods, and once a horrible, terrible laugh fell out of the sky. The children were too much frightened to recognise the cries of the swamp owl, and of that unerring swimmer, diver, and flier, the loon. They heard only the voices of Unk-té-hī and his evil ones, who, they doubted not, were seeking to devour the invaders of their dismal swamp.

They snuggled, trembling, close together, and could only whisper the hope that Wakinyan, the spirit of thunders, enemy of Unk-té-hī, had cast a black robe over the woods to blind the evil one. Fervently, but with scarcely audible voices, they prayed to the spirits of the upper air to protect them.

With the coming of light they felt that their prayers had been answered and their fears passed to give place to the gnaw of hunger. Because of the fog in the swamp, no living thing was to be seen or heard.

"Come, older sister, let us go from here," said the brother, and with a hopeless face the little girl packed her bundle. There was no mark of land or sky to guide them, but they felt that they must go while they yet had strength to withstand the cold wading.

Etapa found traces in the dry grass of their tracks in coming in upon the opening, and they left, going in the opposite direction. Again the dismal wading with water from ankle to knee deep, and the same wedging and winding amid rough, close standing tree trunks, and with the barest flicker of befogged skylight overhead.

There was a single element of cheeriness amid the gloom, for again they heard the whistle of wings overhead, the booming call and the far-off murmur of innumerable water-fowl.

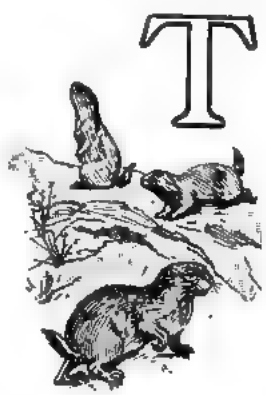
In order to keep a single course, Etapa would fasten his eye upon the farthest tree trunk to be seen ahead, and when this was reached would look on to the next. But there were spots where the small growth stood so close he could only have made a straight path, laboriously, with his hatchet. So the small trail-maker would turn, as he supposed, at a direct angle, until he could pass the thick growth, and take up his former direction. Even to a forest-bred Indian, the tamarack swamp is an intricate puzzle, and the prairie-bred boy was no match for its mazes.

On and on waded the fugitives, veering to this direction or that as necessity demanded, becoming more and more confused, cold and thoroughly wretched as no outlet from the swamp appeared. They were rejoiced when rarely they found a fallen or a leaning tree upon which they could beat their cold feet and rest.

After a fearful length of time, famished with hunger, and ready to drop from the cold-water cramp and fatigue, they came out of the dreadful woods to set their feet gladly again upon dry ground, only to find, to their later amazement, that they had performed the miracle of the lost, and had returned exactly to the starting point. Again, of necessity, they built a fire of the dead tree's branches to warm their chilled legs and dry their clothes, and here they knew they must stay until the sun should shine.

CHAPTER IX.

The Eagles Provide.



THEY felt quite safe from search of the Ojibwa, for who would risk life wading in this dreadful swamp upon the mere chance of discovering his friend or his enemy? Therefore, seeing that the smoke went upward, they piled wood upon their fire without fear of the trail hunters. But, having eaten nothing now for more than twenty-four hours, they were

desperately hungry. Etapa fashioned some blunt-end arrows from young tamarack—for he would not use his "war arrows" except in defence—and, walking about the small oasis, scanned all the tree-tops in search of squirrels or small birds. The only sign of life the boy could discover, however, was at the far end of the grass plat, where several dead trees stood upon the dry ground. In the top of one of these trees there was a huge stack of small sticks so interwoven among the limbs as to impress upon the Indian boy a permanent dwelling of some large animal. For, though he had seen many bird's nests—the eagle's among others—built of sticks, he had never seen one anything like so large, or with an appearance so solid and permanent.

Despite the gnaw of hunger, the lad was curiously interested in this immense tepée of the tree-tops, and he sat upon the grass for a long time considering it. He finally reached the conclusion that mato sapa, the black bear, might have built his summer home where he could lie and enjoy the cool winds, and perhaps at times there were young bears living in the stick wigwam.

He was thus sitting and puzzling in his mind when a big bird of white breast came flapping heavily out of the fog, flying low over some young tamaracks, and struggling with a large live fish in its talons. The bird dipped downward, evidently having a hard time of it—for the fish was wriggling violently—then soared upward, in an attempt to alight upon the stick house.

In doing so the captor struck its prey heavily upon the edge of its nest, and the fish, suddenly wrenching itself free, fell to the ground. Doubtless the eagle would have recovered it, but Etapa pounced upon the godsend with a cry of wonder and triumph.

He forgot all caution, and ran through the fog shouting with gladness. "See—see, sister," he cried, "what a bird has brought! It is certain Wakinyan has sent this fish!"

And Zintkala, too, cried out with wonder and joy, saying that surely they must now know that the thunder spirits had heard their prayers. "Younger brother," she said, "it is signified that we should not go from here until Wi (the sun) gives his light."

Reverently, this child of nature prepared and broiled the fish, and in no less devout spirit, though tortured with hunger, the two ate of it. Who shall say that He whose ravens fed Elijah was less mindful of these truer children of the wilderness?

When they had finished eating, Etapa procured some bark from a cluster of willows upon the grass land, and, filling his wooden pipe, smoked to the spirit of thunders, pointing the pipe's stem toward the huge fish-eagle's nest as he exhaled the vapour. As if in answer to his prayers, the bird returned presently bearing another fish in its talons. This time the eagle alighted without difficulty upon its nest. A moment later a piercing scream sounded out of the fog, and the bird's mate swooped across to the nest, also bearing a fish.

Etapa and Zintkala approached with awe in their faces. They wished to speak to the birds, and to show a humble and grateful spirit before them. But the eagles both flew away. The one bore its prey, the other left a fish upon the great nest.

By means of a pole which he cut, Etapa climbed into the branches of a tree which stood alongside, and, after much difficulty, succeeded in poking the fish off its perch. It was now quite evident to him that a pair of fish-eagles had built the "house tepée," but he none the less devoutly believed that the birds were obeying some wakan-waste, or good spirit, in bringing and leaving the fish. Doubtless the eagles had thought that two fishes were enough for two small Dakotas, and so had carried one away for their own eating.

"Ho, Tanké," said the boy, when he had descended, "we shall stay here a long time, I think, for the Ojibwa cannot find us. They will say the Dakotas have perished."

"The smoke goes upward to the abode of Wakinyan—it *is* so," said Zintkala.

"Hoye, sister, let us make here a small tepée, so that rain will not fall on us," urged the boy.

"We have no skins for the covering," objected Zintkala.

"You shall see how it is," said Etapa. "I will put my blanket above the top." And forthwith he seized his tomahawk and attacked some young tamarack growth to secure his poles. Zintkala now produced a working kit from her parflèche and began to make a pair of moccasins, for those they wore were nearly ruined by wading and rough usage. In a little time the boy had set up a number of stakes and fastened his three-point blanket in the form of a tepée covering about the top.

"See, sister, go into your lodge and there work," pleaded the lad, and Zintkala was obliged to smile approval at the tiny affair. She sat under the covering which came perhaps one-third of the way down, and was barely sufficient to have fended a light rain off her head and shoulders. Still, this bit of shelter made her feel more at home than she had done since leaving her own Oglala village. She spread her work about her and unconsciously assumed the air of a housekeeper.

Zintkala had been well taught at home.

Although small for her age, and yet a mere child in appearance, she had seen eleven winters when taken from her mother's tepée, and she had been taught to do all kinds of work, housewifely and ornamental, which falls to the lot of an industrious Dakota girl.

She had no cutting-board or patterns, but she went very handily about making a plain pair of moccasins. As she worked, she desired to be entertained, as was so often done at home, by some pretty, thrilling or humorous story. Therefore, she said to Etapa, who had seated himself to watch and to criticise her cutting and stitching, "Ho, young warrior, you who have dreamed many curious things, tell me a story of Ikto'."

Etapa was already the story-teller of Fire Cloud's family. He had two older half-brothers who had been to war, but he, Etapa, on account of his influential Isanti relatives, had been chosen to succeed to such hereditary distinctions as the Dakotas recognise. He was to be a medicine chief and keeper of records, and he had been drilled by his grandfather (father's uncle) in much of the Oglala folklore. There are no more vivacious or entertaining story-tellers than may be found among Dakotas of good memory, and a lively manner. Their method is the method of nature, imitative in voice and gesture. Etapa was by nature a mimic, and he had been drilled in story-telling from the time that his vocabulary would permit.

Many of his stories were of Iktomi the spider, a fabulous character, half-goblin, half-fairy, and a pitiful fellow into the bargain. Iktomi and his escapades serve quite often a sober and instructive purpose, pointing a moral to the giddy, the dishonest or the evil-minded.

Etapa liked now and then to give an exhibition of his narrative talent, and he had not for a long time had an opportunity. He was not above flattery, and the sister's complimentary address pleased him, and so he told Zintkala a funny story which made her laugh very much.

"Younger brother," she said, "you indeed dream strange things." And she laughed again merrily.

"No," declared Etapa, "my grandfather told me that tale, younger sister. 'Twas no dream!"

Thus for a time the two enjoyed their new-found liberty, and the undisturbed use of their mother tongue. Just before dark Zintkala held up a pair of rough moccasins she had finished. "See, brother," she said, "they are for you. I know, however, they are very awkwardly done, for I had no try-pieces nor cutting-board."

Etapa accepted the gift, as younger brothers are wont to do, without comment.

This night, remembering the terrors of the night before, they had supplied themselves with a goodly heap of firewood. The flicker of the fire was better than no light, although their little blaze but emphasised the intensity of the darkness which shut them in.

For a time, after they had eaten the last of their fish, they sat close to their fire, talking in low tones and shutting fears of Unk-té-hi out of their minds. Again the rasping shrieks of the swamp-owl pierced their ears, but they now recognised the voice of the bird. The hollow night-jarring notes of a bittern came to them from the far end of the grass plat, and the trilling of numerous frogs began to be heard. The distant howl of a timber wolf was welcomed, for it admonished them that there was, somewhere in the direction they wished to go, an end to the swamp water. They knew that sung-manitu would not wet his feet in cold water overmuch.

Still, with these friendly sounds and the light of their fire to cheer, night brought to them the terrors of their primitive beliefs. They suffered so much from their fears of the unknown, that they took turns in keeping the fire going. Indeed, who may guess at the depths of suffering within the soul of each little lone watcher sitting by that solitary campfire? Yet the composure of each was effectively stoical.

CHAPTER X.

The Spirit Woods.

THE watcher slept at daylight, and when both awoke the sun was shining. They had no meat for breakfast, and the birds had not returned since both had flown away together; so they prepared at once to leave the swamp and continue their flight southward.

Yet, while they were tying their blanket rolls, the far-away scream of an eagle was heard, and, feeling sure that the bird was bringing a fish, they sat upon the fallen tree and watched with expectant faces.

It was but a moment when the eagle appeared, again flying heavily and bearing a large fish. It swooped downward, and was about to alight upon its nest when up from the centre rose a creature with hunched back, hair standing on end, and a snarling miaul of remonstrance.

The startled fisher dropped its prey to the

ground and darted upward, wheeling high and screaming angrily at the intruder upon its nest. The bird poised for an instant, and then, with whistling wings, swooped down to the attack. The cat bounded upward with a fierce snarl and a wild sweep of its paw. Some feathers were struck from the eagle's breast, but the bird passed on, wheeling upward again, with continued shrill screams.

Suddenly there were two great birds poising above the angry wildcat, which held its ground, or rather the nest, with bristling back. The cat was a big grey lynx with pointed ears and a wicked spread of jaws. It had no mind to give up the comfortable perch it had chosen for a sun-warmed nap.

And now the excited little Dakotas watched a combat the like of which it has been given few to see—a strange and thrilling sight, a beautiful game of fence played by accomplished hunters and fighters of the wilderness. The cat upon the nest, each bird in the air, sought by its peculiar tactics to inflict without receiving injury.

One after the other the poised eagles swooped down, seeking to strike the bouncing, spitting lynx. Several times the cat leaped upward, turning cunningly in mid-air, and with an upward stroke of one forepaw which, fairly delivered, would have finished the charging bird. And each time the four-foot alighted easily at the point from which it had jumped. But the birds had timed and calculated too many flights from aloft to be caught by such wiles.

Suddenly, as the lynx leaped higher than ever to meet its attack, an eagle flattened its wings, retarding its progress the brief part of a second; then, darting on with lightning speed, it struck its talons into the scalp and ear of the vaulting cat, as the latter spent its stroke.

Like hurled projectiles, lynx and bird were borne over the edge of the nest and shot downward, the cat squalling frightfully, the eagle beating its wings, and, for a moment, almost bearing up a creature of several times its weight. Bird and beast had almost struck the ground together when the eagle loosed its hold and again, screaming defiance, soared spirally aloft.

"Ho, igmu luta" (grey cat), "you are a coward!" shouted Etapa, as the lynx leaped away among the dense tamaracks.

"And you, eagles," cried the boy, arising and looking up with great admiration, "you are very brave. I have seen that you fight well. I also consider it a great favour that you have brought another fish."

And forthwith he secured the fish, which was quite large enough to furnish a good breakfast. Very gravely, however, the two considered the wisdom of building a fire now that the sun was shining. It hardly seemed likely that the Ojibwas would have lingered so long in their vicinity, and there were some dry sticks scattered about which would make a fire with not much smoke.

So, in a little time, they had a breakfast of broiled fish smoking hot, and, greatly cheered by this comforting meal, they took their bundles and again waded into the swamp.

Etapa's keen ears had taken strict account of the howlings of a wolf during the night. Many times he had turned himself facing the sound, listening intently, noting the position of his fire and the mimic tepée as he stood. Where the wolf sat howling was dry ground, open timber, and at no great distance.

The position of the sun appeared a secure guide, for the skeleton tops of the tamaracks were nowhere thick enough to wholly cut off its light. Their progress was slow but certain. Their course, for the most part, led them through a thick growth of young trees where there was much stooping and even crawling over the bogs, but fortunately very little water after half an hour or so of advance. By this token they knew that, at last, they were passing out of the dismal swamp which had both terrorised and protected them.

Of a sudden they came out upon dry ground among tamaracks of thinner growth and larger body. Above and in advance of these sturdier trees there loomed the immense tops of sky-scraping evergreens, and in a moment the little voyagers were launched into the marvellous spaces and the stillness of a forest of Norway pines.

The children had neither seen such trees nor heard of them. They stood with awe and great wonder in their faces, and their eyes turned upward, following to dizzy heights the lines of magnificent trunks which towered eighty or a hundred feet before giving off a limb.

The ground upon which these trees stood was quite level in surface with a slight rise away from the swamp. It was covered with a carpet of pine needles and cones, and was bare of small growth, save here and there, where the midday sun filtered a flickering light, there stood a pencil-like growth of sickly ferns and conifers. The pale yellow-green foliage, the tall wand-like stems of these plants, standing under a faint web of sunlight, frail, spiritual, delicate as the tracery of old lace, gave a fairy-world appearance to the solemn trunk grown spaces.

To the prairie children this was indeed a wonderland. They trod softly, certain of stepping upon sacred ground. This might even be the abode of the Wakan-Tanka of their mothers

people, the Waniyan Tanka of the Oglalas—the Great Spirit of all the world.

They were in doubt as to whether they should go forward boldly. Such conduct might be displeasing to the Maker of these wonderful trees, and this spirit land in no way fitted for their rude presence.

"See, brother, these little ones," breathed Zintkala softly. She stood at a little distance looking upon some frail baby pines, and she spoke reverently, as one does before the new born mysteries of life.

"Are they not wonderful?" she asked

"Indeed, they are truly so," murmured Etapa.

For a time they forgot all else save the mysteries before them, and went forward hesitatingly. Among the vast aisles of tree trunks there was no sign of life, no stir of twig or leaf—there never could be stir of vegetable life while those mighty trees stood—and there was no breeze to rustle the dense foliage of their far-away tops.

Although the children advanced ever so softly they were startled by their own footfalls, each little snapping twig and cone sounding its report like the breaking of a fire-fagot. When they stood still their own heart throbs oppressed them, strumming upon their ears as plainly as the beats of a conjurer's drum.

Slowly, seeing nothing to alarm or to stay them in this wonder country, the voyagers gained in confidence. They became accustomed to the marvellous silence, the awe-inspiring shadows, the frail wood-folk, and they went forward more boldly.

But they walked slowly, their eyes often lifted to the vast heights of the tree-tops. Silently they prayed to these trees, which they thought might reach upward to the abode of Wakinyan, the thunder god.

Occasionally Etapa stopped to exclaim, "Ece tuwe kakésa!" (Who would believe it!) Then, startled at the explosive sounds of his own voice, the lad would go on marvelling. At this use of her mother's favourite expression of wonder or disbelief, Zintkala would for the moment forget the presence of the mysterious woods. Quickly in imagination she saw the inside of a large Oglala tepée—a tepée always covered with the best of skins, ornamented with coloured figures of beasts and men, and of an armoured horseman, a war-chief and hunter of his nation—a tepée whose floor was strewn with soft skins and mattings, whose walls were hung with ornamental work, and wherein want and hunger had seldom entered.

THE POISED EAGLES SWOOPED DOWN, SEEKING TO STRIKE THE BOUNCING, SPITTING LYNX

In that beautiful retrospect a figure moved, a straight and always neatly dressed woman—a woman with a low, broad forehead, a wealth of black hair, the whitest teeth, and the kindest smile in all the Oglala towns. Oh, how the little heart longed for that dear Sioux mother!

With her lips Zintkala murmured a prayer to the tall trees. "O trees, O you wonderful ones, help ye these little ones to go safely homeward. You that reach so high, you may talk with Wakinyan. Therefore ask the thunder spirits that they shall take us by the hand."

The two had quite forgotten their enemies,

the Ojibwas. They seemed, indeed, to have reached a strange country, far, far removed from the hated Chippewa village. It is doubtful if they would have been greatly astonished had they suddenly emerged from this mysterious world to find their native sage-bush plains and the tepées of the Dakotas waiting to receive them.

Presently, as they were looking ahead, a whirring brown thing arose from the ground and hurtled like a whizzing missile into the high tree-tops. The thunder of its wings, a hollow droning roar that was re-echoed from all the vast walls of tree trunks, nearly stunned them. The bird was a ruffed grouse, and the first thing of life to startle them among the giant pines. It settled upon a branch, but so high above their heads as to seem a mere brown speck upon a field of green.

When their eyes returned to earth Etapa was astonished to see a cock grouse walking in his front but a few steps distant, its ruff and tail spread as it uttered a faint and warning little "kroo—kroo—kroo."

"It is for us," said the boy, and fitting an arrow to his bow he shot the bird. He picked it up in the devout belief that the bird was a gift from a beneficent spirit who ruled in the mysterious woods. "Older sister," he asked, "do you not think that we should smoke to these trees?"

"I think that you should make a smoke and that we should pray to them," replied Zintkala.

Etapa hesitated, seeing no dry wood at hand. He could scrape together fallen twigs, but, though fire is sacred, there was the chance that it might displease Wakinyan to burn wood upon his silent and holy ground. He struggled plainly with this doubt, so that Zintkala read the emotion in his face.

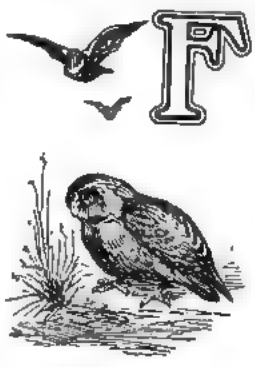
"Let us go farther, younger brother," she counselled. "If there be dry wood it will be for our fire."

When they came at last upon a fallen giant, with broken limbs flung far and wide, they no longer doubted. While Zintkala built a fire and dressed the bird, Etapa went somewhat apart and smoked reverently, turning his pipe-stem often to the trees.

Neither of the voyagers gave further thought to the Ojibwa—so far did they seem removed from all things human. They ate their bird gratefully, strong in the sense of protection in this land of spirit trees.

CHAPTER XI.

Etapa Meets a Bear.



FOR a good part of the day the voyagers walked among the gigantic pines. The sun had passed its zenith when they came suddenly to the edge of the woods and into the open, lighted world.

Again they entered upon a burned-over tract of unseen extent. But this time the young growth stood much higher than a man's head. A tremendous fire had raged some years before, and a rain had fallen before its work had been quite completed. Immense blackened stumps loomed everywhere above the young pines and hardwoods, and the charred and half-burned trunks offered continuous obstruction to the walking. It was an uncanny kind of country where the young took vigorous root upon the ashes and among the half-consumed skeletons of the dead.

The travellers would gladly have avoided crossing this forbidding and difficult piece of bush land, but there was no way round, for, on the outskirts, lines of dead tree trunks with only their tops burned off, like an army of cloud-touching flagstaffs, extended as far as the eye could reach.

It was with a sense of loss, almost of desolation, that they passed out of the clear spaces of the great trees, but once within the burnt-wood jungle they gave themselves wholly to the task of making their way across. There were tangled thickets, heaps of charred refuse, briar grown, and there was rough ground, and dark holes tumbled with dead wood and débris, to weary the body and depress the spirits. But the sky was cloudless and the sun their guide, and again they heard the aerial cries of migrating geese, swans, brant and cranes. This talk of the upper world served in a degree to balance the dismal features of an irksome travel.

It was near mid-afternoon, and they were slowly working their way for perhaps the hundredth time over a raft of fallen trees, scaling the obstructions as noiselessly as a pair of foxes, when they came upon a huge tree trunk, a fallen giant, scarred with many fireholes, so immense that they paused to gaze at this new wonder.

Etapa was about to speak when they heard a stir among the bushes and upheaved tree-roots

upon their right. Some person! An Ojibwa! With fluttering hearts they sank to the ground. But their fears were quickly relieved, in part, for the sound of claws scratching upon wood admonished them that a large four-foot was close at hand.

And quickly thereafter the big one heaved itself, scrambling heavily, upon the fallen tree near its roots. Peering fearfully from under bushes, the children saw the shaggy hulk of mato-sapa moving leisurely along the top of the great log. Keeping on, he would pass almost within arm's reach, and Zintkala stirred as if about to run. She was greatly frightened, but Etapa knew that it was now too late to run, so he laid a warning hand upon her shoulder.

The bear advanced, a gaunt, ragged creature, with humped shoulders and swaying head, until its sharp snout and wicked little eyes were brought to bear directly upon the half-hidden bipeds beneath. Doubtless the animal had been disturbed by the slight sounds of their approach, and, supposing some small animal had come near its lair, had mounted the log to investigate.

The beast gave a sniff, a little "whoof!" of discovery, and glared down upon the unhappy voyagers, apparently minded to pounce upon them in a twinkling

Then Etapa, who was nearest the bear, believing that his last moment had come, was seized with a fierce thrill of emotion. He leaped to his feet and struck the astonished four-foot a hard rap with his bow.

The result was two sharp surprises. The bear, frightened beyond measure by this strange and unexpected attack, turned a back somersault off the log and lunged away among the bushes, grunting with fear and the pain of a keen stroke upon its snout. Etapa, unbelieving that he could have won a victory so easily, climbed upon the log to see if truly the bear had run away. When he realised that the animal had wholly fled and would not return to attack, his fortune seemed yet quite too great for belief. He turned slowly to look down at Zintkala.

She was gazing at him wonderingly and with an understanding of his emotion. "Younger brother," she asked gravely, "is it indeed true that you have struck mato-sapa?"

The boy's face flushed. "I did indeed strike him strongly upon the face," he said, his eyes glowing. He leaped to the ground and took the position and posture in which he had delivered the stroke. "I hit mato-sapa thus," he said, striking the log with his bow.

But Zintkala had both seen and heard the blow, and she did not need further proof. "Ho, young warrior, you have counted coup on mato-sapa; henceforth choose ye a name," she said. And it may be safely said that no moment of greater pride or elation was ever reached in the lives of the little voyagers.

From the point of view of the plains Indian, to strike a dead enemy with the coup-stick or a weapon of war was more honourable than to slay him. For, they said, if you are near enough to strike the dead you must have advanced within the enemy's lines or have driven him from his position. You can shoot and kill your foe from a safe distance or when you are in retreat.

But the highest honour to be attained in a single exploit was to strike a living enemy, and to hit a live bear with a weapon in hand was an event to give even a tried warrior a new name.

Etapa was a very human boy of eleven years, and, when the full significance of his deed came to him in the grave words of his sister, he gave a whoop: his war-whoop of elation.

"It is so," he cried; "I have done thus, and when the Oglalas are told of this they shall call me Strikes-the-Bear."

"Waste, it is a good name," said Zintkala. And, as an hereditary chief, this boy had indeed begun well.

"My father will not now wish to make of me a white man," said Etapa, exultantly. "He will wish me to go against the enemy."

As they plodded on with high hearts over the débris a thirst came to dampen their ardour after a time. They had found no water since coming upon the brush land. They suffered greatly before night came on, but, as the sun was about to fall behind the bushes, they came upon a small pond with tracks of deer and moose leading to and from.

As Etapa had killed two grouse and a squirrel, by the way, they had wherewith to serve their hunger. They built a cheerful fire, for they no longer had fear of Tall Gun's trailers. They reasoned that these had never taken up their tracks after losing them upon the stony ground, and how could any one find them in this land of the bush?

To the hoot of the owl, the jarring of the bittern, the chatter and gabble and the far cry of incessant migrators, and the distant mournful cadence of the timber-wolf, they fell asleep, each upon a fragrant couch of young pine boughs.

In the night, after their heaped-up fire had smouldered low, a bull moose came to the pond to drink. This ponderous creature stalked silently, considering his bulk, out of the jungle, and had reached the water's edge, when, probably, the expiring snap of an ember exposed a glow of firelight, and the monster gave a shrill snort of surprise. Instantly two small electrified spectres stood upon the sands, and the

moon looked down upon three startled wild things, all, for the instant, too much scared to take to flight.

To the Sioux children that colossal, shadowy figure, barely outlined against the shadows of the jungle, seemed indeed that of some under-water monster arisen from the lake to devour them. Perhaps it was Unk-té-hī, from whom flight is impossible, or it might be I-ya, the giant whose mouth gapes to swallow all things.

Their awful fears were only relieved by a second snort from the big bull, who, having thus vented his utter amazement, crashed away among the young trees.

Then these children of habitual alarms lay down and fell asleep again. Later they were several times partly aroused by deer which came to drink and, catching sight or scent of the sleepers, whistled their shrill snorts of warning Just before daylight a herd of tired geese settled upon the pond. The birds talked to each other in undertones for a time, and the voyagers, having been awakened by the beating of their wings, listened contentedly to their low gabble.

When daylight began to appear, and he could no longer hear their sleepy voices, Etapa cautiously raised his head and took note of the newcomers. There were scores of them sitting upon the sands, with heads under their wings, and a single watcher riding upon the rippling surface of the pond. Silly creatures! How easily the wolf or the fox could pounce upon them from the cover of the bushes! But there is individual safety in numbers, and even wary geese, when tired from a long flight, exhibit this universal feeling.

ETAPA FITTED ONE OF THE CREE ARROWS TO HIS BOW, AND SPITTED TWO GEESE UPON A SINGLE SHAFT.

Etapa uttered just the slightest hiss of warning to Zintkala whom he knew by intuition rather than by evidence to be awake and listening. Having thus put her on guard, the lad cautiously shed his blanket, and, with bow and arrow in hand, flattened himself like a big turtle and moved with as little noise upon the sands until he had entered the cover of the jungle.

Amid the bushes he trailed with the gliding caution of a cougar, until he had approached to within ridiculously short arrow range, when he fitted one of the Cree arrows to his bow, and spitted two dozing geese upon a single shaft. The herd rose squalling in late alarm.

When Etapa returned, dragging his heavy game along the sands, Zintkala was putting sticks upon some uncovered embers.

"Nakaes, younger brother, you that are a hunter, you are very cunning, it seems," said the sister.

Etapa was secretly elated. This older sister was usually a very

quiet and dignified little person, and, like most Indian maidens, sparing of compliments. Yet twice now she had openly acknowledged his bravery and skill. He felt that she really depended upon his sagacity as a hunter and acknowledged him as leader in meeting the difficulties of their long trail.

When they had first set out, Zintkala had spoken of digging edible roots with a long stout knife, and now the brother reminded her—"You do not now speak of digging tinpsela, older sister." Whereupon the sister began with preoccupation to take the skin from a goose.

The roast goose flesh was delicious, and they ate an enormous quantity. Still there was much remaining, and this they half broiled in thin strips and carried with them. They had wholly forgotten their enemies.

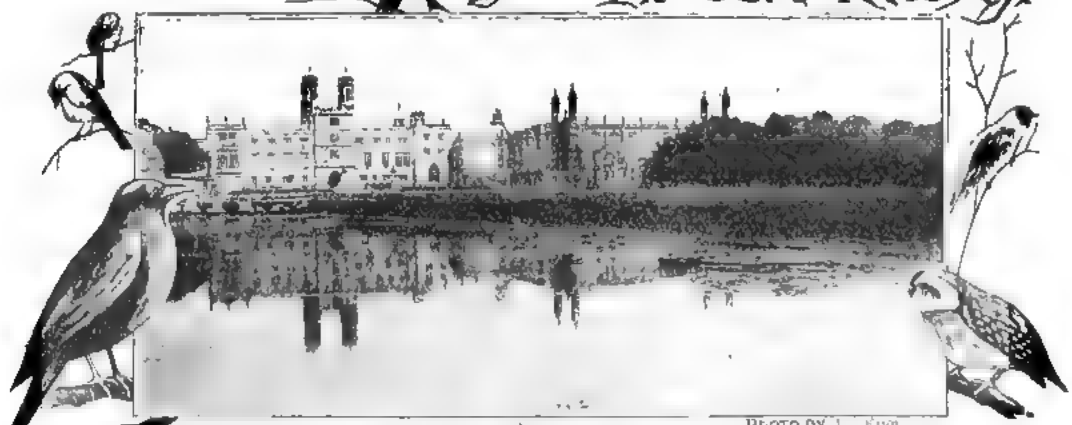
Yet, far away, upon the outskirts of the burned tract, a cunning Ojibwa had laboriously climbed a tall pine. At the height of one hundred feet he stood upon a limb, an arm holding to the slender trunk, looking out over a wide belt of brush land. He had taken his position at daylight, and some time later his shaded and scanning eyes were rewarded by the sight of a thin and distant smoke wreath floating upon a blue horizon.

He, too, built a fire upon descending, and, from the green pine which he piled thick upon his blaze, a black column arose higher than the tree-tops. He smothered this black smoke, fanning it down with his blanket, and three times let it rise in a vertical column. Then he kicked the burning heap apart and scattered its embers far and wide.

(To be continued).

ABOARD H.M.S. "BRITANNIA." JUNIORS TAKING SEMAPHORE MESSAGES.
Photo Press Picture Agency.

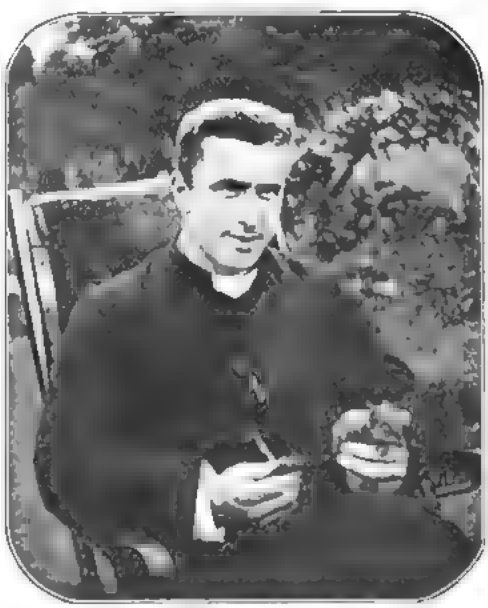
The Boys' Aviary at Stonyhurst



By A. E. Johnson.

IT MAY be mentioned for the benefit of the unlearned that Stonyhurst College is the principal Roman Catholic School in the country. Incidentally, it is many other things as well, including a repository for some priceless treasures of art and literature. Of Stonyhurst within doors, however, it is not our purpose to write here: and of Stonyhurst out of doors it is only one feature—though that a very characteristic one—that we have to deal with. The boys' aviary, which abuts, in a well-chosen situation, on the extensive playground, is an unique institution. It owes its existence, as can readily be guessed, to the whole-hearted enthusiasm of one man—the Rev. R. Riley, until recently a master at the College.

Some time before the present commodious and well-planned aviary was built, one of the summer-houses in the College gardens, belonging to the more ancient part of the buildings, was adapted to the requirements of a strangely-assorted "zoo." The principal inhabitants were birds, and for the benefit of these a wire-netting flight was constructed from one of the summer-house windows. Here the smaller birds disported themselves in comparative freedom. Hawks, owls, jackdaws, and other fearsome wild-fowl (as they must have seemed to their smaller and weaker brethren) were also accommodated, but in smaller compartments, fenced off from the main flight. Rabbits and other members of the four-footed tribe found a place in this happy family, too; and even snakes, to whose lithe and legless bodies wire-netting offered no restraint, were confined in special cages, where, doubtless, they spent their unlimited leisure in seeking to fascinate the bullfinches and linnets, as the Ancient



THE FOUNDER OF THE AVIARY.
The Rev. Reginald Riley and a furry protégé.

Mariner the hapless wedding guest, with a glittering eye.

The "keepers" of this mixed company were two or three of the boys possessed of a more than ordinary affection for living creatures, to whom the sole care of the collection was handed over unreservedly, and who foraged for and tended its members with a varying measure of success. For about seven years, beast and bird and crawling snake of low degree continued to accept Stonyhurst hospitality, until, in 1891, from one cause or another, such as the departure of the original "aviary boys," and so forth, the colony fell upon evil days, and the aviary was eventually abandoned.

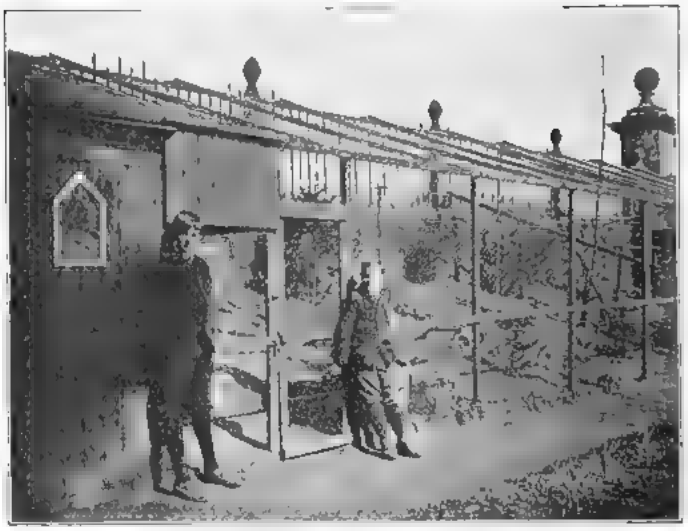
When, in 1897, Mr. Riley, who had been an "aviary boy" in his day, returned to Stonyhurst as a master, he at once determined to revive the institution. With the laudable intention of interesting the boys generally in the aviary, the domicile was erected, not in the garden, but in the playground, where the original wire-netting flight, with the addition of a weather-proof shelter of galvanised iron, was put up. It was proposed, at first, to populate the new aviary with birds of the larger species only, the idea being that more amusement would be derived by the boys from watching their ways and endeavouring to domesticate them, than a collection of smaller and shyer birds would afford. Accordingly, the news went forth that recruits were wanted for the feathered colony, and the boys were bidden to bring home what they could from their excursions into the country-side. Stonyhurst is situated in a remote part of Lancashire, near the borders of Yorkshire, several miles from Blackburn, and four or five from the nearest railway station. The Hodder and the Lower Ribble (good trout streams both) pursue their winding courses in the near vicinity; the slopes are well-wooded, and, in all, judging by the impressions of the present writer on a recent visit to the College, a fairer land the field naturalist could scarcely wish for.

SOME INMATES OF THE AVIARY.
A Baby Owl and a Raven.

From these arcadian haunts the young naturalists of Stonyhurst at springtide speedily gathered together a varied assortment of young birds, which were all loosed promiscuously into the aviary. Like so many Pied Pipers of Hamelin, the boys brought fluttering in their train, not indeed rats, but a procession of birds with every species of beak, leg, and feather: tawny owls,

barn owls, long-eared owls, and little owls; sparrow-hawks, kestrels, merlins, and falcons; rooks and crows, magpies, jays, and jackdaws. All was fish, to employ a mixed metaphor, that came to the aviary wire-netting.

As has been said, these captives were, of course, all young birds, and so long as the innocent days of childhood lasted, serene and peaceful was the state of the aviary. An endless source of amusement and interest were the antics of its denizens. Owls were perhaps the most numerous; and is it possible in all feathered society to find a more grotesquely absurd and ludicrous personage than your owl, whether he be at his draggled toilet after a bath, in the alarming convulsions of a meal-taking, or merely at his solemn and embarrassing meditations? That man has a clear conscience indeed, whom an owl cannot stare out of countenance. Occasionally the boys would indulge in an exhibition of owl coursing. A live mouse would be placed in the middle of the playground, and the tame owls let loose. Humanitarians, and other tender-hearted folk, may cry out at such a seeming piece of cruelty, as probably they will. But of all kinds of coursing this was surely the most humane. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the luckless victim was ever conscious of its impending doom, as the owl with noiseless flight swooped elegantly down upon its prey, or had time to get alarmed before receiving the *coup de grâce*.



THE STONYHURST AVIARY OF TO-DAY.
The present erection is tenanted by small and amicably disposed birds only.

Then there was a young heron, brought over from a neighbouring heronry, whose insatiable appetite had to be stayed, when fish gave out, with offal from the slaughter-house, and such dainty tit-bits as he himself was able to tweak from the calves of passing small boys. For some time he lived and throve unconfined, an ornament to the College

TAKING THE AIR.
Young Carrion Crows and a Juvenile Owl.

grounds, till the attainment of an early maturity brought a desire for travel (and more fish), and induced him to quit the scenes of his babyhood, and flap his way Hodderwards, in search of fresh pools and waters new.

But dissension, in time, arose amongst the members of this quaint coterie. Doubtless, in such a community, a proper spirit of republicanism should have prevailed. *Liberté, égalité, fraternité* was evidently the motto of a venturesome jay, who, being an hungered one day when commons (as she considered the general provender was rightly called) were short, desired a portion of the toothsome morsel upon which a large sparrow-hawk was lavishing much tender care. The latter, however, would none of it, and, turning fiercely upon the would-be sharer of her board, cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war. In plain terms, the jay was slain. Thereafter, blue murder stalked throughout the aviary. Quarrels became daily more numerous, and every dispute was put to the arbitrament of beak and claw, till at length the gods, as personified by Mr. Riley and his aviary boys, determined to put an end to the internecine strife by the disbandment of this truculent mob, and the reorganisation of the aviary upon a fresh basis.

A DISTINGUISHED DENIZEN.
"A young heron . . . lived and throve, an ornament to the College grounds."

Accordingly, the present erection was built, and stocked with birds of the smaller varieties, whose taste for murder and rapine might reasonably be supposed commensurate with themselves. Recently it was the privilege of the present writer to visit the Stonyhurst aviary in person, and to be specially introduced to some of its most prominent and remarkable inhabitants. The site chosen is an admirable one, being on the garden side of a low wall bounding one side of the playground, which, accordingly, not only protects the aviary from the onslaughts of footballs, that formerly used to threaten it, but allows the boys to watch the birds closely without causing disturbance. The wire-netting flight is about 50 feet long by 14 feet wide and 7 feet high. At one end, against a transverse wall (the aviary being situated in a corner) is a small pent-house, or shed, giving shelter from rain, while at the other end a considerable space is roofed over, and enclosed by tight-fitting shutters which afford not merely shelter, but practically an indoor apartment, for use in thoroughly inclement weather. The shutters are removable, so that in summer-time the open-air flight can be extended the whole length of the aviary, the first-mentioned shed providing ample shelter during the milder months of the year. The floor of the flight is a sloping bank of turf, bright with flowers and creeping plants. The branches of numerous shrubs, and suitably-placed perches, afford convenient footholds for the birds; while in the midst of all, trickling from an unseen pipe, is a little stream of water, which splashes its way over a bed of rocks and stones cunningly arranged so as to form small pools wherein the birds may take refreshing baths.

When the present aviary was first opened (it being then about 10 feet shorter than now), a wire partition was placed down the middle, containing a folding wire-door, which enabled the remains of the old collection, sundry daws, pies, and jays, and others who had managed to survive their duels, to be separated from the smaller birds. As the larger birds disappeared by death, or other causes, they were not replaced, and eventually the whole aviary was thrown open to the small birds. At the present time there are upwards of fifty birds, mostly in pairs. The collection is not confined to British species, many foreigners having been introduced with great success. Included among the latter are budgerigars, Java sparrows, cockatiels, red cardinals, zebra doves, California quails, and others. Many of the birds breed freely, the budgerigars being particularly distinguished in this respect, and all seem to be well able to stand the English climate. The British species include all

the most familiar birds of our hedgerows, and not a few others less well-known. Most have been presented by friends, purchased, or trapped. Of snares, the present writer was shown two in close proximity to the aviary: the more remarkable being an ingeniously contrived cage of wire-netting, easy of entrance but difficult of exit, the bait being nothing more nor less than a *mirror*, on the lying falsity of which an imprisoned starling, who had thought to scrape acquaintance with his own image, was at that moment distractedly reflecting. The charming sight which the aviary presents on a summer afternoon, with the sun glinting on the gay plumage of the birds as they disport themselves happily amidst the greenery, or splash to their hearts' content in the little rivulet so thoughtfully provided for them, can be well imagined.

IMPERTURBABILITY.

"Is it possible in all feathered society, to find a more grotesquely absurd and ludicrous personage than your owl?"

Not altogether, however, have the aviary boys of Stonyhurst forgotten their old affection for the sterner species of carnivorous birds. In a spacious cage close by live Mob and Cob, a pair of grim ravens, successors to a similarly-named pair of ill-omened rascals who used to have the run of the grounds until they abused their privileges by cultivating an unnatural taste for newly-bedded hot-house plants, and for scientific instruments belonging to the Observatory, with the result that the just resentment of gardener and meteorologist caused their condemnation to confinement for life. It is to be hoped that the present Mob and Cob will be preserved from the sad fate of their predecessors, who died from over-greediness in the matter of lucifer matches. In another cage, too, under the shade of Stonyhurst's magnificent avenue of antique yews, were doves and golden pheasants, the latter—destined for sale or exchange—being of great importance from a financial point of view. A smaller compartment contained a couple of barn-owls, not a whit disturbed by the invasion of their privacy, or the bold glances of the inquisitive intruder.

FEEDING-TIME.

"The sun glinting on the gay plumage of the birds as they disport themselves happily amidst the greenery."

And outside, in a temporary coop placed on the grass, a magpie and a piping crow shared quarters. These were fresh arrivals: the gift of an "old boy," and earnest of the affection and interest with which the Stonyhurst aviary is regarded (as indeed it could scarcely fail to be) by those whose care and tending of it has been a labour of love.

THE TERROR OF CARMUNDOOR

By H. HERVEY.

Illustrated by George Soper.

AS I boarded the local train that morning I little dreamt of what would happen. I had no idea of adventure, and, my errand being strictly on business, I took neither rifle nor revolver with me.

I did not know much of this part of the district, and I was making my first visit to a place called Pallcherry. Being my own master, I was not tied down to time; otherwise, I should not have been able to tell this story.

For some twenty miles the single-track, broad-gauge railway traversed the Pirkumbady jungles, with the station of Carmundoor right in the middle, and Pallcherry out beyond. Laterally, the forest extended about the same distance: it was one of those primeval patches, occasionally to be met with in India, surrounded by inhabited, cultivated country. Carmundoor was one of the few villages within the jungle tract, peopled by a handful of woodcutters, whose hovels, together with their cattle corrals, were enclosed by an impenetrable *chevaux de frise* of thorny cactus; for the forest was known to harbour wild animals.

A railway station had been established at Carmundoor because it formed a convenient crossing point for goods and local trains. The staff consisted of a station master, a signalman, and two porters; all natives, who enjoyed easy times, for only six trains met here during the twenty-four hours, while of traffic of any description there was practically nil. The station was a small, substantial wooden building, and at the end of a short siding stood a corrugated iron goods shed that had never been used.

From time to time the jungle people reported feline depredations on their herds; a tiger here, a cheetah there; but the region enjoyed such an unenviable notoriety for malaria that those of our countrymen residing within railway run were seldom tempted to proceed against the marauders.

Recently, however, a man-eating tiger had appeared at Carmundoor, and commenced to play the very mischief amongst the wretched villagers. The greater *éclat* attaching to the destruction of so fell a monster as this stimu-

lated our sportsmen into braving the fever, and very soon Carmundoor railway station became a regular camp. Every artifice in jungle lore was employed; all sorts of bait were tried; but that man-eater steadily refused to be drawn, and the idea gained ground that he was an old stager—a stray from the main jungle away to the north-east in the Nurbuddha valley, where tigers abounded, and hunters—undeterred by fear of miasma—were numerous.

One day, while the sportsmen still hung on, an impetus was given to their flagging energies by the man-eater killing a goat-herd, almost under their very noses. The Englishmen promptly took the trail, and, although they failed in coming up with Stripes, the pursuit compelled him to drop his booty. On finding the body, a man suggested that they should dig a pit trap, and bait it with the corpse. This counsel they adopted; the pit was dug, and the defunct goat-herd cast in.

No good. For three consecutive mornings did they visit the pit—never to find the tiger, but to see unmistakable traces of his having been round during the nights. Clearly then the brute would not be trapped, although the snare was provided with his favourite food; so they had the corpse covered with earth, and as a last resource organised a grand beat. Every villager, every follower was impressed; everything was done to rout out that lurker, and drive him under the fire of men posted in coigns of vantage. But he would not show a hair. At length the hunt was given up as a bad job, and all returned to cantonments. The result, though disappointing to the would-be tiger slayers, had the effect of scaring away the pest from Carmundoor; for shortly afterwards he was heard of preying on an inaccessible village ten miles from the railway.

On drawing up at Carmundoor, the station master and his underlings appeared at the window of the first-class compartment whereof I was sole occupant—indeed, I was the only European in the train. "Your honour," commenced the official, speaking quaint native-English, "I am in the quandary, sir."

"What's the matter?" I asked, jumping up and opening the door. That the whole party laboured under a blue funk was very evident

"Train will stop more yet ten minutes; will your honour please dismount and I will explain?"

I alighted. Further forward I saw the native third-class passengers leaning out of the cars, all looking in one direction and gesticulating vehemently; while a number of half-clad Hindus stood beyond the station palings, gazing the same way. I repeated my question.

"That zemindar of Suntagiri, sir, he send lady tiger this morning by too many fellows holding iron chain before and the after; also one bag of fifty rupees, with vocal instruction to book cruel beast to Bulhurri. How I can perform impossible feat?"

By now we had reached the centre of attraction—a magnificent young tigress, wearing a heavy steel collar, and literally guyed to the siding rails by four long steel chains. She had exhausted herself in efforts to get loose, and now crouched between the metals—with heaving flanks and flaming eyes—growling and grimacing furiously at the onlookers. Suntagiri, a purely native town, lay just beyond the eastern border of the jungle, and the zemindar, or landowner, having captured the tigress, wished to present her to the Government Gardens at the civil and military cantonment of Bulhurri. So he had despatched the animal to Carmundoor—the nearest railway station—fettered in the manner described.

"What's the difficulty?" I asked. "The fifty rupees will cover the booking—won't it?"

"Yes, sir; but how to send brute beast? I have no any experience in such curdling affairs."

"Wire for a truck from the closest depôt; when you have detached and shunted it, chain the animal in it, and send her on by the next opportunity."

"Your honour," cried the official, half hysterically, "how that can be done? Who will go near fearful demon?"

"The fellows who brought her, of course!"

"Sir," he shrieked, despairingly, "those blackguards all gone off before I can utter word! After they tie savage down, the head man showed finger at beast and said, 'There is goods.' Then he fill up way bill and consignment note; then he handed bag of fifty rupees and said, 'Here is money'; and off he vamsh with his men before I revive from the astonishment."

I understood the poor fellow's "quandary" now, and curiosity to see the affair through prompted me to break my journey here for the purpose. The wretched station master chortled with joy when I made known my intention, and gladly placed at my disposal the little-used booking hall, which my two

servants took possession of, and soon made comfortable with my camp kit. I waited till the other train came in, and when the crossing had been accomplished I again tackled the station master.

"Have you wired for a vehicle?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; immediately when obstreperous ruffian came I preferred telegraph request to Shamnuggur for covered waggon."

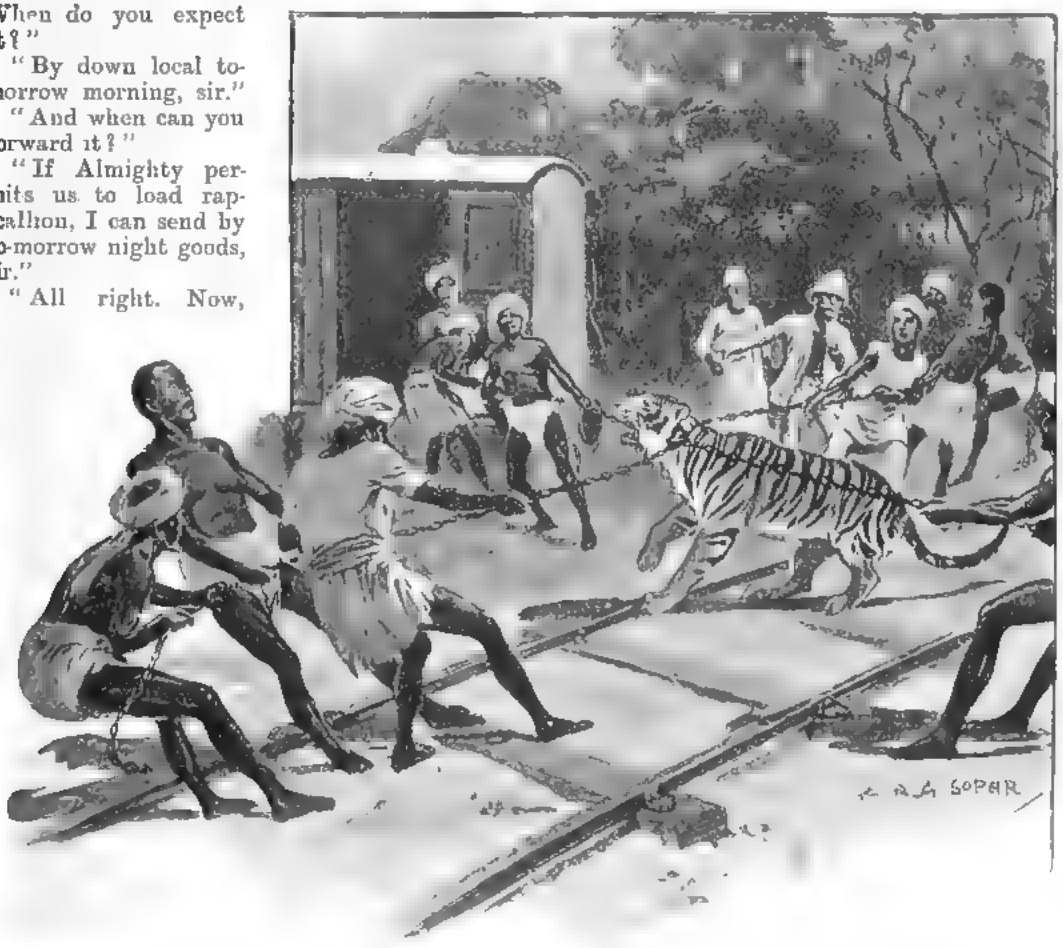
"That will do. When do you expect it?"

"By down local to-morrow morning, sir."

"And when can you forward it?"

"If Almighty permits us to load rapscallion, I can send by to-morrow night goods, sir."

"All right. Now, come, let us try and get some men who will undertake to handle the tigress."



AT ONE MOMENT I THOUGHT SHE WOULD SLIP HER HEAD OUT OF THE COLLAR.

We went out to the gaping villagers, followed by the station people. I harangued the assemblage in their language, told them what was required, and asked for a dozen volunteers, to whom I promised a reward of fifty rupees provided they successfully transferred the tigress from her moorings to the waggon. I explained that so long as they co-operated properly, and kept the four chains at the right tension, there was little possibility of the animal reaching them—even with her claws.

"But if we are injured," they asked, "who will compensate us?"

"That's your own look-out," I replied. "I have described the service, I have named the reward. Agree or not—as you like. I can procure men from Pallcherry if you are afraid."

Cupidity overcame all other considerations. Fifty rupees—even among twelve—represented riches to these poor people; so, after some hesitation, the dozen stood forward. That point settled, I purchased a goat, had it slaughtered, and pieces of the flesh thrown to the tigress. She ate with avidity, and when she had finished we pushed a bucket of

water within her reach. She drank suspiciously, keeping her eyes on us during the whole process.

Nothing further could be done till the morrow's train brought the waggon. The villagers, promising to be back in the morning, returned to the hamlet; night fell; in due course I had my dinner, followed by a long smoke—out on the moonlit platform, and then, retiring indoors, I stretched myself on the native charpoy or string bedstead, and soon fell asleep.

I must have slumbered some time, for the mail train, thundering through at midnight, aroused me. I lay awake for about half-an-hour, and was just going off again when a smothered exclamation of terror, and hurried footsteps invading the adjacent room—the station master's—caused me to jump up and shout for that individual.

"Sir?" he replied in a gurgling voice.

"What's all that row and whispering?" I enquired, angrily.

"The signalman sleeping outside on platform, sir, for cool's sake; he saw tiger, so running in with alarm."

"The tiger can't hurt the fool. Surely he saw her chains!"

"Not that beast, sir," quavered the station master, "but the tiger that eats human peoples. Did not your honour ever hear news?"

"What!" I ejaculated, "the man-eater that so many gentlemen came for a month ago?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Nonsense! How do you know? Perhaps it may be the tigress after all—got loose."

"No, sir; she is still in chain bonds; the other one is free. My porters and signalman know him very well. If your honour will overcome division wall, you can observe by window."

I climbed the partition wall, dropped into the station master's room, and looked through the window, when, under the bright moonlight, I distinctly made out the long lean shape that experience told me was that of a man-eater standing near the tethered tigress. Even in that uncertain though silvery radiance, I could mark the shabby, mangy coat, the prominent bones, and general hang-dog *tout ensemble* of the preyer on human beings; comparing so unfavourably with the bright orange colouring and the sleek rotundity of the captive. The tiger was caterwauling in low hoarse tones; but the tigress kept silent and appeared to treat the stranger with indifference. There he stood; the brute that had killed ever so many natives, and for whose destruction every sportsman from a hundred miles around had laboured in vain, was within point-blank range of my empty hands! How I anathematised myself for omitting to bring my rifle, and how I vowed never in future to leave my gate unarmed! We were powerless, and, far from taking the aggressive, we should be held in durance vile so long as that man-eater chose to hang round. Fascinated, I watched him prowling about. I hoped to see him go within striking distance of the tigress, when, I felt sure, she would bury her claws in his ugly carcass. Once, he came close up to the station house. Had I had my revolver I could have shot him in the head; but, as it was, we all cowered in impotent silence, expecting him to dash in among us through one of the glass windows. And so it continued till the whistle of the approaching night goods sent the brute skulking into the jungle undergrowth; and although I continued my vigil well into daylight, I did not see him again.

The hours passed. Apprehensive of the man-eater's reappearance, we kept a bright look-out, and did not stir far from the station doors. The twelve villagers joined us as promised; but they became so terrified when told of our night visitor that I had literally to chink the fifty rupees in their faces—to induce them to remain. Then in lumbered the down local; the covered waggon for Carmundoor was detached; the up local came along; the trains crossed and sped on their way.

As if divining the object for which it was wanted, the Shamnuggur traffic people had sent a waggon fitted with four stout ringbolts, let in at the corners of the thick-boarded floor; the vehicle must have previously carried something that required steadying, or perhaps a varmint like our tigress that had to be fastened down. We hand-shunted the waggon to the near extremity of the platform, and rolled back the running doors on both sides; then I told off three men to each of the four chains, again instructed them what to do, and gave the word. The fellows were not only plucky about it, but intelligent as well. Simultaneously advancing from both flanks, two of each trio seized their chain, while the third undid the end from the rail; then the threes holding on and preserving a counteracting control over the animal, they gradually got her towards the waggon. She flung herself about, snarling, spitting and clawing at the

men; but these, working admirably together, checked her every effort. Then she would, as it were, take the bit between her teeth, and try to drag her captors in any way but the right direction. Presently, she would change her tactics into backing; and at one moment I thought she would slip her head out of the collar. Fearing that this might actually come to pass, I warned the men, and, when she again refused to budge, they told one of the porters to touch her up with a switch. At last, after a long fight, we reached the waggon, and, still maintaining their spread-eagle order, the two on-side trios entered the vehicle. When the tigress had been negotiated to about her proper position, the four parties, with concerted action, reeved the chains through the ring bolts, hauled to the necessary tension, made knots, and lo! the trick was done; the feline squatted, securely moored fore and aft, larboard and starboard.

So far, good; but now an unforeseen contingency cropped up. How were the men to get out? As they stood, huddled in their respective corners, they were beyond range of the brute's claws; whereas in passing out by the doors they would inevitably incur the risk of being hooked—for necessarily the tigress had been given a certain amount of play. However, I thought it could be done by a quick jump; I communicated my ideas to the fellows, and they agreed to make the attempt. Watching his opportunity, one man sprang from his corner, but, ere he could dart through the door, the cat shot out her leg and buried her cruel claws in the villager just above the ankle. We seized and dragged him away, but not before he had sustained several nasty gashes. My servants were handy; one rushed away for my travelling medicine chest, another for a bucket of water, and, as I bound up the wound, I mentally thanked my stars for possessing some little surgical knowledge. I then had the injured man carried to the station, and ordered him to lie down. But the others must not undergo a similar mauling; poor chaps, they cowered in their corners, trembling with fear, and I saw no way of releasing them. I thought of knocking holes in the sides of the waggon, or unroofing it; but to do anything of that kind would require skilled labour and special tools; for the carriage was of sheet iron, all bolted and riveted together. My perplexity was fast merging into despair when the station master, hitherto a dumb spectator, came to the rescue.

"Your honour," said he, "if we cover wretched beast by tarpaulin, then miserable fellers can come out with safeness."

It was a happy thought. "Bring a tarpaulin, station master!" I shouted gleefully.

The porters were sent flying; the tarpaulin was brought, spread out on the platform and, by means of long bamboos, thrust through the doors right on to the other side; we then dropped it on to the tigress, who was thus effectually prevented from doing any further mischief. The rest was easy; while the big cat wriggled about under her tarry covering, the imprisoned villagers came forth with impunity, and, when we dragged off the tarpaulin, the look of indignant surprise on the animal's face was laughable to behold.

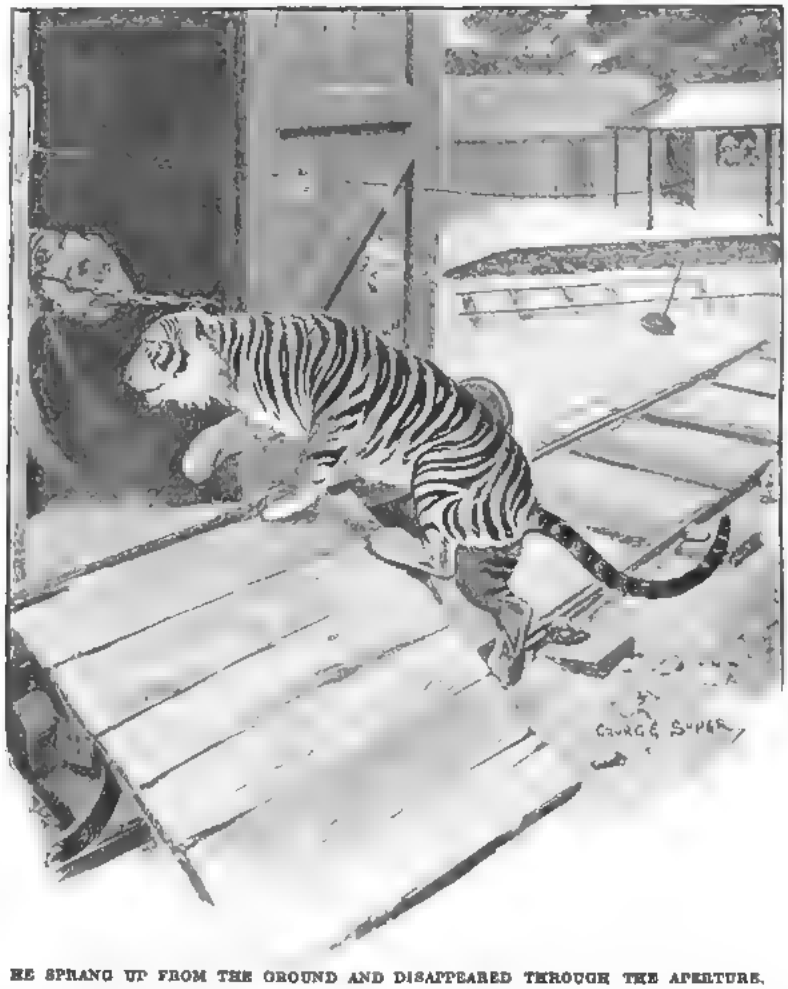
For us, the immediate excitement was over, though I imagined that the Bulhurri folks would have a lively time of it when they came to take delivery of that pestilent feline. We had nothing to do but wait for the arrival of the night goods train, and couple on that waggon with its savage inmate. But now, as I mechanically rolled-to the smoothly running door, the inspiration suddenly flashed across me that with this waggon for a trap, and the tigress inside for a decoy, *I might possibly snare the man-eater!* I exulted in the bare idea; my pulses tingled at the very prospect. Capturing the bloodthirsty beast that had eluded the combined craft and subtlety of so many of my brother sportsmen would indeed be a feather in my cap, and I determined to try for it.

After throwing in more meat, and shoving another bucket of water within the captive's reach, I padlocked the further doors, then had the waggon pushed back to the same spot on the siding where the tigress had originally been tethered, and blocked the wheels with stones. The station master and other natives, while rendering me every assistance, were struck speechless at the very audacity of my intentions, though they called on every god in the heathen Pantheon to prosper the undertaking. To facilitate matters for the expected visitor, I had a loading stage so placed that he could march up it into the waggon; for I would put no obstacles in his way. But here came another difficulty. I required a strong thin cord; the station master had nothing of the kind in his store; the villagers said they could furnish only a few thick hemp ropes in short lengths. These would never do. The size and the series of knots would be likely to arouse suspicion; for the man-eating tiger is cunning and wily—attributes in which our friend had already proved himself pre-eminent.

My embarrassment continued till I chanced to cast an eye on the railway wire-rope fencing, when my dilemma vanished. I had a file with me; so, after pacing the distance between the waggon and the nearest station house window, I cut through one strand of the rope, untwisted a corresponding length, and brought it away in triumph. It was about the thickness of ordinary twine, in one piece, and just the thing I wanted. I pulled out and securely fastened the hither flap of the waggon door, and rolling the further half well back, I attached the wire to the nether bolt. Then I took the other end of my line to the window, passed it through, went inside, cut off the surplus wire, made a convenient hand loop, and gave it a vigorous tug. The door promptly closed with a rush; my trap was ready! I hied to the waggon, again rolled back the half door, and then —as there as no knowing when the man-eater might not reappear—I ordered the villagers to get safely within their enclosure, detaining the twelve volunteers with me in case of possible eventualities.

Concealing ourselves in the station, we kept watch. I snatched a hasty luncheon—standing at my window. Hours passed, the sun was going down, and we were fast coming to the conclusion that the tiger would not show till after dark, when a whispered ejaculation from the signalman, who was at a back window, caused me to fly thither. "The tiger, sir," muttered the fellow.

I looked; sure enough he was there, squatted on the fringe of the jungle! He seemed to know where the tigress was located, for he kept his head turned in the direction



HE SPRANG UP FROM THE GROUND AND DISAPPEARED THROUGH THE APERTURE.

of the waggon, every now and then uttering a hoarse mew. Anon, he slunk forward with bent legs and body depressed, pausing at intervals with uplifted foot, and sniffing the air. He got to the waggon, and, rising on end, peeped in. Having ascertained that the tigress was there, he must have reasoned that, if she could get in, he could do likewise. Without more ado then, and ignoring the inclined plane I had provided, he sprang up from the ground and disappeared through the aperture. The next moment I tugged the wire; the door swished along its rollers, and the man-eater was caught!

Leaving half-a-dozen chaps holding on to that wire like grim death, we sortied to the waggon, and, after securing the door, I climbed on to the buffers, drew myself up, and peered through the grated ventilator. Yes, there he was—bunched in a corner, looking very cheap, and evidently alive to his predicament. There too, crouching in the centre, was the chained tigress, with flattened ears, grinning hostility rather than welcome at her fellow-prisoner. Returning to the building, I caused the station master to despatch the following telegram to a chum of mine at Bulhurri—one of the many men who had been out after this very beast—

From *Carmundoor.* To Bulhurri.
From *Glynne.* To Major Westmain.

Meet goods train reaching Bulhurri two p.m. tomorrow. In covered waggon behind rear brake is your Carmundoor man-eater. Jim up something to stand on above buffers, and fire through ventilator. Man-eater the one not secured. Particulars by post.

The night goods came in and took away that covered waggon; and I, having nothing more to detain me, resumed my journey to Pallcherry.

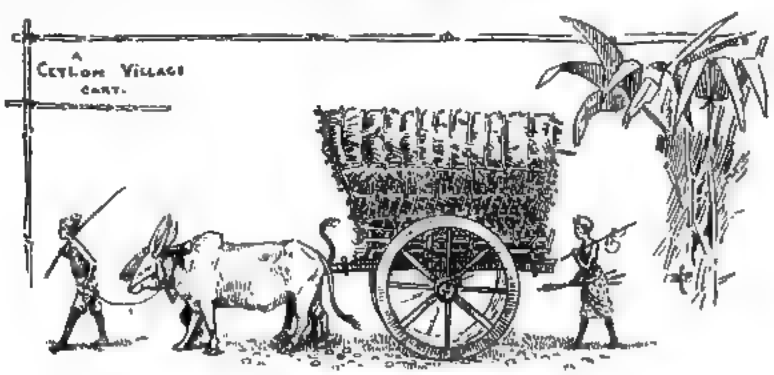
On the day following my arrival, I received a long letter from Westmain, from which I learnt that they at Bulhurri had experienced a far livelier time of it than I had predicted. "....I was prepared," he wrote, "to carry out your instructions, but, before I could reach the particular waggon, the idiots of porters opened the doors, and the brute, bounding out, dashed slap into the adjacent goods shed! You can imagine the uproar and confusion. Well, I and several others decided on preventing Stripes' exit from the goods shed, and settling his hash in there. We promptly secured every door and window, but, look our hardest through chinks and crannies, no one could spot the beast, although plenty of light came from the glass in the roof. He had evidently taken cover behind some bales or boxes. Finally, ladders were procured; we climbed to the roof, shinned up the corrugated iron, reached the raised skylight, and, on squinting down, saw —to our horror—that we had unwittingly imprisoned a native goods' clerk! The man had retreated behind some cotton bales in a corner; otherwise, he did not appear to be particularly perturbed. But the tiger was not visible.

"'Hi, you—down there!' I shouted to the clerk, 'Where's the tiger?'

"'My lord, it is concealing there,' and he pointed vaguely before him.

"'Where?' I repeated, looking in the direction indicated.

"Hereupon, the man jumped on to one of the bales, and was in the act of pointing to the exact spot, when, from between two piles of rice bags, the tiger stealthily crept towards the luckless quill-driver. I saw the brute settling himself for a spring; another second, and the clerk would have been done for. Poking my rifle through the skylight, I took hasty aim, and fortunately gave the tiger his quietus with an express bullet behind the ear. Later on, the Government Garden people came for a tigress which, as it turned out, you had sent down by the same opportunity; but I did not stay to see how they managed with her. I was too elated with my bag!...."



THE BUILDER OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE

Written by
CHAS. F. SHAW.
Illustrated by
F. G. KILTON
And from Photos.

A CALM EVENING AT LOW TIDE.

ABOUT four miles out of Leeds, near the little village of Whitkirk, stands Austhorpe Lodge, a substantial, picturesque house, situated in most charming grounds. In the year 1735 a sturdy little fellow, only six years of age, was playing in these gardens, busy with some wood and a box of tools. Anyone watching the efforts of this precocious youngster would have seen his small hands and weak blows rapidly transforming the unshapely timber into a model windmill—a rough one certainly, but still a model *that would work*. When it had been completed the juvenile carpenter hurried off to give it a trial. A high and isolated building offered a fair testing place, and the fearless child immediately made his way to the top. Right up on the tiles he perched his handiwork, and crowed with delight as the tiny sails turned round in the breeze. But a scream of fear from his mother and a stern command from his father put a speedy end to the boy's perilous amusement. He was taken down from his dangerous position, well whipped, and, doubtless, promptly sent off to bed.

AUSTHORPE LODGE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN SMEATON.
Photo by C. F. Shaw.

Eight years later the same boy, risen to the dignity of a knickerbocker suit, was intently watching a number of mechanics erect an engine in order to pump water out of a neighbouring colliery. Every day whilst the men were engaged, this attentive boy was present, right in the way of the workmen, his sharp eyes and quick brain noting every detail of the structure.

When the work at the colliery was finished he returned home, and constructed an exact

model of the pump and engine. He then conveyed it to an ornamental lake in the garden —a lake well stocked with fish, at once the joy and the pride of his father. On its bank the youthful engineer set up the pump, and to his great satisfaction the pond, in a very short time, was left quite dry, all the fish being sacrificed to his experiment.

Of a truth, coming events cast their shadows before. For this ingenious boy was none other than John Smeaton, one of the greatest engineers the world has ever known; the man who planned the great harbour at Ramsgate; who was responsible for the far-famed canal stretching from the Forth to the Clyde, and whose name will for ever live in the annals of the coast as the builder of the Eddystone Lighthouse.

Unlike many other boys of his age, young Smeaton spent all his "spare" time with his tools. His father gave him a special workroom in the garden at Austhorpe, and in it he used to make all manner of things connected with his favourite hobby. He also made a most serviceable lathe, and with it constructed the majority of his tools. This lathe, which is in the possession of J. W. Morkell, Esq., of Austhorpe Lodge, was the one Smeaton used in making his original model of the famous lighthouse.

LATHE MADE BY SMEATON WHEN IN HIS 15TH YEAR. THE TOOLS IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THOSE WITH WHICH HE DESIGNED THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.
Photo by C. F. Shaw.

Although the boy had given such convincing exhibitions of his great ability and skill in scientific construction, his father desired he should follow in his footsteps as an attorney. So, in 1742, when eighteen years of age, he was sent up to London to study law. But somehow he was never happy at the desk, and at the end of a year or so his parents, in response to his earnest and frequent appeals, permitted him to enter the profession he loved so much. From that period his career was one long series of triumphs. In 1753 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in a short time received the Copley Gold Medal—a much coveted distinction—for a paper on the "Natural Powers of Wind and Water to turn Mills and other Machinery depending on a Circular Motion."

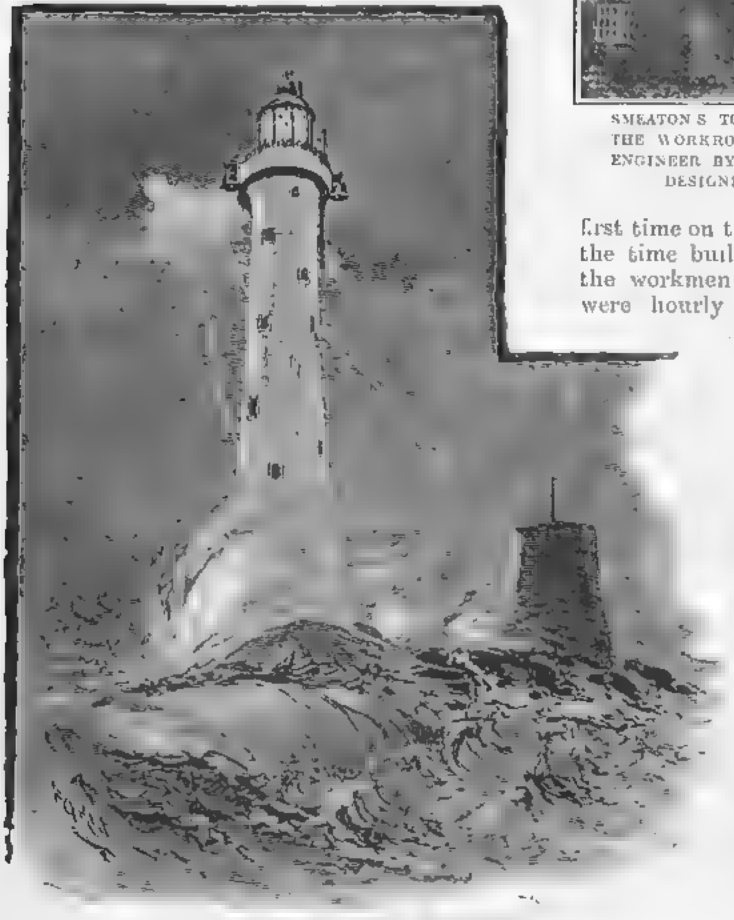
He afterwards visited Holland and the

WHITKIRK CHURCH, WHERE JOHN SMEATON WAS BURIED.
Photo by C. F. Shaw.

Netherlands for the purpose of studying the methods of constructing artificial navigations and other similar works. As a result of his painstaking observations he was enabled to complete many gigantic feats of engineering skill that have since proved of the greatest commercial value to the country. In 1700 the first Eddystone Lighthouse was erected by Winstanley. Three years later it and the builder were swept away during a terrific storm. Nine years later John Rudyard built the second one. This, though a wooden erection, withstood sea and storm for forty six years, and was then destroyed by fire.

This disaster gave Smeaton the great opportunity of his life. The authorities commissioned him to build another wooden lighthouse, but he, in spite of seeming insuperable difficulties, determined to erect a building of stone. The work was begun in 1756, and completed three years later, the great lantern sending its beams across the water for the

SMEATON'S TOWER, AUSTHORPE LODGE. THIS WAS THE WORKROOM SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE YOUNG ENGINEER BY HIS FATHER, AND IT WAS HERE HE DESIGNED THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE

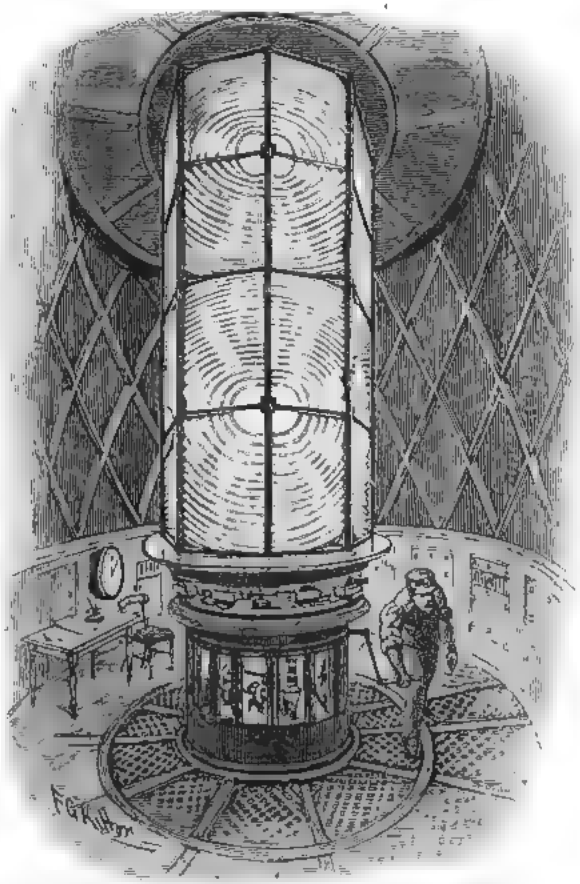


THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE IN A GALE

first time on the 16th October, 1759. During the time building operations were going on, the workmen suffered many hardships, and were hourly in danger of finding watery graves. But they were never asked to do what their master would not himself venture on. He was always found directing the work from the most dangerous part of the rocks, and his great daring served as an inspiration to those under him.

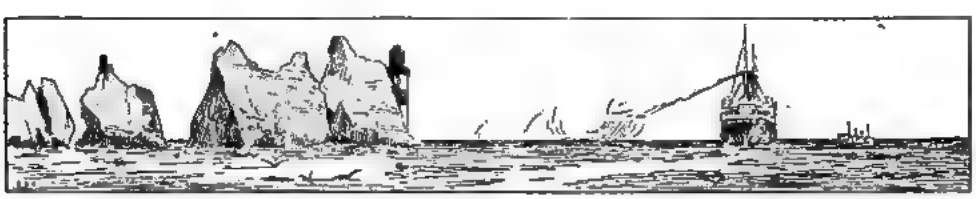
Lord Ellesmere, speaking at a time when the lighthouse was nearing completion, paid the following glowing tribute to the great engineer. Said he: "Many bloody battles have been won, and great campaigns carried to a successful issue with less personal exposure to physical danger on the part of the commander-in-chief than was constantly encountered by Smeaton during the greater part of

those years in which the lighthouse was in course of erection. In all works of danger he himself led the way—was the first to spring upon the rock, and the last to leave it; and by his own example he inspired with courage the humble workmen engaged in carrying out his plans, who, like himself, were unaccustomed to the special terrors of the scene." On the 16th of September, 1792, Smeaton, who, seven years earlier, had retired to this quiet retreat at Austhorpe, was walking in his garden when he was stricken down, and died on the 28th of the following month. He was interred in the ancient church at Whitkirk, and to-day his memory is perpetuated by a monument—a model of the lighthouse he built—and a tablet bearing the following lines: "Sacred to the memory of John Smeaton, F.R.S., a man whom God had endowed with the most extraordinary abilities, which he indefatigably exerted for the benefit of mankind, in works of science and philosophical research; more especially as an engineer and a mechanic. His principal work, the Eddystone Lighthouse, erected on a rock in the open sea (where one had been washed away by the violence of a storm, and another had been consumed by the rage of fire), secure in its own stability, and the wise precautions for its safety, seems not unlikely to convey to distant ages, as it does to every nation of the globe, the name of its constructor." Thus is a man brave and good remembered for all time:—



WINDING UP THE REVOLVING GEAR IN THE LANTERN OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."



PASSING THE NEEDLES OUTWARD BOUND.

POOR, DEAR HARRY!

A REAL SCHOOL STORY

By Guy N. Pocock. Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

I.

To see St. Timothy's School none would have remarked anything peculiarly striking in the appearance either of the pupils or of the place. The halo of The Saint who grinned somewhat fatuously over the porch certainly was uncommonly like a straw-hat, but after all, as the amateur sculptor himself objected: "That *might* be correct." And yet St. Timothy's was utterly unlike any preparatory school of which one reads in the countless school stories that come flooding from the press. In all the fifteen flourishing years of its existence, it had not been able to produce one genuine Bully who could conscientiously be said to have screwed out the teeth of his weaker brethren with the nut-crackers. No eccentric boy had ever kept tadpoles in his soap-dish to be swallowed surreptitiously at night. The head master had never even been glued to his chair and pelted with inked blotting paper. It had not even produced a Hero worthy of the name; in fact, whenever a particularly promising youngster did make his appearance he was sure to pass into the navy, or gain a scholarship for Winchester, or do something equally unheroic and absurd. No boy had ever been known to even dream of running away, and, after a week of agony, crawling back to die in a glorious sunset to the sound of the chapel-bell.

In short, St. Timothy's was a Real School. The masters were real men, and not prehistoric maniacs. Its matron was a lady and not a good-natured but imbecile washerwoman. Its boys were real boys, neither fiends nor cherubim. Their cricket was good, but they never beat the County eleven. They occasionally squabbled, but such differences of opinion were invariably set straight without anybody being brought to the verge of death. That they liked sweets it is true, but none, not even the greediest—they could boast no regulation Greedy Boy—ever ate to a disgusting extent. The school, in fact, was in a very happy, flourishing, and, from the school-story-writer's point of view, a most uninteresting state, when something happened but for which this story would never have been written.

Five new boys, and the fifth was a Hero—a genuine Hero straight from the school of Fiction!

To the experienced eye, the eye practised by the perusal of many school stories, there was no mistaking him. Had he "blue saucer eyes"? So had the Hero of "True till Death." Had he "flaxen locks that curled over his collar"? So had the Hero of "The Hunting of the Sneak." Was his name "Harry"? Such is the appellation of all School Heroes.

He had come to a Real School, and so the trouble began. And whether the Hero is to become Real, or the School Fictitious, remains now to be told.

II.

TEA was almost over. The talk which, until now, had been somewhat flat and subdued, as is usually the case on the first night of term, brightening up under the comforting influence of food, had now assumed its normal pitch. After all, if the glory of the holidays had departed, there still remained the joy of exaggerating those glories.

And what a strange tea it was! In vain the reader of school stories would have looked for the oft-depicted mugs of grey-brown fluid that did duty as tea, for the brick-like bread, and the bodiless sardine-tails floating in train-oil. Not a trace of them. For here were eggs—an egg a boy—boundless bread-and-butter, and raspberry jam when all the

bread-and-butter was eaten. And what politeness is shewn in handing round the last piece of bread-and-butter before the jam!

"How's the air-gun getting on?" asked Drury across the table. For Drury was longing to be asked the same question in return.

"Shot about thirty sparrows these hols.," answered Harvey, a square-shouldered, red-cheeked youngster of thirteen. He spoke very precisely, for Drury knew that he was exaggerating, and he knew that Drury knew; and Drury knew that Harvey knew that Drury knew. And this was just as it should be.

"How's yours?" added Harvey, seeing that something more was expected.

"Simply ripping," said Drury, adding, "I nearly shot the lamb. Glad I didn't, as it's a ripping little beast not nearly as big as the cat."

"*That's* a bouncer!" cried a red-haired individual from lower down the table, who rejoiced in the unusual name of "Tommy."

"Take my dying oath it wasn't bigger than that!" cried Drury, pointing to the remains of the loaf, and now quite convinced in his own mind.

"Well," said Tommy, amid the general laugh, "I've got a kiddy brother smaller still. Extraordinary little beast, that goes like this when you give it anything to eat."

Tommy's exhibition of the baby's antics preliminary to choking were luckily interrupted by a general rising, and the school poured out into the play-room.

A dozen juniors, already forgetful of the ghastly pang with which they had watched the matron seizing those priceless mines of stickiness from the play-boxes to be doled out in small portions on Sunday afternoons, were now playing football with a crushed exercise-book.

A dozen more were poring over illustrated price-lists—those Eldorados of delight—imagining themselves the happy possessors of sword-sticks and submarine boats.

Senior boys were discussing cricket-bats, and the wonders that each was to perform with his own. "She comes up well," remarked one, trying his bat, with an air of mystery and wisdom.

"I shall peg mine with tin tacks to make it drive," shrilled Jenkins, a small, wiry creature of an inventive turn of mind.

"I wonder if any of the new kids can play?" mused Frost, the new cricket-captain.

"Beastly small lot," remarked Howell, the head boy, with a depreciating shrug.

"One of them isn't!" cried Harvey, who had been watching the cabs arrive. "Rummy looking thing—sort of giraffe with white hair. Come and look! quick, before it goes in!"

There was a general rush to the window, but the front door was already shut.

"What was it like?" was the disappointed chorus.

"Rummiest thing you ever saw!" cried Harvey. "Shouldn't like to say what it's like exactly," he continued with a puzzled air, "but it'll have a jolly poor time at first," he added with conviction.

Ten minutes later the play-room door was opened, and the head master entered, followed by the five individuals who had lately been under discussion.

"This is our play-room," said the head with a cheery smile. "And now I shall leave you to make friends,"—and the small new boys stared with terror. "Howell," he added, quietly, "just see that the juniors make these little chaps at home.

III.

OF the five new boys who now stood awkwardly by the doorway looking up under their eyebrows with awe at the great Howell, only one showed signs of unconventionality. There was, indeed, nothing much to distinguish the other four sturdy youngsters, except the shade and curl of their hair, and the colour of their Norfolk suits. But the fifth must give us pause. He was a tall, slim boy dressed in immaculate Etons; his light hair, parted down the middle, looped heavily over his collar; his eyes were large, light, and a little wild; there was, indeed, something uncanny about his appearance that made "the boldest hold his breath, for a time."

"*Exactly* like a giraffe—a mad one!" whispered Tommy in a tone half of awe, half of contempt.

"Rather dreadful, isn't it?" replied Harvey in an undertone, "what a jolly time it'll have!"

Meanwhile, Howell had been "making the little chaps at home," according to his own methods.

"Who are you?" he asked of the first.

"How d'you mean?" was the timid reply.

"How I say," said Howell, frowning from a sense of importance. The child promptly subsided altogether.

"What's your name?" he asked of the second.

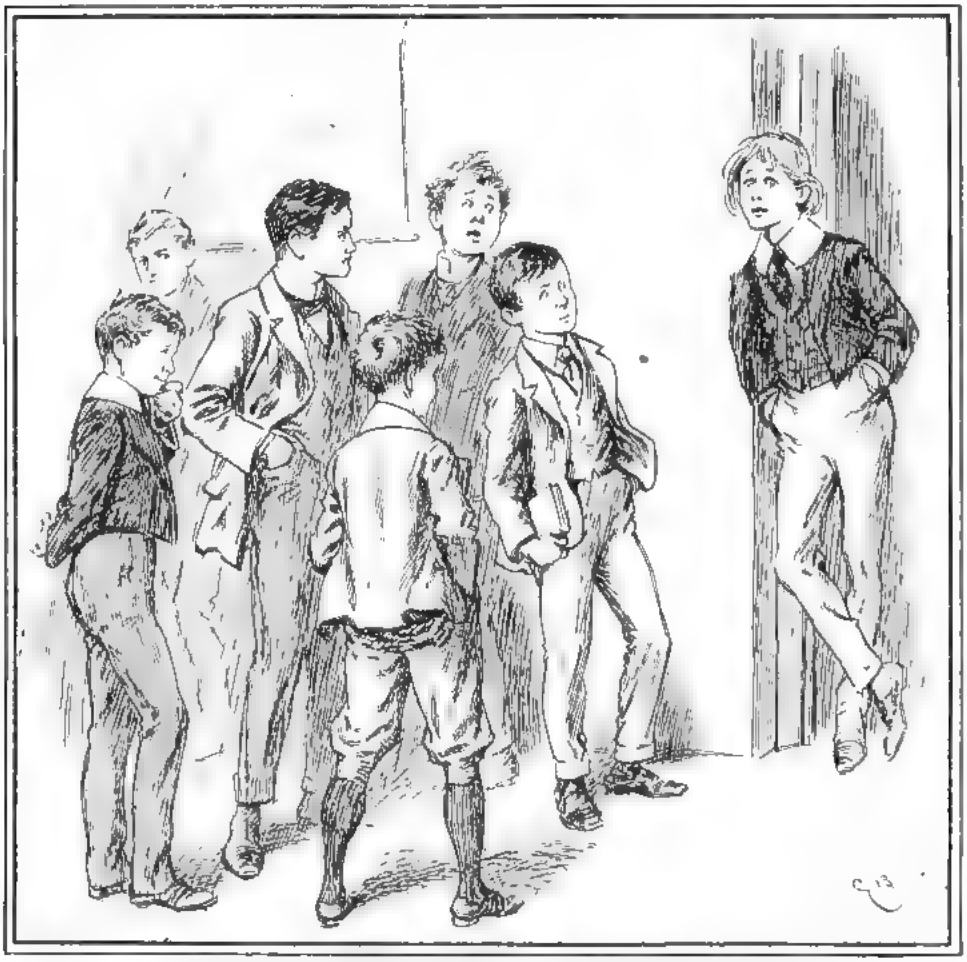
"Orleton."

"Christian name?"

"Stuart," said the new boy, blushing violently and feeling unaccountably ashamed of himself.

It was hardly a promising start, and this Howell realised. Placing his foot on the paper football he called the players to his assistance.

"Just make these kids at home," he said,



THE UNCANNY CHILD CONTINUED TO LEAN AGAINST THE DOOR-POST.

with a wave of the hand which meant, "I've begun, you see; it's quite easy!" And he sauntered off with an easy conscience.

There was a long and awkward pause which shuffling of feet and clearing of throats did little to relieve.

"Do you chaps play cricket?" asked a small junior boy at last.

"I'm awfully keen, but I'm not good, you know!" cried one of the four. The ice was broken, and the new boys felt it. In half a minute all were chattering away like sparrows.

The uncanny child continued to lean against the door-post in silence.

"Let's talk to it!" whispered Harvey to Tommy at last.

"What's your name?" asked Tommy with a friendly grin.

"Harry," sighed the boy, turning his mild eyes full upon them.

"But what's your other name?" asked Harvey, nudging his companion.

"Call me Harry," said the boy, with the faintest and saddest of smiles. The answer was so unexpected that hitherto uninterested spectators crowded up to hear the rest.

"The sickly beast!" whispered Tommy, and was about to continue the conversation

by an inquiry as to the state of "Harry's" cricket—for real boys do not enquire after the professions of their respective fathers—when he was anticipated by the boy himself.

"My parents are in a better land," he continued, looking at the ceiling, "but my grandmother is 'the sweetest soul, That ever looked with human eyes.'"

("I shall be ill in a minute," muttered Drury. But it was all too strange for laughter.)

"Ahem! have you ever been to school before?" asked Frost in a meaning tone.

Harry drooped his eyelids at him, smiled, and said nothing. Frost blushed deeply, while the juniors tittered, and the new boy looked from one to another in bewilderment.

"Because," continued Frost, "you'd jolly well better get that hair cut down before Sunday. We can't stand that sort of thing, you know."

"Yes, yes," said Harry, with a languid smile.

"What d'you mean—yes?" cried Frost, who was fast losing his temper.

Harry closed his eyes entirely. "You're stuffing me," he said; "I knew you'd try."

"Mad!" muttered Frost as he turned away amid a roar of laughter. The effect of this little monosyllable was as strange as it was unexpected. With a flush tingeing his brow—for such is the heroic practice—he strode after the wrathful captain of cricket and touched him on the shoulder. "I should not say that again," he said, a little theatrically.

Frost's face expressed mingled rage, astonishment, and interrogation.

"Because if you do," continued Harry, interpreting his expression, "I shall be forced to strike you between the eyes!"

It is difficult to say what would have resulted had not the fatherly Howell seized Frost by the shoulder and dragged him away, muttering something wise about "new kid" and "soon settle down" and the like.

The little crowd dispersed with feelings midway between relief and disappointment, some to their books and their games, some to initiate the four new boys into the unimagined mysteries of illustrated price-lists.

Harry continued to lean against the doorpost. He smoothed his dank hair carefully with both hands, arranged his silk tie with the greatest precision, folded his arms, and looked about him, the backward pose of his head and half-shut eyes expressive of condescending interest. He was being watched from all sides, and he knew it, and liked it. And the longer the boys watched him the more convinced were they that this strange new being imagined that he had scored a triumph, and was looking down upon their cherished amusements with hardly disguised contempt. And an unmistakable gloom began to oppress the play-room. Games flagged dismally; conversations fell so flat that even the most treasured holiday experiences failed to revive them, and even the voices drooped to a self-conscious mumble.

As for Harry, he merely smiled, and smiled, and smiled and said nothing.

Intense was the relief that greeted the clang of the prayer-bell.

"What's to be done?" asked Drury, gloomily scrabbling in his locker for a hymn-book.

"M -yes," answered Harvey, easily divining his thoughts. There was a long pause.

"You can't rot him," complained Drury; "look how he rotted Frost!"

"It'll have to have its head punched," growled Harvey, and hurried to his place as a master called to him to stop talking.

IV.

PRAYERS were over, the head master had made his preliminary Term-speech, the last sounds of splashing and laughter had been extinguished in the junior dormitory, and in the long dining-hall the busy little matron was dealing out biscuits and milk to the senior forms. She was in her sprightliest mood to-night, knowing from experience that even boys of fourteen are not exempt from home-sickness on the first evening of term. But on this particular evening, try as she might, she could not dispel the gloom. The laughter which greeted her little jokes was polite but forced.

"Come now, cheer up!" she exclaimed at last, "you're going to have a splendid term. Frost, how is your cricket eleven looking? I see that one of the new boys is quite big enough for the team, if he can play!"

Even this welcome news failed to waken any enthusiasm; in fact, it tended unaccountably to heighten the gloom. The matron was in despair, but she smiled more stoically than ever.

"He is to sleep in the senior dormitory," she continued. Somebody muttered, "Great Scott!" but there was no other sound.

"By the way, he ought to be here now," she went on; "who would like to go and fetch him?"

"I'll go," said Jenkins, seeing that no one seemed over anxious to offer his services; and off he went, partly because he was a good-natured little lad, partly because he felt the same interest in this new being that he would have felt in a new canary, or a clockwork toy.

Harry was alone in the play-room, reading in the half-light as little Jenkins entered.

"You've got to come for biscuits now, and then bed, you know," he said; "beastly early but we've got to," he added, by way of apology.

Flushing slightly, Harry put down his book and looked up. "I wondered which it would be," he said, half to himself.

"Yes, you're in the senior dorm.," said Jenkins, misunderstanding the remark.

"That is not what I meant," said Harry, rising and clearing his throat. "*You*," he went on, "are my greatest friend." Jenkins skilfully switched off a peal of laughter into something between a cough and a crow.

"My greatest friend," he went on, with great solemnity. "With you I shall share my study."

"There isn't any, and if there was, you wouldn't have it for years," put in Jenkins, schoolboy-like.

"With you," repeated Harry, "I shall share my pocket-money,"—this was far more feasible, and Jenkins began to look interested.

"My jam, and my—I have no guinea-pigs, or you should share *them*," he said, thinking wistfully of some imaginary Hero who had.

"Thanks," said Jenkins, dubiously, "but you've got to come on now."

As Harry entered the dining-hall with his diminutive guide, he was met by looks which could hardly be described as encouraging.

With a placid smile he turned to Jenkins, who had slipped behind him and was engaged in executing an enormous wink at Tommy across the room. "They have sent me to Coventry I think?" he asked in a tone which implied that this was exactly the course which he had expected them to adopt.

"To where?" asked Jenkins, controlling his features with great difficulty.

"To Coventry," repeated Harry.

"Oh—ah—yes," said Jenkins, who now remembered having seen the expression in some ancient school story. "Of course they haven't. They don't know you yet."

Harry smiled and shook his head. He ate his biscuits thoughtfully, and betook himself upstairs.

Then Jenkins exploded. He laughed till he fell down, and then had to be sat on and pummelled before he became intelligible. He had a remarkable power of imitating the ludicrous, and it was no mournful procession that greeted the astonished matron ten minutes later at the dormitory doors.

V.

"IS it bathing, sir?" was the chorus that greeted the form-masters on the first clang of the morning-break bell. A more perfect day there could not have been. All the brown holland blinds were down in the long bright school-room, and the straight solid-looking beams of sun that shot in between, with myriads of tiny chalk-dust specks swimming and darting through them, had been more than enough to divert the juniors' minds from the horrors of French verbs. The hot stones in the wall that bounded the play-ground looked wobbly and delirious, and beyond, the sea could not be stared at without leaving a blot over your eyes that turned green when you looked at the ceiling—a diversion not to be despised in school hours.

"Yes, bathing for all of you!"

"Come along, Tommy! I've bagged two towels!" shouted Harvey, heading the frantic rush.

"Can't stand getting down first!" cried Tommy, running steadily and looking back at the crowd that still poured from the back gate like bees from a hive; "you can't go in until the masters are ready!"

"Still, you can bag the diving rocks," replied his friend. "I suppose there's a crowd of sand-bathers as usual?"

"Suppose so—though I believe some of the new kids can swim."

"Bet the Giraffe can't!" cried Harvey, plunging into the deep dry sand.

"Look at it now! did you ever see such a sight?" laughed Tommy, flinging his bathing things down on the diving rock.

Harry certainly did not look his best as he pounded along by the side of his hypocritical young friend. He had a curiously flat-footed run, and his long hair bounced up and down upon his collar in a dangerously undignified manner.

"By the way," he was saying, as Jenkins secured himself a warm corner among the sand dunes, "which is the Bully?"

"What Bully?" asked Jenkins, who had by this time learned to control his expression.

"The school Bully!" repeated Harry, in a tone of faint surprise.

"Didn't know there was one!" Jenkins objected.

"There's no one with a bullet-head and ferrety eyes in the school, is there?" asked Harry after a meditative pause.

"Haven't seen any lately," said Jenkins gravely.

"No, I haven't *seen* any," Harry agreed, "but I think I know who it is," he continued, nodding gently to himself, and casting a side-long glance at the popular and good-natured Frost.

"That's more than I do!" laughed Jenkins, shuffling his feet through the hot sand.

Harry smiled incredulously.

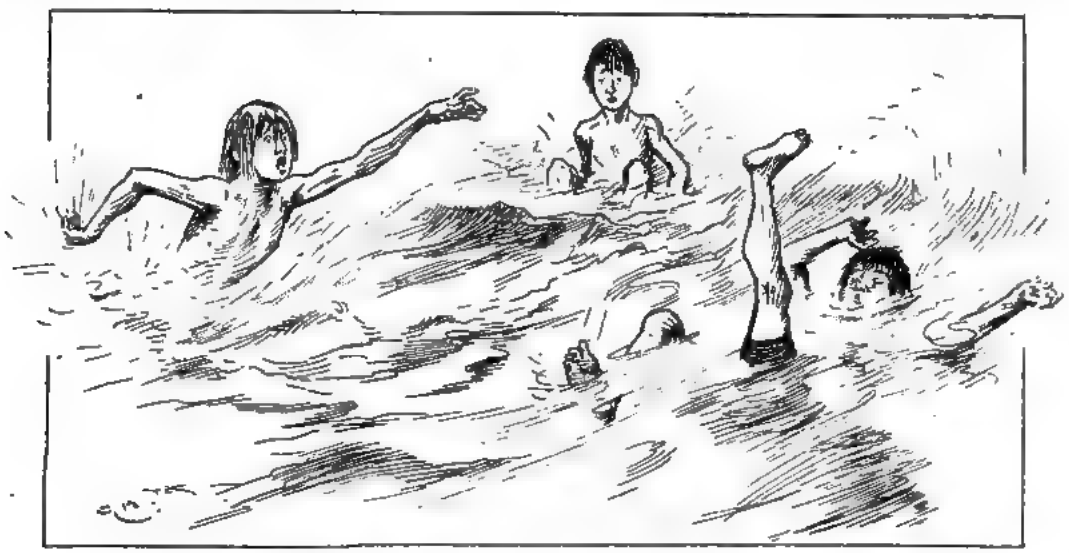
engaged in a wild splashing match with the juniors on his way in to land.

"Isn't this ripping, by Jove!" gasped Frost, wallowing gloriously over the long, slow tide-waves.

"Never had such a grand bathe!" said Drury, floating lazily with closed eyes.

Tommy was doing the porpoise-roll ten yards away, shaking the water from his red hair at every turn. Harry stood watching him from the shore. "All-in!" cried the master.

Tommy rolled over on to his back for a final splash, and beat up the water furiously with both legs. That was enough for Harry. With a wild shriek he plunged madly into



"I'LL SAVE YOU! I'M COMING!"

"Can we go in, sir?" sung out Tommy, who, with Harvey, was standing on the diving-rock, with arms crossed, slapping his shoulders—a position which no one ever assumes unless he is about to enter cold water.

"I'll give you ten seconds and race you to the post! In you go, all of you!" cried out the master. Harvey and Tommy disappeared with a simultaneous "clop," and struck out for the post, followed closely by the rest of the upper school, while the sand-bathers yelled and splashed gloriously in the shallows.

Harry could not swim, but he stooped down till he could blow bubbles through the water, and his hair floated round into his mouth; and that was almost as good.

"One minute more!" cried the master when fourteen minutes had passed. He was

the sea, his arms working scythe-like in front of him while all the world wondered. "Keep up! keep up!" he screamed, "I'll save you! I'm coming!" And seizing the unsuspecting Tommy by both ankles, he proceeded to drag him to the shore with main and might. Tommy's red head immediately disappeared below the water. He struggled frantically to free himself, but without avail; it was as much as he could do to raise his head to the surface at every few yards and gasp. They reached the shallows at last, and Tommy, supporting himself upon his hands, let out a violent kick with his right leg which caught Harry in the chest and knocked him down. Then Harry gazed round, and a look of mingled disappointment and resignation came over his face. There were the boys lying on

the sand with their towels round them in paroxysms of unquenchable laughter, and there sat Tommy, whose life he had saved at the risk of his own, positively spluttering with rage and mortification. Even the master looked over the rocks with an expression betokening the greatest amusement. It was all very strange.

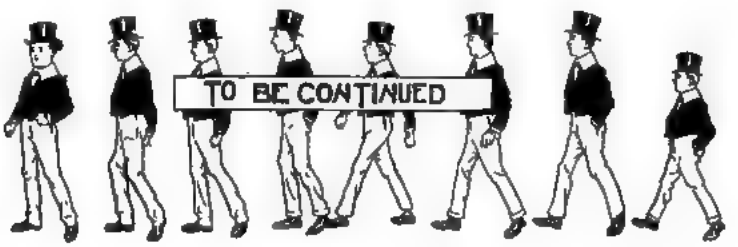
"Here, you confounded ass!" shouted Tommy, "what on earth do you think you're doing, hauling on to a chap like——"

"I was only saving your life," said Harry, in a tone of mild reproach. There was a shriek of delighted laughter from the crowd.

"Why, you ought to be very grateful, Tommy," laughed the master.

"I did not expect gratitude," said Harry, resignedly, "but I know that he will live to thank me."

"If I live till to-morrow's bathe," said Tommy, as his head protruded through his shirt, "I'll show you how grateful I am. You'll get the best ducking you ever——" but the absurdity of the situation was too much even for him, and he burst into a roar of laughter with the rest. And it was a weak and helpless crowd that laughed itself into the classrooms ten minutes later. But Harry was pained.



THE SECRET OF SERENITY.

By the Rev. R. L. Bellamy, B.D.

I witnessed but the other day,
An incident methinks will not,
'Mid all the change that throngs life's way,
Be soon forgot.

Walking with pensive step and slow,
A venerable man was seen,
Of kindly face and placid brow,
And gentle mien.

So gentle that the children ran
To win his smile, unchecked by awe,
He was the mildest-looking man
I ever saw.

I turned to pondering in my thought
If thus he bore whate'er befell—
If in Vexation's store were aught,
Could break the spell.

When suddenly a vicious cur
Seized on his leg with savage bite,
I saw, too stunned to cry or stir,
The sickening sight.

Speechless and motionless I stood,
Helpless to stay the vile attack,
And hurl from one so grave and good,
The mongrel back.

But he—most wonderful of men!—
Not from his wonted calm beguiled,
One moment, just glanced down, and then
Serenely smiled.

And that base cur—'tis truth I say,—
As stung with new-born sense of shame,
Let go his hold and slunk away
Back whence he came.

Then found I speech again, and straight
Poured forth my admiration high,
Till he, unmoved and unelate,
Made this reply:—

"Praise not, good sir, nor deem the part
I've played magnanimous, I beg;
Because, you see, I have an art-
Ificial leg!"

THE CYCLING CORNER.

THE CARE OF A CYCLE.

WHEN we consider how badly many cycles are treated, it is marvellous how ever some machines, especially those of the cheap order, wear as well as they do. In the majority of cases they are simply left to look after themselves, with the exception, perhaps, of the outside being kept clean. Sometimes, perhaps, a little oil may be squirted into the bearings, but even this is the exception rather than the rule, and the consequence is that these soon get clogged up with rust, or, what is perhaps worse, a mixture of oil and the wet and dust which will work in through the openings (there is no such thing as a really dust-proof bearing), and quickly cakes round the cones and cups. To clear this away satisfactorily, the services of a mechanic may be necessary. The result is that the bearings, especially in the case of the cheaper machines, are absolutely wrecked. How seldom do we find many of the general army of riders ever thinking of adjusting the bearings, or even taking up the slack of the chain. Yet they wonder, when told the machine is practically worn out, why a firm of repute should turn out what they consider such a wretched apology for a bicycle. Tyres, too, receive just as little attention as the rest of the machine; hence they always give trouble, and then they are called "rotten," and perhaps, if the owner be a member of the Cyclists' Touring Club, he empties the vials of his wrath on the head of the maker through the medium of the club gazette. Yet

A LITTLE ATTENTION,

a very little, as a matter of fact, will not only greatly prolong the life of the machine, but, by saving the waste of power caused by driving the foul and ill-adjusted bearings, will greatly add to the pleasures of riding.

I have in my possession a machine of a now obsolete type, the Resilient Triumph, which was seven years ago entrusted to me for trial. I liked it so well that I purchased it, and two years subsequently sold it to a friend from whom I repurchased it three years later for a few shillings. Since that time it has been in constant use for track work, and as a winter machine I have had it re-enamelled. When pulled to pieces the wearing parts of the bearings were found to be in as good a condition as when I had it first, and when I take a long journey, in which speed is only a secondary consideration, I ride that ancient cycle in preference to any of the more up-to-date machines in my stud. This machine is a monument of what the life of a well-made bicycle that is properly cared for ought to be; it has already covered over 40,000 miles, and seems good for as many more. It has now its fifth pair of tyres and its third chain, though the chain sprockets, singularly enough, show few signs of wear.

HOW I PROLONGED ITS LIFE

and enabled it to enjoy a "respected and vigorous old age," instead of reposing on a "scrap heap," may be of interest to many of my readers. "A careful man takes care of his steed" is an old proverb, and so little care is necessary for the preservation of a bicycle, and getting the best results out of it, that I wonder why owners are so blind to their own interests. I have been told that in my case I cannot, at an age when the majority of men have to fall back for their "wheeling" on a carriage, a bath chair, or another vehicle which we shall all have to use sooner or later, throw an ounce away, and, therefore, my care of a bicycle is compulsory. I do not deny the soft impeachment, but surely, if I am benefited thereby, why not my young friends! The first thing I did

when I received the machine alluded to was to wind some worsted, which had been well "tallowed," round each bearing, which made them

ABSOLUTELY DUST AND WET-PROOF.

I even went as far as to protect the inside bearings of my pedals in a similar manner. Those on the outside are capped, and these caps, before being screwed on, I filled with a thick hydro-carbon oil, which I find the best lubricant for cycle bearings. Into the crank axle bearings I injected about a table-spoonful of the oil named (I have used Ward's Viscoleum for the last eight to ten years, and found it excellent), having previously taken the precaution of procuring a cork to fit the seat pillar tube and ramming it down as far as it will go. This is to prevent the oil, when you "up end" the machine—which, alas! the visits of the puncture fiend render compulsory at times—running down it and bringing back a lot of the rust which is certain to accumulate therein. The same treatment I practically apply to the two hub bearings. These are built in two classes, which are respectively known as "cup and cone" and the "barrel." In the former, the cup is part of the hub, and the cone is screwed into it by means of a thread on the axle. This was the original form of adjustable axle, and was used on the back wheels of the old-fashioned high bicycles, before Messrs. Bown and Hughes invented ball bearings. As originally made, these would not retain oil, but lately they have been so designed as to do so, to a certain extent. The barrel hub is constructed

ON EXACTLY OPPOSITE LINES,

the cups screwing on to fixed cones, which are turned on to the axle. It is difficult to say which system is the better. Such makers of repute as the Humber, Rover, Raleigh, and the Rudge-Whitworth companies use the older system, while the Triumph and Centaur swear by "barrel hubs." The latter are by far the more difficult for a novice to adjust, but they have this great advantage they are oil retaining, and when protected as I recommend may be laid sideways without losing any of the oil that is in them. By the way, I always dispense with the ordinary oilers, and into the orifices made for them, fit screws, which, should the openings be left downwards, prevents the oil running out, and not only ruining your tyres, but getting you into trouble with the women folk of your establishment. Bearings, when treated with suitable oil, require no attention for a thousand miles or more, or say, perhaps, twice in a season. One of the most persistent winter riders I know fills his bearings with a thicker grease—vaseline, I believe—which he injects by means of a football pump, the end of which he has tapped to screw into the oil holes. By this means the lubricant is forced into the ball races as required. He contends that this protects the bearings to such an extent that, even if the machine were thrown into a pond, the wet could not reach the wearing parts.

THE MOST VITAL PART OF A MACHINE

which receives the least attention is the ball race at the lower end of the steering column. Let the bearing run dry and get clogged, and the strain is so great that once I absolutely twisted the pillar into two parts. This is a bearing, too, which is not so easy to protect, especially if, as is too often the case, mud guards are not used (why, I can never understand, as up to sixteen or seventeen miles an hour I cannot find that they make any appreciable difference to the running of a machine), when the splash from the front wheel will be certain to find its way inside. Invariably a drop or two of oil every 200 or 300 miles will do no harm. Some cycles are made without means of lubricating their bearings, in which case a small hole should be drilled in the frame just above the ball race. Next to lubrication, the most important factor in the life of a cycle is the adjustment, to which I always pay great attention. Every bearing should be so adjusted that, while there is no lateral movement, the wheel should revolve freely. A child can adjust cup and cone bearings, but barrel hubs and those on the crank axle and the steering head require some little care. The slightest shake should be immediately taken up, or the bearing will speedily wear out of truth. Again, a loose bearing means a nasty cross strain and a corresponding loss of power. Now, as to

THE OUTWARD APPEARANCE OF A MACHINE.

This can be preserved almost indefinitely provided every time the machine has been used it is rubbed over, the plated parts especially, with a cloth on which a little vaseline has been smeared. I always carry a small tin of this in my tool bag, and should I be overtaken by rain or run into a storm track, I rub a little on every part that the wet can reach. A very little will do, and then the dirt is subsequently as easily removed as if it were dust. Vaseline rubbed fairly freely on an unprotected chain will keep it right for a full day's journey in the rain. In such case, however, it is advisable to

slacken it a little; in fine weather, or when a gearcase is used, I find that it is advisable to have the chain as tight as possible provided it does not interfere with the easy running of the machine. As most machines are now fitted with free-wheels, a chain that is too tight means increased friction. Writing of free-wheels reminds me that the clutches require very frequent lubrication, and with a much lighter oil than is required for the bearings, on which the friction is much greater. Thick oil is apt to clog the pawls, and may make the clutch free "both ways." When a clutch, from this cause, refuses to act, flush freely with paraffin or petrol, and then lubricate with a similar oil to that which is used for sewing machines and typewriters.

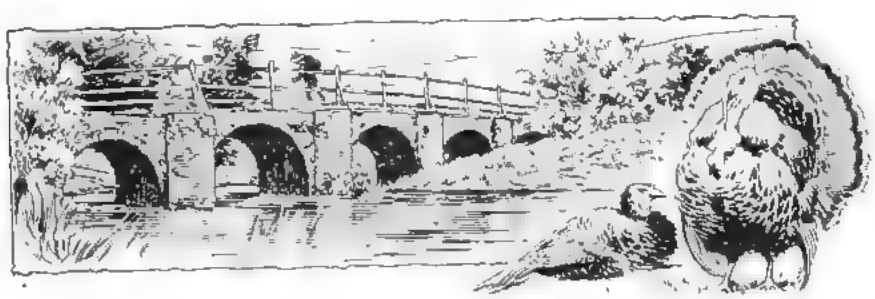
THE CARE OF TYRES

is also important. These should never be exposed more than is necessary to heat or strong light, or the rubber will "perish," and will then puncture freely. They should be carefully watched, and every small cut plugged with cotton-wool soaked in rubber solution or Westwood's Tyre Stopping, which vulcanises freely on exposure to the air. Should any cuts reach the fabric on which the tyre is built, the wet will soon find its way in, and rot the canvas, when a bad burst is inevitable. It is a good plan to examine tyres carefully about every month, to ascertain whether there are any weak spots or any puncturing substances imbedded in the cover, which have not reached the air tube. I took three thorns and two flint spines out of a cover the other day, all of which, had they remained, would have certainly in time caused trouble. A little French chalk dusted in the cover will prevent the air tube adhering to it. In such a case, great care is necessary when opening the tyre, or the tube will be torn. I am strongly of opinion that the use of chalk adds to the "life" of a tyre. Whether this is right or not, it will prevent any strain on the valve, which I have seen torn out of the air tube when it has stuck to the cover in the tyre ridden in a semi-deflated state. Again,

NEVER LET A MACHINE STAND WITH THE TYRES DEFLATED;

and it will preserve them considerably if, during bad weather, non-winter riders will take them out in the wet for a few hundred yards, even if the machine is not ridden. But, if you treat a machine as I recommend, and blow your tyres hard, winter riding is robbed of half its terrors. As one who rides all the year round, I should be very sorry to lay my machine by for the rainy season. I invariably use a machine which is low-geared, certainly not higher than 70 (I use 7in. cranks), and then I can pedal against strong winds and over heavy roads with very little exertion. High gearing for winter riding is a great mistake. I am not on the whole a believer in gear cases, but for riding in bad weather one made of leather will keep the chain, which should be occasionally lubricated with a thick oil, from the mud. It is by paying close attention to these details that I have made my old bicycle last for years longer than would have been the case had it not been properly cared for. I see no reason why any other of a similar class should not be equally good after at least 30,000 to 40,000 miles, or, as in my case, perhaps more.

CHARLES H. LARRETTE.



MEMORIES

Photo by Jennings and Hopton, Middlesbr

"The Captain" Photographic Gallery,

Being a Selection of photographs entered for our Competitions.

By Archibald D. Olson.

CHEERFUL COMPANIONS.

"HERE'S FUSS."

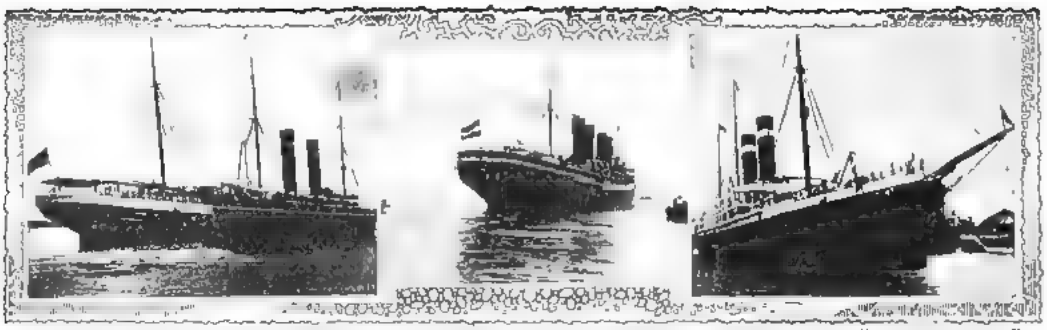
By Fred Caddy, Blackheath.

By W. B. Huntly, Düsseldorf.

7.30 A.M.

By W. S. [illegible], Burnley, Manchester.

SUNSET.



STERN VIEW OF AMERICAN LINER "PHILADELPHIA."

S.S. "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE."

BOWS OF S.S. "PHILADELPHIA."
By G. Hunt, Torquay.

By Fred. C. Long. A GIPSY ENCAMPMENT IN IRELAND. Mullingar.

THE READING GIRL IN THE LIBRARY OF CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE.

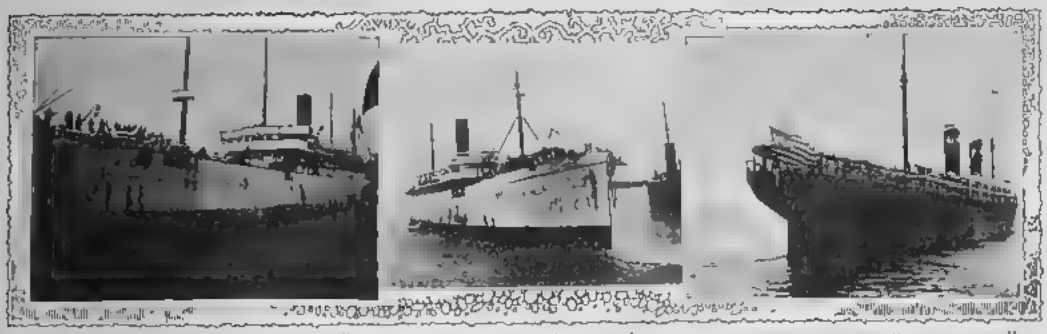
By Mary Chilton, Worminghford.

By H. F. Foster DONKEYS ON THE SANDS AT RHYL.

IN OUR GARDEN.
By Ernest Mountain.

THE WINNER.
By R. Harrison, Feltham.

STOKE POGES CHURCH.
By N. C. Moore, Berkhampstead.

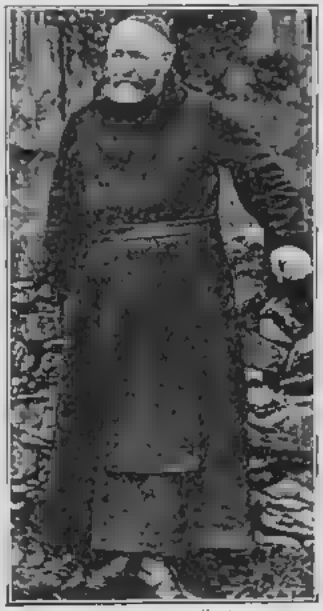


THE HOSPITAL SHIP "ORCANA"

TROOPSHIP "SYRIA"
By G. Hunt, Torquay

AMERICAN LINER "ST. LOUIS"

H. E. RENTON PUTTING THE WEIGHT AT ROSSALL SCHOOL SPORTS
By [illegible]



"BROTHER PHILIP" (OF THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD, LEICESTER). By M. [illegible]

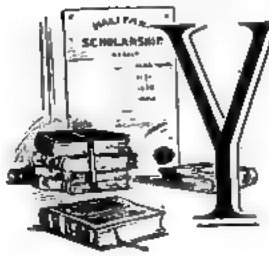
COASTGUARDS AT "SPORTSMAN," NEAR RAMSGATE. By Cedric Stoker.

By Frank Bussard

ALDERNEYS.

THE MAGNANIMITY OF BRINDLE.

By W. SNOW. *Sketches by REX OSBORNE.*



YOU may remember that I told you once about Brindle's ingenuity; but that was a long time ago, when we were both in the Lower Fifth, and neither of us had begun to take things seriously. *Now* Brindle is Captain of the School, Editor of the Magazine, and all the rest of it; in fact, he is as full of offices as a Spanish Grandee is of orders, and it is very seldom that he finds any time to be frivolous. Sometimes, on a Saturday night, when the cares of all his offices have relaxed, when he knows that the Doctor has a dinner party and won't want to consult him, when his fag has made his tea and toast and departed, he is the old Brindle again—"The Cow," as I and one or two others are still allowed to call him. Then he will chuck his dignity to the winds, get into an old blazer, rot his guests, especially old Phillips, who hasn't the perception of a rhinoceros, and even rag me as he used to do. But on Sunday morning he is the majestic Brindle, which is all the Brindle most of the School ever knew; and to see and hear him reading the lessons in Chapel, no one would ever believe that he was once the despair of the masters and the black sheep of his House.

Now, if there is any one who admires Brindle, and whom Brindle admires, it is Denner, the master with whom he had the war some years ago. *He* knows the real Brindle underneath, and sometimes he will join us in Brindle's study or in a long run over the moors, and then they are like brothers. And Denner is afraid (I heard him say so to Owen) that when Brindle gets to Oxford he may revert to his old self again, and give the dons there some trouble. "His scholarship's all right," he said; "he can't help getting a first and all that, unless he goes absolutely to the wall; but he may play the fool to such an extent when he is free from responsibility that the authorities may compel him to bring his career to an untimely conclusion."

Denner was right about Brindle's scholarship. There hadn't been such a scholar at Sedwick since the days of Gymson twenty years ago, who, as every one knew, could do a hundred verses, in an hour, which might have come slick out of Virgil. The Doctor was nursing him carefully for the Balliol, and said he was certain to get it—not to Brindle, of course; that wasn't his way. "Well, Brindle, my boy," he would say, when the "Cow" had shown up a prose which even *he* could pick no holes in, and he's a Balliol scholar himself, "this might be better, of course. Mind your connecting particles. But after all I think it'll do; yes, it'll do. No; don't take it; I want to look through it again. The authority of that *comparasset* is a little doubtful." And then you would see him showing the prose to his Sixth Form assistant, and, if you could get near enough, hear him say, "Ciceronian, Wilkins, Ciceronian!" If Brindle ever did make a mistake, a regular howler, which even Brindle did sometimes, just as a German editor sometimes proposes an emendation which involves a false quantity, the Doctor used to be down on him as if he had committed a murder. (He only groans at *my* howlers.) That is the Doctor's way. You see, he was afraid of Brindle's getting rather above himself, as a fellow who could write comps. like him, and have a batting average of 50 odd at the end of the season, might very well be excused for doing.

If a Balliol Scholarship was a practical certainty for Brindle—and there wasn't a fellow in the Sixth, or, what is more important, a master in the Upper School, who wouldn't have put his bottom sixpence on his chance—the Halifax was an absolute certainty. An old boy called Halifax had founded a Scholarship of £100 a year for fellows from Sedwick to hold at Oxford or Cambridge. It is given after an examination held half-way through the Christmas term. All the Sixth enter for it as a matter of course, and it is awarded to the candidate who gets the highest aggregate of marks. Now, it happened that this year it was not only a case of Brindle first and the rest nowhere, but that also, while he was extraordinarily brilliant, the rest of us were extraordinarily poor. Some were young, and would have another chance, but with old Phillips, who had set his heart on going to the University, it was different. He had very little chance of getting an open schol., and one of the smaller school exhibitions would be of no use to him. If he got the Halifax he would be able to go, though it would be rather a tight fit; but if he didn't

he would have to go into business, for which he is totally unfitted, whereas he will probably make a very excellent parson. Of course, he knew he wasn't in it against Brindle, but all the same he's a dogged old chap, and plugged away day after day, while his rival assisted the Head to manage the school, and did his work in the intervals.

Brindle was very fond of Phillips, and, if it had rested with him, would have refused to go in for the Halifax, but, as I have said, he couldn't help himself, and couldn't help beating Phillips either.

"It's a confounded nuisance," he said to me one day, "about Phillips. You know, the old ass has no sort of a look-in with me. *You* know that I'm not putting any side on, so I needn't mind saying it. He'll beat everybody else right enough; you're rather a poor lot, and, besides, most of you can give him a year or two into the bargain, while it's his last shot. If it was any good my getting laid up while the exam.'s on I would, but the Doctor would only postpone the show."

"But you want the Halifax as much as Phillips," I said.

"Rot! I shall get a schol. right enough somewhere, if not at Balliol, and the gov'nor can give me £70 a year, so I shall have £150, and must make that do. Of course, the Halifax would make a great difference, I'm not denying that," and he went off to advise the Head whether to cane young Hervey, or to let him off that time.

Brindle said no more to me about the matter, but marched into the examination room when the day came, with a smile on his face which any one who didn't know him might have thought meant side. *I* knew it wasn't side, but I couldn't make out what it was. The papers were potty enough—even I made a pretty fair show, and Phillips confessed that he thought he had pilled one or two of them. Brindle said he had done quite as well as he had expected; and as he was so far the best, no one thought much more about it, especially as an important foreign match was coming off in a few days

"THE FOLLOWING IS THE RESULT OF THE EXAMINATION FOR THE HALIFAX SCHOLARSHIP."

A week after the examination—the papers, by the way, were looked over by outsiders—a notice was posted as usual to the effect that the result would be read out after chapel the next day. During the afternoon I twigged there was something very badly the matter with the Doctor. He pulled Brindle up almost brutally once or twice, and flew into a regular fury with another fellow merely for dropping a book on the floor. But he didn't say anything that day, and no one, except perhaps one fellow, knew what was the reason for his temper, and if *he* did he kept quiet about it.

There wasn't very much excitement the next morning when we filed into Big School after chapel to hear the marks read. I felt a queer sort of sensation inside of me, such as most fellows have before going in to bat in a big match, but that was because I was wondering whether I had beaten Hood.

Phillips was trembling like a leaf—the thing meant so much to him—but the old Cow was as calm as though Halifax exams. were an everyday occurrence, and began learning his Greek rep., which I know he had not had time to look at, even while the Doctor was mounting the platform.

The Doctor wrapped his gown tightly round him, frowned, took the list from his pocket and began to read in his best official voice:—

"The following is the result of the Examination for the Halifax Scholarship:—PHILLIPS, 1,283 marks, SAUNDERS, 1,171 marks, HOOD, 1,068 marks, BRINDLE, 1,050 marks," and so on, till he had gone right through the list. Then he came down, fixed the paper on the notice-board, and marched off to his class-room without another word.

I shall never forget the expression on the faces of the masters who were there, especially on Denner's; and as for the fellows, they were simply astounded. Brindle beaten by Phillips, and not only by Phillips, but by two others into the bargain! The Cow, however, took it almost as though he had expected it, and slapped old Phillips on the back.

"You're a better man than me, old buck," he said, "and, by Jove, you're a better scholar too, it seems."

Phillips could hardly speak, but the tears came into his eyes, which showed how much he felt it. And then we had to troop off into the Sixth Form class-room for Thucydides; but we didn't do much that morning.

"It may be interesting, and, perhaps, instructive," began the Doctor in his solemnest voice, "to enter with rather more detail than was possible in Big School into the results of the recent examination. In the first place, Phillips, let me congratulate you heartily on your success. The examiners report that your work was solid and painstaking. It is better to be industrious than superficially brilliant"—with a side-glance at Brindle. "Saunders and Hood also did well—better, indeed, than I expected. As for you, Brindle, I can only say that I am grievously disappointed. Of course, you will give up any thought of entering at Balliol. The Balliol examiners would hardly appreciate seven-footed hexameters, no less than four of which, I hear, were to be found in your copy. In fact, all your composition seems to have been marred by a carelessness and lack of accuracy which will prove fatal to you in examinations, and fatal to your success in life, if you do not speedily amend. Your Latin prose is described as forming a perfect galaxy of dog-Latinisms. Your Unseen was the best up to a certain point, but you didn't even attempt the Aristophanes. Why was that?"

"Hadn't time, sir," said the Cow.

"Time! You had all the time there was, as Talleyrand said. And your critical paper was a disgrace—a disgrace, sir."

The Cow said nothing, which was perhaps the wisest thing he could do; and at last the Doctor wore himself out, and we began the lesson. It was a hard speech of Pericles', which was awkward, because nobody had happened to prepare it, there being a rule that whenever the record of marks for the Halifax was beaten there was a whole holiday. Gymson's record of 1,600 odd had stood for twenty years, and consequently there had been no holiday all that time. But the Doctor is very keen on all the traditions of the school, and there is no doubt that if the record had been beaten, we should have had the holiday right enough. Every one had made up his mind that Brindle would do the trick this time, and had not thought it worth while to prepare the stuff. One fellow after another made a terrible mess of it, trying to do it unseen, and the Doctor exhausted his vocabulary, and had to invent some new words. At last he had to put Brindle on, though I knew he meant to ignore him for the rest of the morning. Brindle did the whole speech pretty well all through. The Head did not interrupt him, but nodded every now and then at some particularly felicitous rendering. At the end he said, as he gave him full marks:—

"You're not a boy, Brindle: you're an enigma!"

The Cow was rather stand-offish all that day, and wouldn't let any one talk to him about the Halifax. But I bided my time, and late at night I knocked at his door, determined to have the thing out with him. He was sitting staring at the fire, and waved his hand to a chair without looking up.

"Listen to me, Cow," I said. "If you'll tell me the truth about this affair, I'll promise to keep what you tell me dark; but if you won't, I'll jolly well let every one know what I think is the case—that you rotted in the exam. on purpose so that Phillips should have the schol."

Well, after a bit he owned up; but he said he would never forgive himself for having done it so badly. "I meant to cut it pretty close," he said; "I didn't mean to go and make myself a laughing-stock, as I seem to have done. But when I had finished the verse paper I felt quite certain that my hexa-

meters, though they were pretty footling, were better than Phillips could do, so I put in a few extra feet here and there, as well as some false quantities, to make sure. I fixed up the Unseen all right by not doing the last piece. As for the Critical paper, any one can rot a Critical paper if he likes. The Doctor doesn't suspect anyhow, no more does Phillips. So that's all right."

"What about the Balliol?"

"Oh! I shall go in. My name has been entered, and I have the pater's leave. The Doc. will make a few sarcastic observations before I go, and if I don't get anything—but that's all."

The Balliol exam. came off in a week, and Brindle departed with his pockets full of novels to read in the train, for the Head had developed a theory that the fiasco in the Halifax was due to overwork! Poor old Phillips was rather down all the time Brindle was away, "For," as he observed, with truth, "if he can't beat a crock like me, he hasn't much of a look-in!"

PHILLIPS, QUITE UNMOVED, WENT ON EATING PRESERVED APRICOTS.

The Cow came back looking as imperturbable as ever, and resumed his job of managing the school as if nothing had happened; and when a telegram came in a day or two with the news that he had been elected to the first Scholarship, he was by far the least excited fellow in the place. The Doctor's theory of overwork was confirmed in his eyes, and he said as much in addressing the Sixth.

"I should have been indeed sorry, Brindle, if a too rigorous application to your books combined with an almost too conscientious discharge of your duties as Captain of the School—which reminds me that there is a matter I should like to discuss with you afterwards—had had more than temporary effects. *Non semper arcum*, you know. You had better take it easy for a time, my boy."

"Very well, sir!" said the Cow, with a nudge that I could just feel.

That same night there was a rare spree in Brindle's study, and towards the end Denner came in. I had had my suspicions all along that he had some idea of Brindle's little game, but was too wise to say anything. And now, when we were talking about the papers, he said: "I noticed they set a piece of Don Quixote for the Latin prose. He's rather a favourite of yours, isn't he, Brindle?"

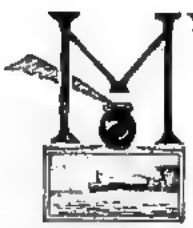
"Not particularly, sir," said the Cow, without turning a hair.

As for Phillips, he, quite unmoved, went on eating preserved apricots.

MORE LETTERS TO JOHN.

WHO IS BY NOW ALL AGOG FOR FOOTBALL.

Chamonix, Sept. 1st.



MY DEAR JOHN,—Your letter was forwarded to me here. As you know, I am foolish enough to have gone a-climbing. It may amuse you to think of your aged uncle hanging on to the side of a precipice by his eyebrows, balancing a camera with one hand and himself with the other! So you have already left all remembrance of cricket behind you, and are all for getting your football colours? Well, John, it's a fine game, too; and though I never myself cared as much for it as for cricket, there is, I admit, a certain keen allurement in the feel of a grey November afternoon with the mist just cleared and a touch of coming winter in the air. It makes something inside one tingle for the driving throb of a football, kicked true.

You say you much want to gain your colours because your House has never yet been without a representative in the school team. A very excellent reason, John, and one which will help you far more towards your object than would a mere selfish desire to win athletic honour for yourself. It is a strange fact, but true, John, that people always do best when they are trying to do well, not, if I may put it so, in the first person singular, but in the first person plural. Take my word, you will be more likely to succeed to the tune of "We" than to the tune of "I." When I look back over my athletic career (which is a bit behind me now, worse luck), I can recall times when I went for things more for personal distinction than for anything except, perhaps, the love of the thing itself. But all my best performances were done, John, when the circumstances of the case persuaded me into a plural frame of mind. As you know, there are times when you feel "we must win somehow," and others when you feel "I must make a hundred"; you cannot help the difference. But I always found that the "we" frame of mind led to better performances by "me." Anyway, I like the way you put the matter, and would wish you A1 luck even were you not my nephew.

By the way, John, just before I left England I came across something I meant to have told you about. It was a sermon in Piccadilly. Not in a church, but in the main thoroughfare, outside a shop, the shop of the man who makes me those Harlequin ties you admire so much. It was this way. Just as I was turning into the door I heard a very young voice enquiring, "Daddy, what makes a cricketer?" It struck me as such a big question that I waited to hear the answer. Daddy was a parson, evidently from the country, an elderly man with a thin, refined face, tanned like a fox-hunter's. They were looking at some I Zingari coats in the window. "You mean, I suppose," replied the parson, "you want to know how to win a coat like that for yourself? I fear I cannot tell you. You might become a very fine cricketer and a very fine gentleman, and yet never get a coat like that. Win it like one of the medals we saw in Spink's window? No, I am afraid not. Medals and blazers are both bright, but there the likeness ends. It is a pity there is not a special coat belonging to no club but the club of merit pure and simple—a new M.C.C.: one that every cricketer might hope to gain, no matter who he be, just as any priest in the Roman Catholic Church may hope to become a Cardinal.

What makes a cricketer, lad? Well, I should like to tell you a pure heart and a clean skin, and a well-aired body with muscles like silk from active health, no excess, always trying, no ifs or buts, and an early-morning eye . . . ."

And then they were lost in the crowd of passers-by. But I liked his sentiments, John, and took a note of them.

But, dear me, I have written too much. I'll write again about football. I have a point or two in mind for you.

Your affectionate Uncle,
CHARLES BURGESS.

P.S.—If you want that good bat of yours to be good next spring you must store it in some place which is neither hot nor cold nor liable to variations of temperature. And oil it once a fortnight Better send it to my man Currie to keep for you. He knows as much about bats as about neck-ties, and that is all there is to know. He has a bat cupboard in his pantry. Nothing breaks up a bat like sudden changes of temperature.

Chamonix, Sept. 12th.

DEAR JOHN,—Had bad luck: sprained my left ankle. Now about your football. You wanted to know how to get into condition for this season. Well, I always tell boys that boys at school need no training. You, for instance, play some sort of game, football itself or fives, every day of the week; in fact, you take in your ordinary school day much more exercise than a professional football player takes. So if I were you I would not bother about training. Just live the good sound school life, and you ought to be in the pink of condition in a fortnight. Your practice games and punt-abouts will give you all the special training you need.

You are not much of a tuck-shop fellow, so I won't tell you that it is a bad thing to eat variety stuff between meals. But I have not a word to say against Mother Springer's afternoon teas. I wonder whether she makes omelettes as well as her mother did. By the way, John, there used to be some fine perch in the mill-pool near the old Sanatorium. Mother Springer used to cook them for us in flour. I found out the perch-hole when I had the mumps. By the way, I only came out of san. ten days before Sports' Day that year, as weak as a kitten: but I was fit in time and won my races. That shows you school life is good training, eh?

Mark me, most boys make a huge mistake in trying to superimpose extra training upon their ordinary hardy school *régime*. Boys don't want training. They generally overtrain and go stale and jaded.

What do I advise about football boots? Well, I must say I never did care much for the article ticketed as such in the catalogues. I liked a pair of strong light walking boots with a quarter of the heel sheared off. At school I used to adapt an old pair of ordinaries. But afterwards, when I played first-class football, I used to go an annual autumnal mucker and give three guineas a pair for boots made to measure and my own pattern. I don't know if it was worth it, but I would do it again; I do believe in the best boots. However, I daresay it was a fad; for many of the most brilliant International players have shown their best form in ten bob reach-me-downs. By the way, you should see that your football boots are not too long. Your big toes should come right to the end of them after you have worn them a fortnight. And the uppers should not come too high above the ankle joint. Most walking boots are nearly an inch too high. I don't believe in these new dodges of lacing up the side, and all sorts of flaps and ankle-protectors. A plain boot is the best. Something between a shooting boot and a running pump is what you want. But you'll have a job to get it unless the bootmakers have changed since my football days.

Did I ever tell you about Hillsbury? He was a magnificent outside-right. Played against Scotland, also for Cambridge and Derby County. Big chap with long heavy limbs, and a terrific stride. He would not wear boots; he played in thin patent-leather Oxford shoes; in the deepest Midland mud, too. Yet he used to drive a mud-laden ball like a cannon shot from thirty yards out. He'd have made a hole in the modern goal-nets, by Jove, and bothered the referees.

That reminds me, John. Strong kicking of all sorts, whether by clearing backs or by shooting forwards, is very much like hard hitting at cricket; it is a matter of accuracy and timing rather than of weight and strength. You might fancy that a heavy navvy's boot (I mean a navvy's heavy boot) would drive harder than Hillsbury's pumps. But it isn't so. It's the foot inside the boot that makes the odds, and the free swing of the leg in the nick of time. And the quick flick you put in from the knee and ankle in kicking is very much like the quick flick from elbow and wrist in hitting; it keeps the ball down, and also accelerates. Many hard hitters swing short and

get all their power from the wrists and elbows. In fact, opening the shoulders is a much overrated proceeding. So too many powerful kickers and shots drive the ball by knee and ankle action, quick and crisp. There are fine kickers, I know, who gallop at the ball and use their legs like huge straight polo-sticks; but I fancy the other style.

You do not say what position you mean to fill. If I remember rightly, you used to be a centre-forward and full-back, and centre-half in turns in your junior days. You'll have to specialise now. But I expect you are waiting to see what place in the school team is the most open.

However, it is a good thing to have played in various positions. If I were a school captain again I would now and then organise a game with the backs and half-backs playing forward, and the forwards playing as defenders. A back does not realise how he ought to kick to make things easy for his forwards till he has played forward and found out the difference between a soaring sky-scraper and a low, good length kick—the difference to the forward who has to trap the ball. And a forward does not know how necessary it is for him to work back and hamper the opposing halves till he has played back against a high wind, and been bombarded for ten minutes on end. Yes, and it does a Soccer man good to play Rugby; teaches him to like being bowled over, and having his face trodden on; makes him hardy.

More anon. My doctor is here with liniment and a bandage like a garden roller.

Good luck,

Yours affectionately,

C. B.

Chamonix, Sept. 19th.

Dear John,—Referring to what you ask about whether a man can improve in kicking and in other football points in the same manner as he can in batting by watching good models and by adapting their methods—well, I should say yes, but not to the same extent, quite. You see, a stroke in cricket is a much more artificial and complicated affair than a kick. Still, there is this to be said, that clean smart kicking, just like clean smart hitting, depends chiefly upon balance and correctness of footwork, but especially on balance. Again, the art of kicking consists largely in making the kick easy by getting into the proper position in good time. You know how much stress I have always laid on this point as regards batting. Whenever you find yourself in a sprawling position with your non-kicking foot too far from your kicking foot, you, *ipso facto*, make your kick more difficult than when you are well-poised, and have the ball at a natural convenient distance. Study to make things easy for yourself. Acrobatic sprawls and miraculous contortions are all very well if you find you cannot help them. But our G. O. Smiths and Crabtrees obtain their results by their skill in making difficult things easy. How do they do this? Well, chiefly by anticipating how the ball is coming to them and arranging themselves in good time. And the knack of anticipating comes from extreme and unflagging watchfulness.

By the way, keen watching of the moves of the game does something more than help you to arrange yourself so as to make your work easy; it promotes that extraordinary habit of anticipating where the ball is going, which is the mark of the best player, especially of the best half-backs. You have, no doubt, noticed how the tip-top half-backs like Needham, Houlker, Robertson and Raisbeck, seem always to be in the right place without having to hurry to get there. That knack comes from watchfulness, not from inspired conjecture. It is worth cultivating.

Also note this. Nearly all foozled or missed kicks are the result of not watching the ball closely enough. It is really a good plan in football, as in golf, to look at the place where the ball is, not the place where it has gone to, for an appreciable fraction of a second after you have actually delivered your kick. One is so very apt to take one's eye off the ball before one has kicked it, and to look at the place where one hopes to land the ball. Perhaps only a golfer or a batsman who has played on sticky wickets against good bowling really appreciates the great difference between watching and not watching the ball. Foozling at golf, missing or miss-hitting at cricket, and mis-kicking, all mean, as a rule—eye off the ball. Just experiment with a driver and a golf-ball. You'll be surprised how far the club misses the ball if you lift your eye from the ball and look to where you hope to hit it. In football, the margin of error is greater. You can often look astray yet kick plumb. But that does not alter the principle involved, the principle at the root of success in all ball games. In cricket, there is a difference of class between the batsman who looks at the ball and the batsman who does not. In

football, perhaps, it would be an exaggeration to say this. But note the principle, John; it is one that applies always between man and ball.

My sprained ankle is better, thank you, but I shall not be about for days yet, worse luck.

Yours, C. B.

Paris, September 24th.

My Dear John,—Certainly it will do you good to see professional footballers play. You are wrong in supposing that there is any difference between, say, R. E. Foster and Bloomer—in essentials. I mean, you may equally well make either or both your models. It is quite true that some professionals make a practice of indulging in ornamental tricks such as needless dribbling round and round a sixpence. But such flummery is only meant to amuse the crowd and elicit a cheer from the uninitiated. The best pros. and the best amateurs are very much alike in the points on which their excellence depends. Bloomer, by the way, is not a "tricky" player; he is fast and clever, but does not waste time in ornamental dodges.

One point you should notice in the play of professionals, namely, their skill in trapping the ball. Amateurs, as a rule, fail in this; at least, the average amateur does; he seems to want so much time to get hold of the ball and to gain control of it. This is specially noticeable on muddy grounds. I do not quite know the reason of the pro.'s superiority in trapping, but I fancy it is chiefly a case of more practice. However, you will do well to study the point.

It is curious that the mediocre player who models himself on a noted professional generally succeeds in assimilating the tricks and the artful dodges, and in altogether missing the main points of excellence. I need not warn you against this error. A silk shirt does not make a Ranji!

True efficiency of every sort is, as a rule, achieved by simplicity of method; it is in football. If you try to be fanciful you are sure to go wrong. And you'll never succeed in football unless you go dead straight, meaning to have the ball at all costs. Chuck your heart through the goal and drive the ball after it!

Your affectionate Uncle,

C. Burgess.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents one and all are always welcome to any information we can give them of a useful kind. But I would like my readers to endeavour to embody their inquiries in clear language and to write shortly and to the point. Many of the letters I receive are written in a style and form that show a lamentable mixture of carelessness and of inability to express simple ideas clearly. May I suggest that a letter that is worth writing is worth writing well. I do not refer to hand-writing, but to composition. This applies with double force to letters soliciting the favour of answers in this corner.

Athletic Goods.—I am constantly receiving inquiries about where to get bats, footballs, boxing-gloves, &c. Would it not be advisable for readers to refer to the advertisement pages of this magazine before writing for such information? Many of the best firms advertise in our pages. I take this opportunity of telling readers who may not be aware of it that Walter Wright, the old Kent bowler, who was also, by the way, a famous runner and trainer, is now the proprietor of a Sports Warehouse, Oxford-road, Reading, and may be relied on for the supply of first-rate articles for cricket, football, &c. I mention his name with a special eye to the fact that good running shoes are not easy to obtain. Walter Wright certainly knows a good running shoe, and will not supply a bad one.

R. S. Savill.—Nine centuries this year in first-class and seven in minor cricket. Certainly Walter Mead is one of the best bowlers of the day. Such a splendid trier is worth a place on any side. It is not at all certain he would not be a success in Australia.

E. V. W. (Jamaica).—In my opinion the proper way to breathe is through the nose. But, of course, if an athlete during severe exertion feels he is not getting enough air that way, he must use his mouth too. As regards your friend whose nostrils seemed to stick together "at the end of the race," I should say he has some defect of his air passage through the nostrils. In severe exertion the blood requires extra aeration. You must aerate it somehow, preferably by nose-breathing, otherwise anyhow.

Long 'Un.—Any one who is weak through over-growth or past illness should above all things avoid overdoing physical exertion. I should advise you to follow a careful system of extension exercises or free gymnastics as taught in the Army. Take care to do very light work at first. You ought also to do breathing exercises. Gale and Polden, of Aldershot, publish an excellent little book on breathing. And I expect you can get one on "Free Gymnastics" from them. Take all the open-air exercise you can of a non-violent description. It is wonderful how overgrown youths fill out and grow stronger, so you need not be otherwise than very hopeful.

A. J. Purnell.—A cricketer must reside two years in a county before he is qualified by residence for county cricket.

E. J. Ereaut.—White knickers are as good in every way as blue for football. Why not? Plain boots without ankle pieces are the best. Look out for any first-rate athletic firm in our advertisement columns and send for a catalogue. Frank Sugg, of Liverpool, supplies good light football boots at various prices. It pays, however, to have football boots made to measure.

P. Dorey.—Dr. Wharton Hood is the best-known specialist for knee injuries. You can find his address in a London Directory. I cannot advise you myself without knowing how you injured your knee. But this I can tell you. You must first of all get your knee sound, not so much by resting it absolutely as by only using it in such a way that no strain

comes upon it. When it becomes sound it does not necessarily become strong. You must build up its strength by walking and other non-straining exercises before you think of playing football. Bicycling is probably the best means of building up a sound but weak knee.

A. Wilkie.—You can obtain a good hockey stick from any athletic outfitting firm See our advertisements. But I doubt whether any firm will guarantee a stick not to break. Fair usage is a wide term in hockey. I recommend 23ozs. as the best all round weight. You might write to H. Gradidge, Artillery-place, Woolwich. *Hockey*, by H. F. Battersby, is a little book you should consult.

A. Lomas.—You should train steadily and carefully for cross-country running. Avoid any really hard work for at least a fortnight after beginning training. Walk as much as you can in going to and from your work. You need not go out running more than two or three times a week. Avoid running too lightly clad. Consult the Badminton library book on athletics, which you can easily get from a library. *Training for Athletics*, by Harry Andrews, price 1s., is an excellent book.

Eric Arnold.—If you are, as you say, a constant reader of this magazine, you will have read my opinions about training, diet, &c., in my answers to correspondents and articles. Why not peruse back numbers?

A. Edward.—It is impossible for me to undertake to answer letters by post. This you would understand could you see the contents of my correspondence drawer at this moment. As for your shoulders, see above about free gymnastics. Get *Free Gymnastics* (Noakes), price 1s. 6d., published by Gale and Polden.

E. S. Stern.—It is not a no-ball under the rules if the bowler runs up but refrains from delivering the ball. On the other hand, if the umpire calls no-ball, he is not obliged to give his reason, and there is no appeal against his ruling. In the case you mention the umpire had no right to no-ball the bowler. But clearly it was necessary to prevent the bowler pursuing the idiotic tactics of repeatedly running up and refusing

Ross Allan.—A batsman cannot be fairly out l.b.w. if the ball hits his bat before it hits his legs. If a forward is off side before the ball rebounds from the bar he is also off side afterwards, unless the ball first touches one of the opposite side The last syllable of Bosanquet is pronounced like the last syllable of blanket.

C. V. Stevens.—The umpire was wrong in no-balling the bowler for breaking the wicket as he delivered the ball. But it was, of course, quite open to the batsman to refuse to play the ball, if he felt himself baulked. As the batsman played the ball, he ought to have been given out; that is to say, the umpire ought not to have called no ball

A. M. Farquharson.—When batsmen repeatedly back up out of their ground before the ball is bowled they are taking an unfair advantage which they have no right whatever to take. In such cases the bowler has every right to put the wicket down. When a batsman backs up unfairly he cannot complain of the consequences. It is usually considered proper to warn a batsman before putting him out in this way. The procedure of your captain in recalling the batsman was out of order. This reply also answers J. W. N.

Bunnie.—You can obtain *Wisden's Almanack* at any bookstall when it comes out. Back numbers of *Wisden* are sometimes difficult to obtain, but you might apply to J. Wisden, Cranbourne-street, W C. On present form Lilley, Strudwick, and Martyn are better wicket-keepers than the other man you mention. Thank you for your kind wishes.

Aeneas.—You are rather tall for your age, but that does not matter if you are strong in proportion. Your bat should weigh 2lbs. 3 to 4ozs.

N. Maccrae.—Sorry I could not reply by post. I do not know whether the performance of H. McHaffie in taking six wickets for one run is a record. I fancy it has been done for 0 runs.

H. Martin.—You will find some excellent hints on high jumping in the Athletics Book of the All England Series, price 1s. Any bookseller would get it for you.

Beginner.—If you have a guinea to spend on a cricket bat, you can obtain a splendid article from any maker of repute. You might write to Alfred Shaw, Nottingham, mentioning your height and age. I do not recommend a cork-handle bat. Keep a bat in a dry place such as a cupboard, not in a hot room or anywhere near a fire. Wipe it with an oily rag once a fortnight in the winter. It is quite immaterial what guard you take provided you stand with your toes just clear of the leg stump. Most first-class cricketers take block so that their bat when grounded covers both the middle and the leg stump. My book on cricket is very different from Ranjitsinhji's. It is an album of pictures of batsmen and bowlers with a descriptive text. I hope your school-fellow, R. G. Maclaren, will turn out as good a player as his brother.

H. S. Orme.—Here are the centuries: 174 v. Worcester, 181 v. Lancashire, 234 v. Yorkshire, 200 v. Surrey, 232 not out v. Players, 160 v. Hampshire, 127 not out v. Leicestershire, 138 v. Kent, 101 not out v. Kent. It is certainly a good plan to have practice games in which the first team forwards with the second team backs and half-backs play against the second team forwards with the first team defence But you must not omit to practise the first team together as a whole. You see, nothing is more important than perfect harmony and interdependence between the forwards and the half backs It is a good plan to play the first team against the second, strengthening the latter by any outside help you can obtain. Masters, for instance

W. G. Dinham.—Mr. Murdoch, at Lord's Pavilion, would probably be able to tell you the name of the photographer who took the groups of the Gentlemen and Players at Lord's this year. The operator promised me two copies gratis as usual, but, as usual, I did not get them

W. W. Couchman.—It is certainly not right to postpone an athletic meeting for ordinary bad weather. It is only done in the case of big meetings when the weather—snow, for instance—renders the track totally unfit. In the case you mention, it does not appear to me a proper proceeding to reopen the entries. Your friend can claim his entrance fee to be repaid. He should write to the Secretary or the person to whom he sent the fee.

F. Lukey (Melbourne).—The cricket colours of Essex are dark blue with the Essex crest: those of Kent dark blue with the white horse of Kent as a badge

Merry England.—For advice on long distance swimming consult *Swimming*, by Montagu A. Holbein, price 1s., from any book-shop.

Ocobo.—If the fieldsman held the ball for 1½ seconds, and long enough for the other fieldsmen to start clapping, it appears to me he held it long

enough to constitute a catch. But in any case the batsman should have been wide-awake enough not to leave his wicket until he was sure he was out. Of course it was hard luck on the batsman if the premature applause deluded him into thinking he was caught; but I do not see that he could blame any one but himself for being run out.

C. Stead.—See last answer. For boxing I recommend Capt. Edgeworth Johnstone's little book published by Gale and Polden, 2 Amen-corner, E.C.

Munji.—Mr. K. R. B. Fry has played several times for Cambridge in trial matches, but, as he has not played for Cambridge against Oxford at Lord's, he is not a Blue.

Jikly.—There is no form of athletics which can be recommended specifically as conducive to increasing stature. But all outdoor games and all exercises which promote health and strength are likely to increase your stature if indulged in with moderation, the more so if you eat good plain food and avoid stimulants and tobacco. I cannot honestly say I think that three cigarettes a day at your age would interfere with your growth. But the worst of cigarettes is, that people who start by smoking three a day often progress perversely to thirty. One mis-spent sovereign does not make a spendthrift, but the process of "just one more" does.

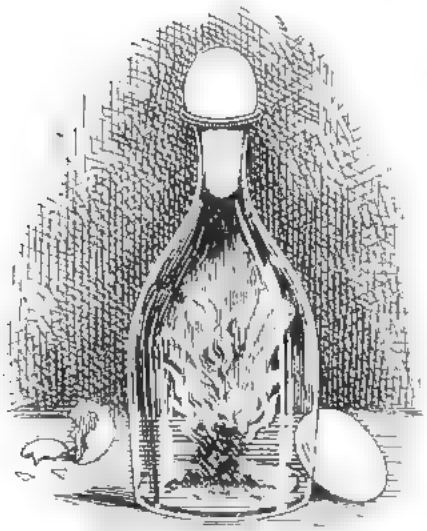
J. V. R.—It takes in ordinary cases many years to become a member of M.C.C. You must be proposed and seconded by members. The I Zingari is a private club representing a very narrow section of cricket.

John Patrick (New Zealand).—Thank you very much for the interesting cutting about the final match for the Senior Championship between the Midland and Wellington Clubs. Sorry I have not space to quote it in full. We are always delighted to hear from the Colonies.

C. B. Fry

Golf Ball:—"Why don't you hit one your own size?"
By Feliz Leigh.

SOME EASY SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.



TO MAKE A HARD-BOILED EGG ENTER A BOTTLE.

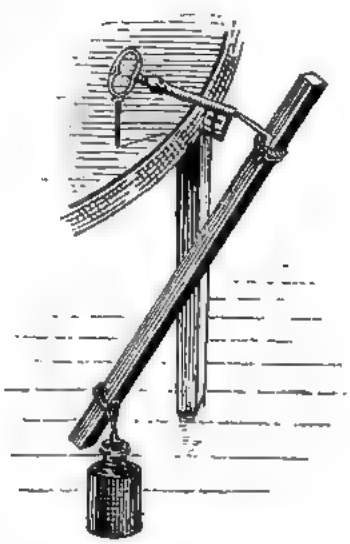
Remove the shell and burn paper in the bottle. Then place the egg in the mouth, and, as the bottle cools, the egg will be drawn into it.

TO MAKE A NEEDLE FLOAT ON WATER.

Float a piece of paper on the water and place the needle upon it; when soaked, the paper will sink, leaving the needle floating.

TO OPEN A SODA-WATER BOTTLE WITHOUT TOUCHING THE CORK.

Apply a candle flame to the point of the bottle, keeping the same pointed towards the floor.



A CURIOSITY IN EQUILIBRIUM.

Which will greatly interest CAPTAIN readers who try this experiment as indicated

THE GOLD BAT

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY
BY
P. G. WODEHOUSE
AUTHOR OF
"THE POTHUNTERS"
"THE MANŒUVRES OF CHARTERIS" ET

Illustrated by
T. M. R. WHITWELL.

SYNOPSIS

THE "gold bat" from which this story takes its title is a small ornament worn by Trevor, captain of the Wrykyn School XV., on his watch chain. This bat Trevor has lent to O'Hara, an unruly Irishman who, whilst employed on a midnight expedition whereof the object is tarring and feathering the Mayor of Wrykyn's statue, loses the little bat, and thereby fills Trevor with consternation, for, should the bat be found near the scene of the outrage, Trevor sees that he will be placed in an exceedingly awkward position. About this time Trevor is experiencing some difficulty in filling the fifteenth place in his team. Rand-Brown, a big three-quarter in the Second XV., would seem to be the most likely selection, but he is observed to funk badly in a trial match, and so Trevor displaces him in favour of Barry, a smaller but far more reliable three-quarter who has hitherto played for the Third XV. Soon after this, the school learns that a mysterious League has been formed by a number of fellows unknown who intend to enforce their views and wishes by acts of violence. The League first wrecks the study of Mill, a prefect, and then proceeds to warn Trevor in an anonymous letter that its members do not desire Barry to continue to play for the First XV.

CHAPTER V.

MILL RECEIVES VISITORS.

TREVOR'S first idea was that somebody had sent the letter for a joke. Clowes for choice.

He sounded him on the subject after breakfast.

"Did you send me that letter?" he enquired, when Clowes came into his study to borrow a *Sportsman*.

"What letter? Did you send the teams for to-morrow up to the sporter? I wonder what sort of a lot the town are bringing."

"About not giving Barry his footer colours?"

Clowes was reading the paper.

"Giving whom?" he asked.

"Barry. Can't you listen?"

"Giving him what?"

"Footer colours."

"What about them?"

Trevor sprang at the paper, and tore it away from him. After which he sat on the fragments.

"Did you send me a letter about not giving Barry his footer colours?"

Clowes surveyed him with the air of a nurse to whom the family baby has just said some more than usually good thing.

"Don't stop," he said, "I could listen all day."

Trevor felt in his pocket for the note, and flung it at him. Clowes picked it up, and read it gravely.

"What *are* footer colours?" he asked.

"Well," said Trevor, "it's a pretty rotten sort of joke, whoever sent it. You haven't said yet whether you did or not."

"What earthly reason should I have for sending it? And I think you're making a mistake if you think this is meant as a joke."

"You don't really believe this League rot?"

"You didn't see Mill's study 'after treatment.' I did. Anyhow, how do you account for the card I showed you?"

"But that sort of thing doesn't happen at school."

"Well, it *has* happened, you see."

"Who do you think did send the letter, then?"

"The president of the League."

"And who the dickens is the president of the League when he's at home?"

"If I knew that, I should tell Mill, and earn his blessing. Not that I want it."

"Then, I suppose," snorted Trevor, "you'd suggest that on the strength of this letter, I'd better leave Barry out of the team?"

"Satirically in brackets," commented Clowes.

"It's no good your jumping on *me*," he added. "I've done nothing. All I suggest is that you'd better keep more or less of a look-out. If this League's anything like the old one, you'll find they've all sorts of ways of getting at people they don't love. I shouldn't like to come down for a bath some morning, and find you already in possession, tied up like Robinson. When they found Robinson, he was quite blue both as to the face and speech. He didn't speak very clearly, but what one could catch was well worth hearing. I should advise you to sleep with a loaded revolver under your pillow."

"The first thing I shall do is find out who wrote this letter."

"I should," said Clowes, encouragingly. "Keep moving."

In Seymour's house the Mill's study incident formed the only theme of conversation that morning. Previously the sudden elevation to the first fifteen of Barry, who was popular in the house, at the expense of Rand-Brown, who was unpopular, had given Seymour's something to talk about. But the ragging of the study put this topic entirely in the shade. The study was still on view in almost its original condition of disorder, and all day comparative strangers flocked to see Mill in his den, in order to inspect things. Mill was a youth with few friends, and it is probable that more of his fellow-Seymourites crossed the threshold of his study on the day after the occurrence than had visited him in the entire course of his school career. Brown would come in to borrow a knife, would sweep the room with one comprehensive glance, and depart, to be followed at brief intervals by Smith, Robinson, and Jones, who came respectively to learn the right time, to borrow a book, and to ask him if he had seen a pencil anywhere. Towards the end of the day Mill would seem to have wearied somewhat of the proceedings, as was proved when Master Thomas Renford, aged fourteen (who fagged for Milton, the head of the house), burst in on the thin pretence that he had mistaken the study for that of his rightful master, and gave vent to a prolonged whistle of surprise and satisfaction at the sight of the ruins. On that occasion the incensed owner of the dismantled study, taking a mean advantage of the fact that he was a prefect, and so entitled to wield the rod, produced a handy swagger-stick from an adjacent corner, and, inviting Master Renford to bend over, gave him six of the best to remember him by. Which ceremony being concluded, he kicked him out into the passage, and Renford went down to the junior day-room to tell his friend Harvey about it.

"Gave me six, the cad," said he, "just because I had a look at his beastly study. Why shouldn't I look at his study if I like! I've a jolly good mind to go up and have another squint."

Harvey warmly approved the scheme.

"No, I don't think I will," said Renford with a yawn. "It's such a fag going upstairs."

"Yes, isn't it?" said Harvey.

"And he's such a beast, too."

"Yes, isn't he?" said Harvey.

"I'm jolly glad his study *has* been ragged," continued the vindictive Renford.

"It's jolly exciting, isn't it?" added Harvey. "And I thought this term was going to be slow. The Easter term generally is."

This remark seemed to suggest a train of thought to Renford, who made the following cryptic observation. "Have you seen them to-day?"

To the ordinary person the words would have conveyed little meaning. To Harvey they appeared to teem with import.

"Yes," he said, "I saw them early this morning."

"Were they all right?"

"Yes. Splendid."

"Good," said Renford.

Barry's friend Drummond was one of those who had visited the scene of the disaster early, before Mill's energetic hand had repaired the damage done, and his narrative was consequently in some demand.

"The place was in a frightful muck," he said. "Everything smashed except the table. And ink all over the place. Whoever did it must have been fairly sick with him, or he'd never have taken the trouble to do it so thoroughly. Made a fair old hash of things, didn't he, Bertie?"

"Bertie" was the form in which the school elected to serve up the name of De Bertini. Raoul de Bertini was a French boy who had come to Wrykyn in the previous term. Drummond's father had met his father in Paris, and Drummond was supposed to be looking after Bertie. They shared a study together. Bertie could not speak much English, and what he did speak was, like Mill's furniture, badly broken.

"Pardon?" he said.

"Doesn't matter," said Drummond, "it wasn't anything important. I was only appealing to you for corroborative detail to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative."

Bertie grinned politely. He always grinned when he was not quite equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation. As a consequence of which he was generally, like Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile.

"I never liked Mill much," said Barry. "But I think it's rather bad luck on the man."

"Once," announced McTodd, solemnly, "he kicked me—for making a row in the passage." It was plain that the recollection rankled.

Barry would probably have pointed out what an excellent and praiseworthy act on Mill's part that had been, when Rand-Brown came in.

"Prefects' meeting?" he enquired. "Or haven't they made you a prefect yet, McTodd?"

McTodd said they had not.

Nobody present liked Rand-Brown, and they looked at him rather enquiringly, as if to ask what he had come for. A friend may drop in for a chat. An acquaintance must justify his intrusion.

Rand-Brown ignored the silent enquiry. He seated himself on the table, and dragged up a chair to rest his legs on.

"Talking about Mill, of course?" he said.

"Yes," said Drummond. "Have you seen his study since it happened?"

"Yes."

Rand-Brown smiled, as if the recollection amused him. He was one of those people who do not look their best when they smile.

"Playing for the first to-morrow, Barry?"

"I don't know," said Barry, shortly. "I haven't seen the list."

He objected to the introduction of the topic. It is never pleasant to have to discuss games with the very man one has ousted from the team.

Drummond, too, seemed to feel that the situation was an embarrassing one, for a few minutes later he got up to go over to the gymnasium.

"Any of you chaps coming?" he asked.

Barry and McTodd thought they would, and the three left the room.

"Nothing like showing a man you don't want him, eh, Bertie? What do you think?" said Rand-Brown.

Bertie grinned politely.

CHAPTER VI.

Trevor Remains Firm.

THE MOST immediate effect of telling anybody not to do a thing is to make him do it, in order to assert his independence. Trevor's first act on receipt of the letter was to include Barry in the team against the town. It was what he would have done in any case, but under the circumstances he felt a peculiar pleasure in doing it. The incident also had the effect of recalling to his mind the fact that he had tried Barry in the first instance on his own responsibility, without consulting the committee. The committee of the first fifteen consisted of the two old colours who came immediately after the captain on the list. The powers of a committee varied according to the determination and truculence of the members of it. On any definite and important step, affecting the welfare of the fifteen, the captain theoretically could not move without their approval. But if the captain happened to be strong-minded and the committee weak, they were apt to be slightly out of it, and the captain would develop a habit of consulting them a day or so after he had done a thing. He would give a man his colours, and inform the committee of it on the following afternoon, when the thing was done and could not be repealed.

Trevor was accustomed to ask the advice of his lieutenants fairly frequently. He never gave colours, for instance, off his own bat. It seemed to him that it might be as well to learn what views Milton and Allardyce had on the subject of Barry, and, after the town team had gone back across the river defeated by a goal and a try to nil, he changed and went over to Seymour's to interview Milton.

Milton was in an arm-chair, watching Renford brew tea. His was one of the few studies in the school in which there was an arm-chair. With the majority of his contemporaries it would only run to the portable kind that fold up.

"Come and have some tea, Trevor," said Milton.

"Thanks. If there's any going."

"Heaps. Is there anything to eat, Renford?"

The fag, appealed to on this important point, pondered darkly for a moment.

"There *was* some cake," he said.

"That's all right," interrupted Milton, cheerfully. "Scratch the cake. I ate it before the match. Isn't there anything else?"

Milton had a healthy appetite.

"Then there used to be some biscuits."

"Biscuits are off. I finished 'em yesterday. Look here, young Renford, what you'd better do is cut across to the shop and get some more cake and some more biscuits, and tell 'em to put it down to me. And don't be long."

"A miles better idea would be to send him over to Donaldson's to fetch something from my study," suggested Trevor. "It isn't nearly so far, and I've got heaps of stuff."

"Ripping. Cut over to Donaldson's, young

Renford. As a matter of fact," he added, confidentially, when the emissary had vanished, "I'm not half sure that the other dodge would have worked. They seem to think at the shop that I've had about enough things on tick lately. I haven't settled up for last term yet. I've spent all I've got on this study. What do you think of those photographs?"

Trevor got up and inspected them. They filled the mantelpiece and most of the wall above it. They were exclusively theatrical photographs, and of a variety to suit all tastes. For the earnest student of the drama there was Sir Henry Irving in *The Bells*, and Mr. Martin Harvey in *The Only Way*. For the admirers of the merely beautiful there were Messrs. Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell.

"Not bad," said Trevor. "Beastly waste of money."

"Waste of money!" Milton was surprised and pained at the criticism. "Why, you must spend your money on *something*."

"What's the good of them?" enquired Trevor.

"That reminds me of a story a chap told me at camp last year. The headmaster of his school had gone up to Oxford to see some of the Old Boys there. The first man he called on was a chap of the name of O'Flynn. 'How do you do, O'Flynn?' he said. 'How do you do, sir?' said O'Flynn. Then he looked round the room. The first thing he saw was a large photograph of some actress or other. The next thing he saw was a still larger photograph of the same lady. After that he made a tour of the room in dead silence. There were nineteen of the photographs altogether. 'Do you find it *necessary* to have all these photographs, O'Flynn?' he said. 'Yes, sir,' said O'Flynn. 'Good-bye, O'Flynn,' said the headmaster. And he went, and has never been near him since."

"Rot, I call it," said Trevor. "If you want to collect something, why don't you collect something worth having?"

Just then Renford came back with the supplies.

"Thanks," said Milton, "put 'em down. Does the billy boil, young Renford?"

Renford asked for explanatory notes.

"You're a bit of an ass at times, aren't you?" said Milton kindly. "What I meant was, is the tea ready? If it is, you can scoot. If it isn't, buck up with it."

A sound of bubbling and a rush of steam from the spout of the kettle proclaimed that the billy did boil. Renford extinguished the Etna, and left the room, while Milton, murmuring vague formulæ about "one spoonful for each person and one for the pot," got out of his chair with a groan—for the town match had been an energetic one—and began to prepare tea.

"What I really came round about——" began Trevor.

"Half a second. I can't find the milk."

He went to the door, and shouted for Renford. On that overworked youth's appearance the following dialogue took place.

"Where's the milk?"

"What milk?"

"My milk."

"There isn't any." This in a tone not untinged with triumph, as if the speaker realised that here was a distinct score to him.

"No milk?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"You never had any."

"Well, just cut across—no, half a second. What are you doing downstairs?"

"Having tea."

"Then you've got milk?"

"Only a little." This apprehensively.

"Bring it up. You can have what we leave."

Disgusted retirement of Master Renford.

"What I really came about," said Trevor again, "was business."

"Colours?" enquired Milton, rummaging in the tin for biscuits with sugar on them. "Good brand of biscuit you keep, Trevor."

"Yes. I think we might give Alexander and Parker their third."

"All right. Any others?"

"Barry his second, do you think?"

"Rather. He played a good game to-day. He's an improvement on Rand-Brown."

"Glad you think so. I was wondering whether it was the right thing to do, chucking Rand-Brown out after one trial like that. But still, if you think Barry's better——"

"Streets better. I've had heaps of chances of watching them, and comparing them, when they've been playing for the house. It isn't only that Rand-Brown can't tackle, and Barry can. Barry takes his passes much better, and doesn't lose his head when he's pressed."

"Just what I thought," said Trevor. "Then you'd go on playing him for the first?"

"Rather. He'll get better every game, you'll see, as he gets more used to playing in the first three-quarter line. And he's as keen as anything on getting into the team. Practises taking passes and that sort of thing every day."

"Well, he'll get his colours if we lick Ripton."

"We ought to lick them. They've lost one of their forwards, Clifford, a red-haired chap, who was good out of touch. I don't know if you remember him."

"I suppose I ought to go and see Allardyce about these colours, now. Good-bye."

There was running and passing on the Monday for every one in the three teams. Trevor and Clowes met Mr. Seymour as they were returning. Mr. Seymour was the football master at Wrykyn.

"I see you've given Barry his second, Trevor,"

"Yes, sir."

"I think you're wise to play him for the first. He knows the game, which is the great thing, and he will improve with practice," said Mr. Seymour, thus corroborating Milton's words of the previous Saturday.

"I'm glad Seymour thinks Barry good," said Trevor, as they walked on. "I shall go on playing him now."

"Found out who wrote that letter yet?"

Trevor laughed.

"Not yet," he said.

"Probably Rand-Brown," suggested Clowes. "He's the man who would gain most by Barry's not playing. I hear he had a row with Mill just before his study was ragged."

"Everybody in Seymour's has had rows with Mill some time or other," said Trevor.

Clowes stopped at the door of the junior day-room to find his fag. Trevor went on upstairs. In the passage he met Ruthven.

Ruthven seemed excited.

"I say, Trevor," he exclaimed, "have you seen your study?"

"Why, what's the matter with it?"

"You'd better go and look."

CHAPTER VII.

"With the Compliments of the League."

TREVOR went and looked.

It was rather an interesting sight. An earthquake or a cyclone might have made it a little more picturesque, but not much more. The general effect was not unlike that of an American saloon, after a visit from Mrs. Carrie Nation (with hatchet). As in the case of Mill's study, the only thing that did not seem to have suffered any great damage was the table. Everything else looked rather off colour. The mantelpiece had been swept as bare as a bone, and its contents littered the floor. Trevor dived among the débris and retrieved the latest addition to his art gallery, the photograph of this year's first fifteen. It was a wreck. The glass was broken and the photograph itself slashed with a knife till most of the faces were unrecognisable. He picked up another treasure, last year's first eleven. Smashed glass again. Faces cut about with knife as before. His collection of snapshots was torn into a thousand fragments, though, as Mr. Jerome said of the papier-mâché trout, there may only have been nine hundred. He did not count them. His bookshelf was empty. The books had gone to swell the contents of the floor. There was a Shakespeare with its cover off. Pages twenty-two to thirty-one of *Vice Versâ* had parted from the parent establishment, and were lying by themselves near the door. *The Rogues' March* lay just beyond them, and the look of the cover suggested that somebody had either been biting it or jumping on it with heavy boots.

There was other damage. Over the mantelpiece in happier days had hung a dozen sea gulls' eggs, threaded on a string. The string was still there, as good as new, but of the eggs nothing was to be seen, save a fine parti-coloured powder—on the floor, like everything else in the study. And a good deal of ink had been upset in one place and another.

Trevor had been staring at the ruins for some time, when he looked up to see Clowes standing in the doorway.

"Hullo," said Clowes, "been tidying up?"

Trevor made a few hasty comments on the situation. Clowes listened approvingly.

"Don't you think," he went on, eyeing the study with a critical air, "that you've got too many things on the floor, and too few anywhere else? And I should move some of those books on to the shelf, if I were you."

Trevor breathed very hard.

"I should like to find the chap who did this," he said softly.

Clowes advanced into the room and proceeded to pick up various misplaced articles of furniture in a helpful way.

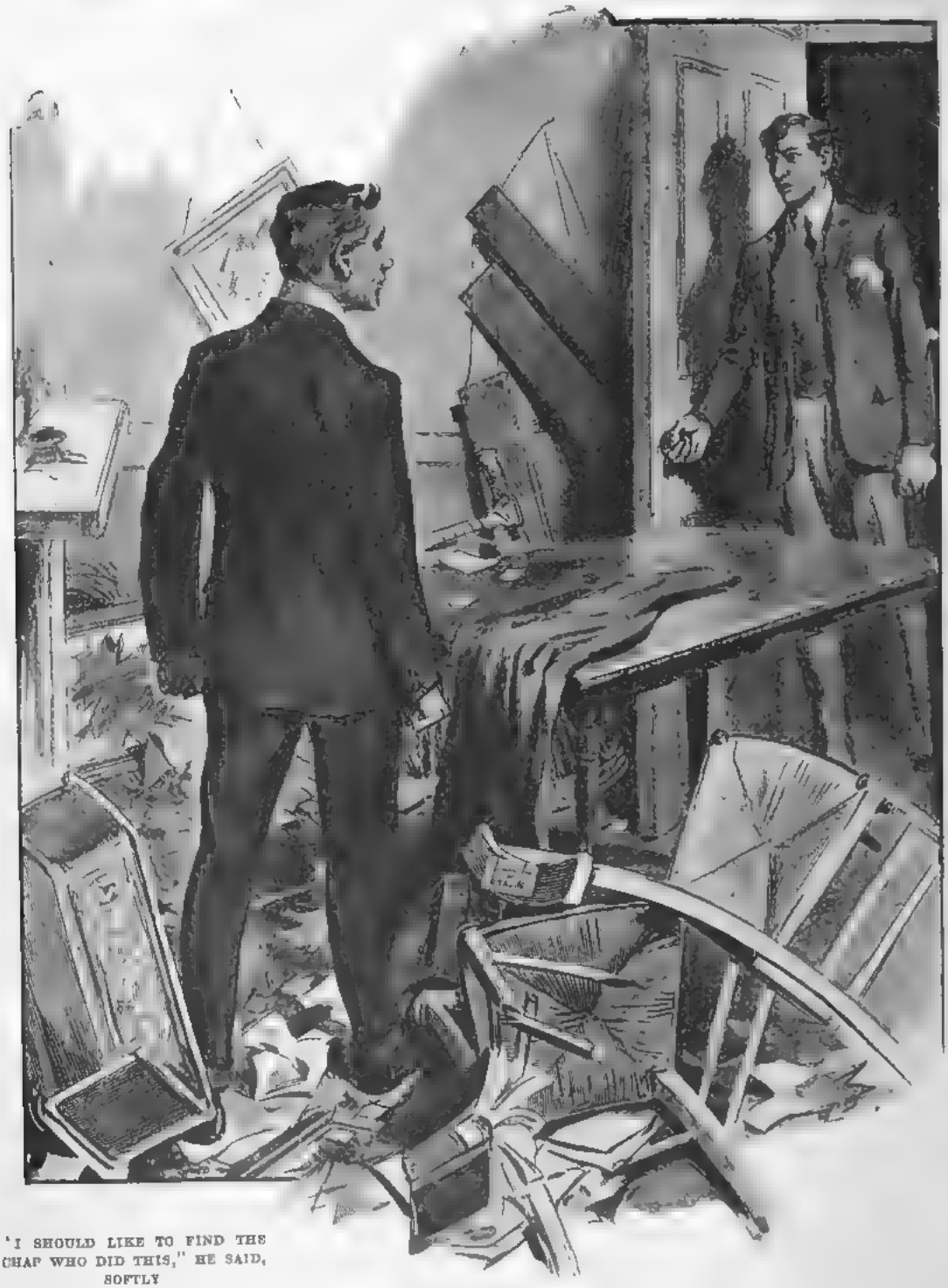
"I thought so," he said, presently, "come and look here."

Tied to a chair exactly as it had been in the case of Mill, was a neat white card, and on it were the words "*With the Compliments of the League.*"

"What are you going to do about this?" asked Clowes. "Come into my room and talk it over."

"I'll tidy this place up first," said Trevor. He felt that the work would be a relief. "I don't want people to see this. It mustn't get about. I'm not going to have my study turned into a sort of side-show, like Mill's. You go and change. I shan't be long."

"I will *never* desert Mr. Micawber," said



"I SHOULD LIKE TO FIND THE CHAP WHO DID THIS," HE SAID, SOFTLY

Clowes. "Friend, me place is by your side. Shut the door and let's get to work."

Ten minutes later the room had resumed a more or less—though principally less—normal appearance. The books and chairs were back in their places. The ink was sopped up. The broken photographs were stacked in a neat pile in one corner, with a rug over them. The mantelpiece was still empty, but, as Clowes pointed out, it now merely looked as if Trevor had been pawning some of his household gods. There was no sign that a devastating secret society had raged through the study.

Then they adjourned to Clowes' study, where Trevor sank into Clowes' second-best chair—Clowes by an adroit measure having appropriated the best one—with a sigh of enjoyment. Running and passing, followed by the toil of furniture-shifting, had made him feel quite tired.

"It doesn't look so bad now," he said, thinking of the room they had left. "By the way, what did you do with that card?"

"Here it is. Want it?"

"You can keep it. I don't want it."

"Thanks. If this sort of thing goes on, I shall get quite a nice collection of these cards. Start an album some day."

"You know," said Trevor, "this is getting serious."

"It always does get serious when anything bad happens to one's self. It always strikes one as rather funny when things happen to other people. When Mill's study was wrecked, I bet you regarded it as an amusing and original 'turn.' What do you think of the present effort?"

"Who on earth can have done it?"

"The Pres——"

"Oh, dry up. Of course it was. But who the blazes is he?"

"Nay, children, you have me there," quoted Clowes. "I'll tell you one thing, though. You remember what I said about it's probably being Rand-Brown. He can't have done this, that's certain, because he was out in the fields the whole time. Though I don't see who else could have anything to gain by Barry not getting his colours."

"There's no reason to suspect him at all, as far as I can see. I don't know much about him, bar the fact that he can't play footer for nuts, but I've never heard anything against him. Have you?"

"I scarcely know him myself. He isn't liked in Seymour's, I believe."

"Well, anyhow, this can't be his work."

"That's what I said."

"For all we know, the League may have got their knife into Barry for some reason. You said they used to get their knife into fellows in that way. Anyhow, I mean to find out who ragged my room."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea," said Clowes.

O'Hara came round to Donaldson's before morning school next day to tell Trevor that he had not yet succeeded in finding the lost bat. He found Trevor and Clowes in the former's den, trying to put a few finishing touches to the same.

"Hullo, an' what's up with ye're study?" he enquired. He was quick at noticing things. Trevor looked annoyed. Clowes asked the visitor if he did not think the study presented a neat and gentlemanly appearance.

"Where are all ye're photographs, Trevor?" persisted the descendant of Irish kings.

"It's no good trying to conceal anything from the bhoy," said Clowes. "Sit down, O'Hara—mind that chair; it's rather wobbly—and I will tell ye the story."

"Can you keep a thing dark?' enquired Trevor.

O'Hara protested that tombs were not in it.

"Well, then, do you remember what happened to Mill's study? That's what's been going on here."

O'Hara nearly fell off his chair with surprise That some philanthropist should rag Mill's study was only to be expected. Mill was one of the worst—a worm without a saving grace. But Trevor! Captain of football! In the first eleven! The thing was unthinkable.

"But who— —?" he began.

"That's just what I want to know," said Trevor, shortly. He did not enjoy discussing the affair.

"How long have you been at Wrykyn, O'Hara?" said Clowes.

O'Hara made a rapid calculation. His fingers twiddled in the air as he worked out the problem.

"Six years," he said at last, leaning back exhausted with brain work.

"Then you must remember the League?"

"Remember the League? Rather."

"Well, it's been revived."

O'Hara whistled.

"This'll liven the old place up," he said. "I've often thought of reviving it meself. An' so has Morinrty. If it's anything like the old League, there's going to be a sort of Donnybrook before it's done with. I wonder who's running it this time."

"We should like to know that If you find out, you might tell us."

"I will."

"And don't tell anybody else," said Trevor.

"This business has got to be kept quiet. Keep it dark about my study having been ragged."

"I won't tell a soul."

"Not even Moriarty."

"Oh, hang it, man," put in Clowes, "you don't want to kill the poor bhoy, surely? You must let him tell one person."

"All right," said Trevor, "you can tell Moriarty. But nobody else, mind."

O'Hara promised that Moriarty should receive the news exclusively.

"But why did the League go for ye?"

"They happen to be down on me. It doesn't matter why. They are."

"I see," said O'Hara. "Oh," he added, "about that bat. The search is being 'vigorously prosecuted'—that's a newspaper quotation —"

"*Times?*" enquired Clowes.

"*Wrykyn Patriot*," said O'Hara, pulling out a bundle of letters. He inspected each envelope in turn, and from the fifth extracted a newspaper cutting.

"Read that," he said.

It was from the local paper, and ran as follows:—

"*Hooligan Outrage.*—A painful sensation has been caused in the town by a deplorable ebullition of local Hooliganism which has resulted in the wanton disfigurement of the splendid statue of Sir Eustace Briggs which stands in the New Recreation Grounds. Our readers will recollect that the statue was erected to commemorate the return of Sir Eustace as member for the borough of Wrykyn, by an overwhelming majority, at the last election. Last Tuesday some youths of the town, passing through the Recreation Grounds early in the morning, noticed that the face and body of the statue were completely covered with leaves and some black substance, which on examination proved to be tar. They speedily lodged information at the police station. Everything seems to point to a party spite as the motive for the outrage. In view of the forthcoming election such an act is highly significant, and will serve sufficiently to indicate the tactics employed by our opponents. The search for the perpetrator (or perpetrators) of the dastardly act is being vigorously prosecuted, and we learn with satisfaction that the police have already several clues."

"Clues!" said Clowes, handing back the paper, "that means *the bat*. That gas about 'our opponents' is all a blind to put you off your guard. You wait. There'll be more painful sensations before you've finished with this business."

"They can't have found the bat, or why did they not say so?" observed O'Hara.

"Guile," said Clowes, "pure guile. If I were you, I should escape while I could. Try Callao. There's no extradition there.

'On no petition
Is extradition
Allowed in Callao.'

Either of you chaps coming over to school?"

CHAPTER VIII.

O'Hara on the Track.

TUESDAY mornings at Wrykyn were devoted—up to the quarter to eleven interval—to the study of mathematics. That is to say, instead of going to their form-rooms, the various forms visited the out-of-the-way nooks and dens at the top of the buildings where the mathematical masters were wont to lurk, and spent a pleasant two hours there playing round games or reading fiction under the desk. Mathematics being one of the few branches of school learning which are of the most use in after life, nobody ever dreamed of doing any work in that direction. Least of all O'Hara. It was a theory of O'Hara's that he came to school to enjoy himself. To have done any work during a mathematics lesson would have struck him as a positive waste of time. Especially as he was in Mr. Banks' class. Mr. Banks was a master who simply cried out to be ragged. Everything he did and said seemed to invite the members of his class to amuse themselves. And they amused themselves accordingly. One of the advantages of being under him was that it was possible to predict to a nicety the moment when one would be sent out of the room. This was found very convenient.

O'Hara's ally, Moriarty, was accustomed to take his mathematics with Mr. Morgan, whose room was directly opposite Mr. Banks'. With Mr. Morgan it was not quite so easy to date one's expulsion from the room under ordinary circumstances, and in the normal wear and tear of the morning's work, but there was one particular action which could always be relied upon to produce the desired result. In one corner of the room stood a gigantic globe. The problem—how did it get into the room?—was one that had exercised the minds of many generations of Wrykynians. It was much too big to have come through the door. Some thought that the block had been built round it, others that it had been placed in the room in infancy, and had since grown. To refer the question to Mr. Morgan would in six cases out of ten mean instant departure from the room. But to make the event certain, it was necessary to grasp the globe firmly

and spin it round on its axis. That always proved successful. Mr. Morgan would dash down from his dais, address the offender in spirited terms, and give him his marching orders at once and without further trouble.

Moriarty had arranged with O'Hara to set the globe rolling at ten sharp on this particular morning. O'Hara would then so arrange matters with Mr. Banks that they could meet in the passage at that hour, when O'Hara wished to impart to his friend his information concerning the League.

O'Hara promised to be at the trysting place at the hour mentioned.

He did not think there would be any difficulty about it. The news that the League had been revived meant that there would be trouble in the very near future, and the prospect of trouble was meat and drink to the Irishman in O'Hara. Consequently he felt in particularly good form for mathematics (as he interpreted the word). He thought that he would have no difficulty whatever in keeping Mr. Banks bright and amused. The first step had to be to arouse in him an interest in life, to bring him into a frame of mind which would induce him to look severely rather than leniently on the next offender. This was effected as follows :—

It was Mr. Banks' practice to set his class sums to work out, and, after some three-quarters of an hour had elapsed, to pass round the form what he called "solutions." These were large sheets of paper, on which he had worked out each sum in his neat handwriting to a happy ending. When the head of the form, to whom they were passed first, had finished with them, he would make a slight tear in one corner, and, having done so, hand them on to his neighbour. The neighbour, before giving them to *his* neighbour, would also tear them slightly. In time they would return to their patentee and proprietor, and it was then that things became exciting.

"Who tore these solutions like this?" asked Mr. Banks, in the repressed voice of one who is determined that he *will* be calm.

No answer. The tattered solutions waved in the air.

He turned to Harringay, the head of the form.

"Harringay, did you tear these solutions like this?"

Indignant negative from Harringay. What he had done had been to make the small tear in the top left-hand corner. If Mr. Banks had asked, "Did you make this small tear in the top left-hand corner of these solutions?" Harringay would have scorned to deny the impeachment. But to claim the credit for the whole work would, he felt, be an act of flat dishonesty, and an injustice to his gifted *collaborateurs*.

"No, sir," said Harringay.

"Browne!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Did you tear these solutions in this manner?"

"No, sir."

And so on through the form.

Then Harringay rose after the manner of the debater who is conscious that he is going to say the popular thing.

"Sir——" he began.

"Sit down, Harringay."

Harringay gracefully waved aside the absurd command.

"Sir," he said, "I think I am expressing the general consensus of opinion among my—ahem—fellow-students, when I say that this class sincerely regrets the unfortunate state the solutions have managed to get themselves into."

"Hear, hear!" from a back bench.

"It is with——"

"Sit *down*, Harringay."

"It is with heartfelt——"

"Harringay, if you do not sit down——"

"As your lordship pleases." This *sotto voce*.

And Harringay resumed his seat amidst applause. O'Hara got up.

"As me frind who has just sat down was about to observe——"

"Sit *down*, O'Hara. The whole form will remain after the class."

"——the unfortunate state the solutions have managed to get thimsilves into is sincerely regretted by this class. Sir, I think I am ixpressing the general consensus of opinion among my fellow-students whin I say that it is with heartfelt sorrow——"

"O'Hara!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Leave the room instantly."

"Yes, sir."

From the tower across the gravel came the melodious sound of chimes. The college clock was beginning to strike ten. He had scarcely got into the passage, and closed the door after him, when a roar as of a bereaved spirit rang through the room opposite, followed by a string of words, the only intelligible one being the noun-substantive "globe," and the next moment the door opened and Moriarty came out. The last stroke of ten was just booming from the clock.

There was a large cupboard in the passage, the top of which made a very comfortable seat. They climbed on to this, and began to talk business.

"An' what was it ye wanted to tell me?" enquired Moriarty.

O'Hara related what he had learned from Trevor that morning.

"An' do ye know," said Moriarty, when he had finished, "I half suspected, when I heard

that Mill's study had been ragged, that it might be the League that had done it. If ye remember, it was what they enjoyed doing, breaking up a man's happy home. They did it frequently."

"But I can't understand them doing it to Trevor at all"

"They'll do it to anybody they choose till they're caught at it."

If they are caught, there'll be a row"

"We must catch 'em," said Moriarty

HALF-A-DOZEN OTHER VAGUE FORMS DASHED PAST HIM IN A KNOT.

Like O'Hara he revelled in the prospect of a disturbance. O'Hara and he were going up to Aldershot at the end of the term, to try and bring back the light and middle-weight medals respectively. Moriarty had won the light-weight in the previous year, but, by reason of putting on a stone since the competition, was now no longer eligible for that class. O'Hara had not been up before, but the Wrykyn instructor, a good judge of pugilistic form, was of opinion that he ought to stand an excellent chance. As the prize-fighter in *Rodney Stone* says, "When you get a good Irishman, you can't better 'em, but they're dreadful 'asty." O'Hara was attending the gymnasium every night, in order to learn to curb his "dreadful 'astiness," and acquire skill in its place.

"I wonder if Trevor would be any good in a row," said Moriarty.

"He can't box," said O'Hara, "but he'd go on till he was killed entirely. I say, I'm getting rather tired of sitting here, aren't you? Let's go to the other end of the passage and have some cricket."

So, having unearthed a piece of wood from the débris at the top of the cupboard, and rolled a handkerchief into a ball, they adjourned.

Recalling the stirring events of six years back, when the League had first been started, O'Hara remembered that the members of that enterprising society had been wont to hold meetings in a secluded spot, where it was unlikely that they would be disturbed. It seemed to him that the first thing he ought to do, if he wanted to make their nearer acquaintance now, was to find their present rendezvous. They must have one. They would never run the risk involved in holding mass-meetings in one another's studies. On the last occasion it had been an old quarry away out on the downs. This had been proved by the not-to-be-shaken testimony of three school house fags, who had wandered out one half-holiday with the unconcealed intention of finding the League's place of meeting. Unfortunately for them they *had* found it. They were going down the path that led to the quarry before-mentioned, when they were unexpectedly seized, blindfolded, and carried off. An impromptu court-martial was held—in whispers—and the three explorers forthwith received the most spirited "touching-up" they had ever experienced. Afterwards they were released, and returned to their house with their zeal for detection quite quenched. The episode had created a good deal of excitement in the school at the time.

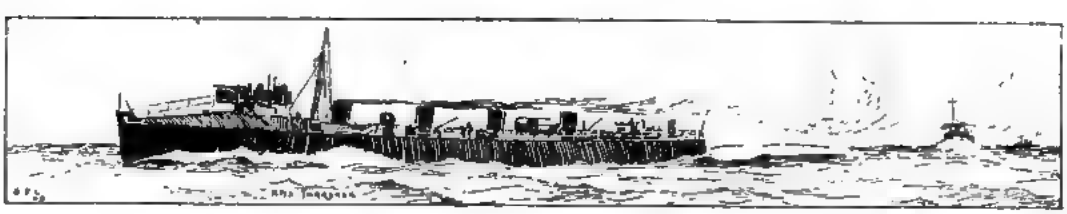
On three successive afternoons O'Hara and Moriarty scoured the downs, and on each occasion they drew blank. On the fourth day, just before lock-up, O'Hara, who had been to tea with Gregson, of Day's, was going over to the gymnasium to keep a pugilistic appointment with Moriarty, when somebody ran swiftly past him in the direction of the boarding-houses. It was almost dark, for the days were still short, and he did not recognise the runner. But it puzzled him a little to think where he had sprung from. O'Hara was walking quite close to the wall of the College buildings, and the runner had passed between it and him. And he had not heard his footsteps. Then he understood, and his pulse quickened as he felt that he was on the track. Beneath the block was a large sort of cellar-basement. It was used as a store-room for chairs, and was never opened except when prize-day or some similar event occurred, when the chairs were needed. It was supposed to be locked at other times, but never was. The door was just by the spot where he was standing. As he stood there, half-a-dozen other vague forms dashed past him in a knot. One of them almost brushed against him. For a moment he thought of stopping him, but decided not to. He could wait.

On the following afternoon he slipped down into the basement soon after school. It was as black as pitch in the cellar. He took up a position near the door.

It seemed hours before anything happened. He was, indeed, almost giving up the thing as a bad job, when a ray of light cut through the blackness in front of him, and somebody slipped through the door. The next moment, a second form appeared dimly, and then the light was shut off again.

O'Hara could hear them groping their way past him. He waited no longer. It is difficult to tell where sound comes from in the dark. He plunged forward at a venture. His hand, swinging round in a semicircle, met something which felt like a shoulder. He slipped his grasp down to the arm, and clutched it with all the force at his disposal.

(To be continued.)



THE STAMPS OF CHILI.

THE stamps of the Republic of Chili have more interest for the English collector than any other South American country, because its first stamps were designed, engraved, and printed by the firm of Perkins, Bacon and Co., who printed our first English stamps. And for the young collector the country is particularly tempting, for all its stamps are well within the reach of an ordinary supply of pocket-money. The portrait of Columbus figures upon all the stamps. The issues are straightforward, distinct, and free from complications of perforations or surcharges.

1852–62.—Watermark large figures of value, *i.e.*, the 1c. is watermarked with a 1, the 5c. with the figure 5, the 10c. with 10, and the 20c. with 20. These stamps were designed, engraved, and printed by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon and Co. Imperforate.

	Unused.	Used.
1c. yellow	2.6	1.6
5c. red	4.0	0.1
10c. blue	5.0	0.6
20c. green	10.0	5.0

1867.—No watermark. Perforated. Designed, engraved, and printed by the American Bank Note Co., of New York. A 2c. value is added in this series.

	Unused.	Used.
1c. orange	0.4	0.2
2c. black	0.6	0.8
5c. red	0.6	0.1
10c. blue	1.3	0.3
20c. green	2.6	0.2

1877–8.—No watermark. Rouletted. Designed, engraved, and printed as before by the American Bank Note Co. The portrait has been dwarfed to the smallest dimensions to make room for bolder figures of value. The 1c. is changed to a slate colour, and the 2c. to an orange. A 50c. has been added.

	Unused.	Used.
1c. slate	0.3	0.2
2c. orange	0.8	0.4
5c. lake	1.0	0.1
10c. blue	1.0	0.1
20c. green	2.0	0.2
50c. purple	1.6	0.3

1881–1900.—Same design as last issue. The colours of the series have been changed throughout. New values of 15c., 25c., 30c., and 1 peso have been added. The 1 peso remains the highest value issued by Chili.

	Unused.	Used.
1c. green	0.2	0.1
2c. rose	0.2	0.1
5c. blue	0.3	0.1
10c. orange	0.4	0.1
15c. dark green	0.5	0.3
20c. grey black	0.6	0.1
25c. red brown	0.7	0.3
30c. rose	2.0	0.6
1p. black and brown	2.0	1.0

1894.—In this year the 1c. and 2c. stamps were re-engraved. In the re-engraved stamps the little scrolls on each side of the figure of value at the base have been removed. Otherwise the design is the same.

	Unused.	Used.
1c. green	0.1	0.1
2c. lake	0.2	0.1

1900–1.—Rouletted. Designed, engraved and printed by Messrs. Waterlow. Colours much the same as in the last issue, with the exception of the 50c., which has been changed to red-brown. The design of this series is one of the most effective of all the issues, and is exquisitely engraved.

	Unused.	Used.
1c. green	0.1	0.1
2c. lake	0.1	0.1
5c. blue	0.3	0.1
10c. violet	0.6	0.2
20c. grey	0.8	—
30c. orange red	0.9	0.4
50c. red brown	1.3	0.5

1900.—Surcharged "5" on 30c. rose. The figure of the surcharge is very large, almost

completely covering the stamp. This provisional was issued to provide for a sudden shortage in 5c. stamps.

	Unused.	Used.
"5" on 3c. rose	0.4	0.3

1901-2.—Perforated. Once more designed, engraved and printed by the American Bank Note Co. It is said the Chilian postal authorities were not satisfied with the Waterlow design, but the clean-shaved, priestly portrait of Columbus in a very commonplace setting can scarcely be deemed an improvement. All the values have not been issued in this, the current series.

	Unused.	Used.
1c. green	0.1	0.1
2c. carmine	0.1	0.1
5c. blue	0.2	0.1
10c. black and red ...	0.4	—
30c. violet and black	1.0	—
50c. red and black	1.5	—

Antigua.—As I was unable to give the colours of some of the high values of the new series last month, I now repeat the list with all the colours filled in.

Wmk. Cr. C.C. Perf. 14.

½d. green, centre black.
1d. carmine, centre black.
2d. brown, centre purple.
2½d. ultramarine, centre black.
3d. orange, centre green.
6d. black, centre mauve.
1s. purple, centre royal blue.
5s.
2s. 6d.

Ceylon.—The 2c. value of the King's head series has been received. The colour is the same as the obsolete Queen's head, but the design of the framework as well as the head is varied.

Wmk. Cr. C.A. Perf. 14.

2c. red brown.
4c. orange, value in blue.
5c. purple.
15c. ultramarine.
30c. violet, value in green.

Cyprus.—The 45 piastres has been added to the King's head issue, of which we have as yet had only two values. The design is the same as that of the ½d. piastre illustrated, and the colours are unchanged from the Queen's head type.

Wmk. Cr. C.C. Perf. 14.

½p. green and carmine.
45p. purple and ultramarine.

Mexico.—The 5c. has been changed in colour from blue to orange, and the 10c. from red-brown and orange to blue and orange.

New Colours.

5c. orange.
10c. blue and orange.

Montserrat.—This little West Indian Colony is once more supplied with a separate series of stamps. The design is taken from the central figure in the public seal of the Presidency. The 5s. value only bears the portrait of the King, and is of the same design as the Antigua 5s. illustrated in the last number of THE CAPTAIN. All the lower values are of the design of the ½d. which we illustrate. The 5s. is watermarked Crown and C.C., and all the other values Crown and C.A.

Wmk. Cr. C.A. Perf. 14.

½d. green.
1d. carmine, centre black.
2d. brown, centre black.
2½d. blue, centre black.
3d. purple, centre orange.
6d. olive, centre mauve.
1s. mauve, centre green.
2s. chestnut, centre green.
2s. 6d. black, centre green.

Wmk. Cr. C.C.

5s. scarlet, centre black.

New South Wales.—At last we have the first of the new Australian Commonwealth stamps. It has been designed, engraved, and printed in Australia. As will be seen from our illustration, the stamp is crammed full of information, for on the pillars which support the arch carrying the word "Commonwealth," are the names of all the various States that form the Commonwealth, with the date of the foundation of each. Who will say after such a *multum in parvo* that stamps have no educational value? This particular stamp seems to be more of an experimental specimen than anything else. It is an odd value needed and supplied to complete the values of Queensland and New South Wales. Whether it will be the forerunner of a series remains to be seen. If a pretty general condemnation can confine the design to this 9d. value, there will be no repetition. Meanwhile, from the stamp collector's point of view it is a very interesting stamp, for it is the first to bear the name of the Commonwealth, and it is a distinctly local production. It is a bicoloured stamp. The figures of value

and the name of the State are printed in blue and the remainder of the design in brown.

Wmk. V. and Crown. Perf. 12½.

9d. brown and blue.

Queensland.—A Commonwealth stamp of the same type and value as that illustrated for New South Wales has been supplied to this colony, the only difference being the substitution of the name "Queensland" at the foot for that of "New South Wales."

Wmk. V. and Crown. Perf. 12½.

9d. brown and blue.

Roumania.—Some two years ago two series of stamps were prepared for issue as "Post

Office Inauguration Stamps," but for some reason or another they have only just been issued.

Oblong.

1ban. olive brown.
3bani. brown lilac.
5bani pale green.
10bani. rose.
15bani. black
25bani. dark blue.
40bani dark green.
50bani. orange yellow.

Long rectangular.

15bani. black.
25bani. bright blue.
40bani bright green.
50bani. orange.
1leu. sepia.
2lei. brick red.
5lei. dark violet.

How to Exchange Duplicates.

THE exchange of duplicates is a pleasant and inexpensive method of increasing a collection. The most systematic, and, on the whole, most satisfactory plan is that of starting or joining an exchange club. As to the *modus operandi*, a club may be formed up from one's own circle of stamp collecting friends, or one already started may be joined. A secretary is appointed from the number. Sheets of duplicates are made up by each member as required in the rules, and sent to the secretary, who then makes them up into a packet protected by a pair of covers or stiff boards with a postal list of members and their addresses. No. 1 gets the packet, removes from any of the sheets those stamps he cares to add to his collection, puts his initials in each space from which he has removed a stamp, carefully wraps up the packet, adds the address of No. 2, and sends it on its way by registered letter post. No. 2 does the same and passes it on to No. 3, and so on till it reaches the last member on the postal list, who returns it to the secretary. The secretary goes through each sheet, totals up what each member has taken, also what has been taken from each member's sheet. If, say, No. 1 is informed by the secretary that he has taken altogether 5s. 6½d. worth of stamps, and that 2s. 6½d. worth has been taken from the sheet he sent in, he will at once forward the secretary the balance of 3s. which he owes for stamps over and above the amount taken from his own sheet. The object of each member will be to make up as good a sheet of duplicates as he can, in order that other members may be tempted to buy a lot of his stamps and so enable him to buy a lot of theirs in return, and so go on building up a nice little collection without much actual cash outlay. Now, as to duplicates, of course the question will be where on earth to get them? Well, there are several ways open to a push-ful youth. If your father is a business man, and you are doing your level best to please him, he will save you the stamps off the office letters, or a well-disposed uncle or cousin may be approached, or a dear old maiden aunt with relatives abroad, or a chum may get a lot of one sort and be able to spare you a few for a sheet, or you may know a big collector; if so, and you can catch him in the proper frame of mind, he is sure to have a mass of duplicates of common stamps that are of little use to a big man. He could set you up for twelve months. Some big collectors are kind enough to keep a bottom drawer for young collectors. I dare not mention names. You must hunt up those within the circle of your own acquaintance.

Here are rules sent us by a CAPTAIN reader which seem to be sufficient. They are very concise and very practical. With such rules, and a good, prompt and punctual secretary, and equally prompt and punctual members, an exchange club should be a joy to all its members

STAMP EXCHANGE CLUB RULES.

1. The annual subscription shall be 6d., payable in advance.

2. Members shall forward, no later than the 25th of each month, one or two sheets of their best duplicates, with nett prices written above each stamp (according to their own valuation), and stamped envelope for return.

3. Stamps are to be hinged on thin paper, bearing on the front the name and address of

owner, space being left underneath for signatures of members removing stamps.

4. As soon as the sheets are received they will be made up and sent out on the 1st of the month, to the first member on the list, and so on in rotation, the last on the list returning the packet to the secretary.

5. Each member removing stamps must initial all places where stamps are removed, and also write number of stamps and value thereof on front of such sheet, with their name, and enter total number and total value removed from sheets on postal list.

6. Members are allowed one day to examine the packet, which must be sent off the following day (Sunday excepted), without fail, to the next on the list.

7. As soon as the packet has been returned to the secretary, she will make up a statement of each member's sheet. Accounts settled monthly, when all balances due to or from members shall be paid.

8. All accounts due to the secretary must be paid by return.

9. The secretary not to be responsible for stamps lost in transit, nor for debts or other default of members.

10. All communications needing a reply must be accompanied by a stamped envelope.

[NOTE.—This exchange club idea seems very feasible, but I must warn CAPTAIN readers against having dealings with any but personal acquaintances, concerning whose integrity they entertain no doubt whatever.—Ed. CAPTAIN.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. S. M. (Edinburgh).—There is no U.S. of 1898 or any other date officially surcharged "L.R." Any such overprint must be that of a private firm. The Northern Nigeria envelope is a curiosity, nothing more.

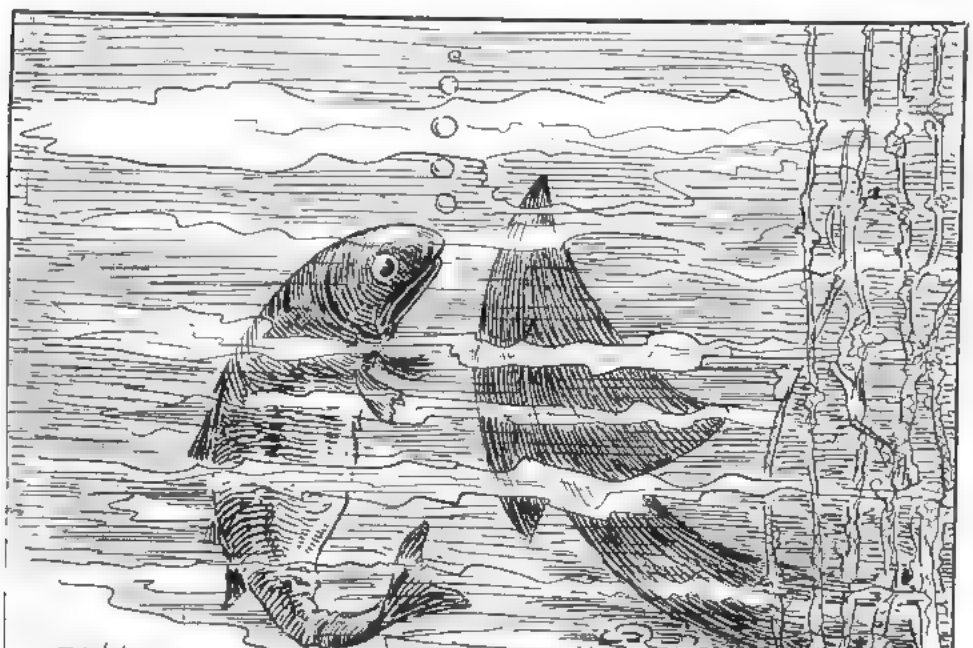
S. L. (Chili).—We are always glad of early news of new issues from any of the many foreign or colonial readers of THE CAPTAIN, but we do not appoint any one a special representative.

Wonderer.—The letters "R. H." on the English King's head ½d. stand for "Royal Household," i.e., it is a stamp overprinted for use by the Royal Household department. The value is not given in any catalogue, but it is a stamp much sought after.

Puzzled.—C.C. as a watermark stands for Crown Colonies, and C.A. for Crown Agents. The current Orange River Colony V.R.I. is catalogued at 6s. 6d.

G. H. F. G.—Nothing is yet known about the rumoured change in our English stamps. It is at present only a rumour.

E. J. N.



HE TOOK IT FOR A FISH-HOOK.

SQUIRE FINS (*who has never seen an anchor before*):—"I wonder where the worm is!"

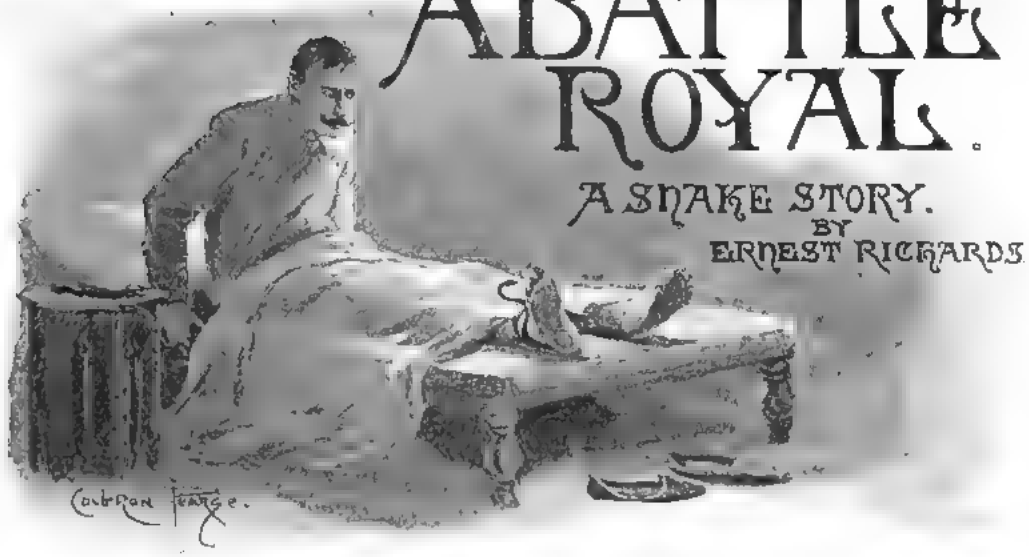
A MEMORY OF THE HOLIDAYS.

Young Binks, of the Tooting Penny Bank, heartily wishes he had gone to Margate instead of coming to this country of horrid, shouting maniacs.

A BATTLE ROYAL.

A SNAKE STORY.

BY ERNEST RICHARDS



Illustrated by COLBRON PEARSE.

EAST of Suez, in India's sunny clime, some startling adventures are to be met with in connection with reptiles, which adventures, by the way, are not always with huge reptiles of the boa-constrictor class—snakes big enough to crush a deer in their enormous folds—but very frequently with the hooded cobra, whose hissing sound is the ominous prelude to his deadly stroke, and not infrequently with the little krite, who secludes himself in the brick ventilators under the floors of a house, or in the cracks of the concrete walls and ceilings, and whose attack, apart from his poisonous fangs, would be as harmless as the proverbial worm's.

But the cobra and the krite have one deadly enemy, one common foe, and that is the little mongoose, or Indian ferret, which may often be seen, in a tame state, running about the bungalow of a European resident in India. And in one of these bungalows my friend, an old Anglo-Indian, told me the following story.

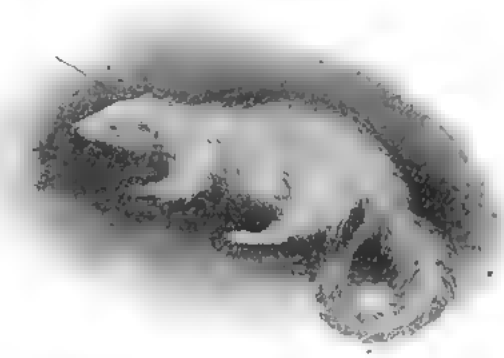
It was in the 'forties, before "John Company" handed the country over to the Crown, that the following adventure befell me.

I was living in the lower part of Bengal, in the village of Cossipore. My business kept me away from my bungalow all day long, and it was generally pretty late in the evening when I returned to my residence.

The district was a regular hot-bed for snakes, and many a night, especially during the rainy season, I heard them rustle away over the grass as I approached, for a venomous snake rarely attacks a man unless he is cornered.

On the particular night to which I refer, the rains had continued for about a month, and the leaden, oppressive clouds shut out the moonlight at intervals like a dark slide over a lantern, occasionally bursting into such volumes of rain as to fill the drains with perfect torrents of water, and turn bye-roads into temporary rivers, which were then impassable except by boat or native dug-out.

I had been to Barrackpore on business, and when I got back the only man awake was our hall-porter, Shudine, an up-country native from the north-west provinces, who knew neither English nor Bengali, the vernacular of the district.



MISCHIEF WAS ENDEAVOURING TO FREE HIMSELF.

After returning his profound salaam, I walked into my room, which lay off the main hall, and, immediately turning up my lamp, cast an anxious look round, as was my custom in the rainy season, to see if I could detect a snake crawling about anywhere. But beyond a few monsoon frogs and a few gecho lizards I saw nothing reptilian. Taking off my boots, therefore, and filling my pipe, I called my little pet mongoose, Mischief, who came running out of his den in the corner by the cupboard, and spent a few minutes stroking his sleek coat and watching the pleasurable twitching of his quick ferret eyes as he evidently enjoyed my attentions. Tiring of this pastime, I exchanged my clothes for a light sleeping suit and turned in for the night.

For a considerable time, however, I could not sleep. An incident of the day occupied my mind; on riding along the road I had met a snake-charmer who had begged me to witness his performance, and my refusal had invoked, in Hindustani, an oath or curse on my head.

In those days there were not only frequent cases of dacoitry or robbery, but Thugism had not entirely died out, and many were the methods these fanatics used in order to execute vengeance on any one who offended them, the employing of poisonous snakes and turning them into the houses of their self-incurred enemies being not among the least used of these.

"OH, SAHIB, I AM GIVING WATER TO THE SNAKE-KILLER."

I remembered, too, on entering the compound, remarking a dark figure slouching along under the shadow of the wall that bounded my premises, but I took no notice of it at the time, thinking it was only some fakir or devotee passing that way on his pilgrimage to some sacred shrine.

With these various thoughts in my mind, I at last fell asleep, after thoroughly searching my bed to make sure that no krite,

cobra, or carpet-snake lay concealed therein. How long I slept I know not, but presently I fancied I heard a rustling behind the curtain, and in a half-dreamy state I sat up and aroused myself just in time to see Shudine crouch behind the cupboard, apparently stroking Mischief. I asked the Durwan what he was doing there, for I felt it was past midnight.

"Oh, sahib," he said, "I am giving water to the snake-killer."

I could not help thinking that it was a queer time of night to act the part of the good Samaritan to my little pet, and I was just a little suspicious as to the truth of the reply. However, as I had no particular reason to mistrust his attention to Mischief, I dismissed Shudine with a vigorous "Jhuldy goa," and then lay down again and fell asleep. Once more I dreamt of snakes and Thugs, and a host of other unpleasant inhabitants of Ind.

Long before dawn I was again awakened, and this time I fancied I saw, in the dim light of the moonbeams, which struggled for supremacy with the feeble flicker of the half-turned-up lamp, a figure glide through the doorway into the entrance hall, and then I distinctly heard the sound of retreating footsteps down the compound. Then suddenly my attention was diverted by feeling a slimy little black snake, about two feet long and no thicker than a cane, crawl across my naked feet and coil itself round my right ankle before nestling its venomous head against my foot.

I was afraid to move; I was afraid to call even, and could only sit still gazing in a dazed manner at the krite encircling my ankle, while the perspiration stood out like beads on my forehead, and the excessive heat of my body was replaced by a cold, clammy sensation. It certainly flashed across my mind to call Shudine and Mischief, feeling that the snake would not hear my call, but I was precluded from doing so on reflecting that the effort of shouting would cause my body to vibrate and, therefore, wake the krite.

All this time I had not taken my eyes off the little reptile; but it did occur to me, as I sat staring at it in a hypnotic fashion, that surely the instinct of the mongoose would betray the presence of the krite; so I turned my head and looked towards the cupboard.

Mischief lay there struggling and panting in the endeavour to free himself from a piece of string which held him fast to a stanchion. The truth flashed across me in a moment. There was some conspiracy on foot in which Shudine had a hand. At the time I had surprised him when I awoke he was fastening little Mischief, and had excused his presence as stated.

My brain was now in a whirl—Thugs, Shudine, snakes and the mongoose all becoming mixed in my mind, while the game little animal continued to tug at that which held him captive, being half strangled by his efforts. Meanwhile, the snake reposed in graceful coils round my ankle.

Presently Mischief stopped in his struggles and sat up on his haunches awhile, in thoughtful mood. Then an idea seemed to strike him, and he commenced to nibble at the string.

So silent and still was the night, save for a jackal's occasional howl, that I could hear the grinding of his teeth as he gnawed. And then the lamp flickered out, and the moon was hid by a huge bank of clouds.

The situation was so tense that it might have been a minute or it might have been hours since the lamp and the moon went out together, before I saw two little eyes flash near the foot of the bedstead, and a moment later on the bed near my feet. Then another horrible thought dawned on me; the mongoose's attack on the krite might, after all, end in my being the victim! I knew not what to do.

At this moment, however, the little head on my foot shifted, and then—oh, horror! I felt the slime of the forked tongue as it protruded from the half-opened mouth, and at whose back I knew were the small fangs, a touch from which would mean death!

But brave little Mischief, with instinctive glee, drew the attack upon himself; for, a moment after, the krite reared its shuffling head erect, and with a peculiar hiss darted for the mongoose, whose ferret eyes danced in an ecstasy of delight. And then began a battle royal which I shall never forget, for the battle ground was my feet!

My eyes by this time having become accustomed to the darkness, the manœuvres were partially visible to me. At first the krite remained coiled round my ankle, and Mischief directed his attacks with wonderful sagacity—much to my relief—at the creature's throat, as, had he touched one of the coils, the snake would undoubtedly have vented its rage, even in its dying agony, by puncturing my foot with its poisonous fangs.

"*Mischief!*" I now ventured to whisper audibly. The ferret squeaked in acknowledgment as he adroitly avoided one of the

serpent's thrusts, causing the krite to bruise its head against the bed-post, and at the same time receive a sharp twist below the throat from the mongoose which drew a tiny drop of blood.

The snake, evidently realising that it was a serious battle, and, in order to fight with better advantage, began slowly to unwind, tail first, from my ankle, keeping its head menacingly poised all the time towards Mischief, who made various feints as the process was proceeding. To me it seemed a long and painful matter, but at last, just as the moonlight shone once more through the rifted cloud and filtered through the venetian, enabling me more clearly to distinguish the scene, the snake lay full length across my feet.

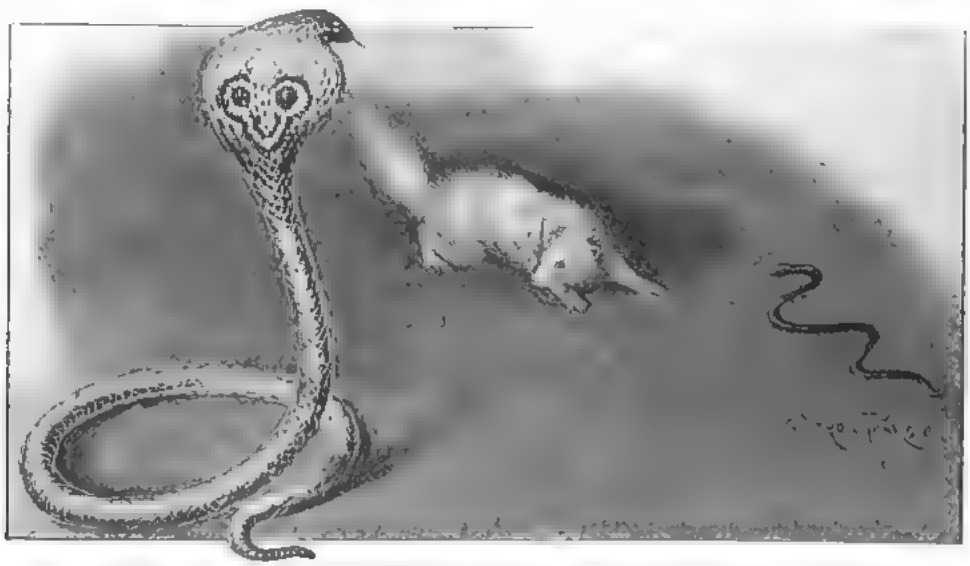
I felt inclined to throw my feet quickly in the air and thus rid myself of the reptile, but prudence suggested the advisability of keeping my position in order not to induce the krite to resume its old place round my ankle.

The situation, from my point of view, was now somewhat relieved, as Mischief was able to attack the krite's tail without any great danger to myself, and the brave little animal commenced a series of movements which almost suggested he was human in his intelligence.

He commenced his new mode of attack by describing several rapid circles round the krite until the creature was bewildered, and then, seizing his opportunity, made sundry grabs at the reptile's tail, each time causing the snake to rise bodily and strike heavily forward with his head, only to find that Mischief had jumped to one side.

At first, I confess, I was at a loss to discover the ferret's real plans, but presently he succeeded in a manner which revealed beyond doubt his intentions, and justified my conclusion that his instinct approached the human in some respects at least.

For the sixth time he had perhaps severely pinched the krite's tail, when the creature, maddened with pain and rage, reared itself up bodily and endeavoured to deal the mongoose a fatal stroke, but Mischief was again too quick for it, and sprang to one side as



THE COBRA REARED ITS BODY ERECT AND HISSED IN FIENDISH ANGER AT MISCHIEF.

the krite struck forward with great impetus. The creature, unable to check itself, fell bodily to the floor, the mongoose immediately following.

Mischief had succeeded in freeing me from an embarrassing situation, but the tension and the consequent strain on my nerves had been so great that for some time my muscles refused to relax, and with rigid body and staring eyes I gazed at the stunned reptile which lay wriggling with my pet at its throat.

Twice Mischief pinned the snake, and twice the snake freed itself by a peculiar movement of the muscles of its body. The merry look in the eye of the mongoose, however, assured me that he felt certain of victory. On one occasion, as he made a feint to attack the krite's tail, the latter just suc-

ceeded in taking one coil round his body. but Mischief, with lightning-like rapidity, caught its throat, and the snake was glad to unwind itself in order to concentrate all its energies on defending the more vital part.

The fight on the hard concrete floor might have lasted half-an-hour—my body was still numb and powerless—when the krite began to show signs of weariness, and, instinctively realising its position, prepared for a final attack, whilst Mischief did the same, though his motives were inspired by an assurance of victory rather than of defeat.

For a moment, as the two combatants remained motionlessly facing each other, separated by only a few feet, a painful silence hung over the scene. Then, suddenly, I heard little Mischief screech ominously. For a moment my curiosity so stimulated my brain that my muscles relaxed, and I was enabled to sit half upright, *to behold a fair-sized cobra, with hood expanded, approaching from behind the cupboard*!

Brave little Mischief never faltered, though the merry twinkle in his eyes had given place to a set, fierce and determined expression which caused them to glisten. But so over-worked were my nerves that after a single glance I fell back and lay limp and incapable as before.

Moments were like hours. The mongooso did not move, but sat fiercely gazing at the cobra, which had stopped, out of consideration for its skin, within a couple of yards of him. Then Mischief made a bold plunge forward, and seized the cobra by the back, giving it an effective pinch before retiring to his corner once more. With hood opened, the cobra reared its body erect and hissed in fiendish anger at Mischief, but the mongoose never winced and simply gazed steadily at the hissing reptile, only moving to one side as the latter literally leapt forward to strike him. But the cobra missed the mark and stunned itself by striking the wall heavily.

Before the cobra could recover itself, Mischief, with a general's strategy, pounced upon the krite, whose attention had been diverted from himself to the cobra, and, taking it quite off its guard, crunched its spine at the nape of the neck. This killed the krite, and now the mongoose, his sides heaving from the exertion, and his little fur body covered with blood, was free to direct his attentions solely to the cobra.

As in the case of the krite, Mischief led the attack on his new foe, and, as undoubtedly his strength was giving out, he evidently felt that victory lay in sharp and decisive action. For he instinctively knew that the excitement would stimulate him as long as the battle was hot, but that, should it become deliberate or prolonged, his energies would relax, and this fact, combined with the size of the cobra, would lessen his chance of success.

It takes a long time to relate, but by the time the mongoose had despatched the krite the cobra was—the wound excepted—refreshed, and Mischief at once renewed the attack by describing several circles round the snake, each time drawing nearer to it.

The reptile, which lay with half its body neatly coiled and half erect, its head swaying from side to side, was harassed by these evolutions. It hissed and spluttered, and made various attempts to strike Mischief, first on this side and then that, until at last, in a state of bewilderment induced by the gyrations of the mongoose, it repeatedly struck at him, but each time Mischief successfully dodged its attacks.

Eventually Mischief got so close that his tail almost whisked the fold of the serpent's body as it lurched out more wildly than hitherto, the distended portion of its body forming an arch over him. Then Mischief sprang at the cobra's throat and buried his sharp teeth in its flesh.

In a perfect paroxysm of rage, the cobra tossed to and fro, the plucky little mongoose hanging on like grim death. Presently, however, the former, finding such tactics useless, coiled its body round and round Mischief and endeavoured to crush him. And then commenced the final struggle, which should mean victory for the one or the other, or, maybe, death to both combatants and a drawn battle.

In his efforts to crush the life out of the snake, poor little Mischief swelled to twice his usual size; on the other hand, the cobra endeavoured to squeeze Mischief to death by contracting its folds. But the mongoose never released his hold, and I could see by the way his eyes bulged that the continued efforts were getting too much for the faithful animal, whose task was rendered the more difficult by the advantageous position of the cobra, who had him entwined in its folds. It was indeed a miracle that Mischief was able to fight at all under such unfavourable conditions, especially after his previous encounter with the krite, and although the cobra had been engaged a while before the krite was finally despatched, I thought it was too much to expect Mischief to court success in this second struggle. But I

derived some encouragement from the fact that the cobra was the mongoose's favourite foe, and, despite the heavy odds against him, felt that Mischief would succeed.

I don't know how it was, except that it must have been the result of a severe nervous shock, but somehow I could do nothing to help Mischief more than whisper a word of encouragement. His tail quivered for a moment in friendly acknowledgment, and then I heard a scrunching. To which was the victory?

I held my breath for a moment. I had always liked my pet, but now my fondness had increased to something more, and I was fearful that I had lost my brave little friend, for life was pretty lonely in those days, and the company of this faithful creature was much to me.

To my great relief, however, I saw the folds of the cobra relax and heard Mischief emit a squeak of victorious joy as he let go the creature's throat and freed himself from its loosening coils. The cobra wriggled violently for a moment and then lay outstretched —dead—strangled by the tenacity of grip of my brave little deliverer.

I was still watching the snake, and almost before he lay dead I felt my brain becoming dazed. Everything seemed mixed; a glaze came over my sight, for a moment my muscles relaxed; and, then, drawing a deep breath, I fell into unconsciousness, from which I passed into a heavy sleep.

When I awoke, the sunlight was streaming in through the window. The cry of the jackal had given place to the chatter of the crow, and already several of the latter were fighting over the remains of Mischief's victims. I drove them off, and placed the bodies of the snakes in a spare box. In the corner lay Mischief, covered with bloody traces of his dual victory.

I attended to his wants, and in a few days he was quite himself again, and for years afterwards he was my constant companion.

I never saw Shudine again. He had undoubtedly been an accomplice of the Thug whom I had seen under my compound wall and who was probably the snake-charmer of the previous day. But they had both disappeared and left no trace behind them.

So saying, my Indian friend pointed to a case containing a stuffed mongoose clutching the throat of a cobra, whose coils encircled him, while near by lay the krite which had also been so cleverly vanquished by this most gallant little "scrapper."

A Unique Snapshot of Sea-lions on Santa Catalina Island, in the Gulf of California. Visitors from Lorento go out to the Island and feed the sea-lions so regularly that they have become almost tame.

NATURALISTS' CORNER

CONDUCTED BY
EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

AQUARIUM.—A. J. Aldridge (Horsham) has failed to catch with a net any fish other than minnows, and as he wishes to have greater variety in his aquarium, he proposes to fish with line and hook. "What sort of line and what size hook would be required to catch fish not larger than 2½ inches? There is no method, I suppose, of ensuring that larger fish are not caught?" Now angling, A. J. A., is not natural history, but sport, and I fear I am not sufficiently practised an angler to advise respecting lines and hooks; but as a rule fishes caught with a hook are not suitable for an aquarium; they are usually so damaged by the hook as to die soon after. Stick to the net, and try other waters for fishing. With regard to your queries respecting what you call the "Plunger-beetle"—I presume you refer to the Diver (*Dytiscus marginalis*)? Certainly, all beetles pass through a pupal stage. Your smaller beetles "of dark bronze black colour with corrugated wing-cases" are most probably the females of *Ilybius sulcatus*. The usual size of the great harmless water-beetle (*Hydrophilus piceus*) is between 1¾ and 2 inches.

Orchids.—The best work on the subject with which I am acquainted is *Orchids*, by W. Watson (L. Upcott Gill), but its price (25s.) is far above that of H. S. Hothblack (Uppingham). There is a smaller work published, but as I am writing these notes during my holidays, I cannot look up the title and publisher. Will do so on my return, and answer by post.

Thin Cat.—"Sphinx" (Highgate) complains that his black cat will not put on flesh. "It gets heaps of new milk and plenty to eat, but we strictly avoid cats'-meat." Cats'-meat is not necessary, but flesh of some sort is the proper food of the cat. We have heard of vegetarian cats, but they must be regarded as abnormal. The question is: Does your cat get meat in that "plenty to eat?" Some cats are exceedingly fond of catching flies, crickets, and other insects, and it is generally to be noticed that these individuals look as though they never had a good meal. Perhaps this is the cause of your cat's leanness; but in the absence of more precise information as to what you feed it, on I am unable to advise you.

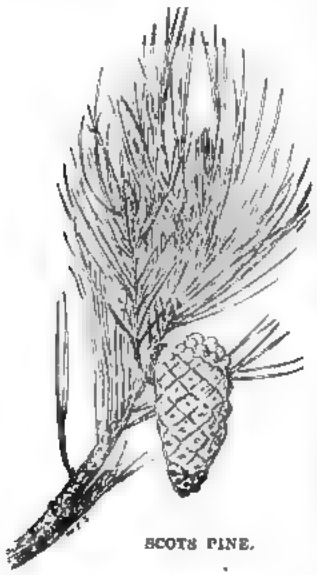
Green Lizard.—In reply to H. F. (Sunbury), green lizards are not water reptiles, but, like all their tribe, they like the provision of a saucer of clean water from which they can drink. Respecting their food: lizards subsist upon small insects of various kinds, and in confinement these must be given to them alive, or they will not touch them. The dealers usually supply meal-worms for the purpose, and these you may find very handy at seasons when it is difficult to catch other insects. A rock is not necessary for their cage, but they should have some rough surface up which they can climb. A piece of virgin cork sloped against the back is as good as anything, because there is little danger of the lizards being crushed, should it fall over; and they can retire beneath it when they prefer to be quiet.

Mouldy Butterflies.—Mould is a great nuisance to the entomologist. Often it is due to the cabinet being stood against an outer wall; never let it actually touch *any* wall. See also that your insects are thoroughly dry before they leave the setting boards. Our correspondent, L. H. Jervois (Bitterne), says that the application of corrosive sublimate and alcohol takes the "hairs" off the wings and destroys the specimen; but this is not the general experience of collectors. Were the proportions of the mixture right? They should be as follows: bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), six grains; spirits of wine, one ounce. This is, properly speaking, to be used as a *preventive* of mould, and the specimen that has been dipped in it should be thoroughly dried by placing in a strong current of air. Insects that have become attacked by mould should be similarly treated with a solution of phœnic acid (1 part) in ether or alcohol (3 parts). I am glad my advice re silkworms had good results.

Birds and Eggs.—The Starling is not included in either the Crow family (Corvidæ) or the Thrush family (Turdidæ), but in a separate family (Sturnidæ). Its relationship, however, is very much nearer to the Crows than to the Thrushes. H. N. Bluett (Bedford), to whom the above is an answer, also wishes to know of a good book on British birds'-

eggs. The best one we can recommend is Kearton's *British Birds'-nests, Eggs, and Egg-collecting* (Cassell and Co., 5s.).

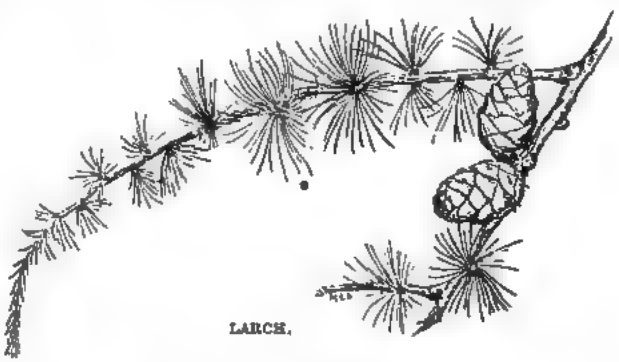
Artificial Pond.—"Wallingtonian" proposes to construct a pond in his back garden, and asks me a series of questions relating thereto; the first of these, however, is related more to masonry than to natural history. As the Old Fag has up to the present had no need for the services of a works department, I must express the best opinion upon it myself, though I don't profess to be an authority on cement and concrete. (1) The one-inch thickness of Portland cement should certainly be sufficient to ensure that there will be no leakage, if it is well-mixed and sets without cracks; but it appears to me probable that in a hard winter it may not be thick enough to withstand the action of frost. You say, diameter 5 feet, but omit to mention depth. This, I suppose, would not be more than a couple of feet? (2) Yes, you can keep gold-fish in such a pond, after all the free lime has been dissolved out of the cement. This would kill both animals and water-weeds. Gold-fish *will* "live sociably with other small fish caught in the neighbourhood," but if these include Sticklebacks you will find the latter will not be sociable with the gold-fish. Frogs and newts will stay there in the spring to lay their eggs, but will find their way out in the summer. (3) The best weed for your purpose is the so-called Water-thyme or Canadian Pond-weed. (4) If your experiment is a success the water will rarely want changing, especially if you can fill it at first from some pond or stream in preference to the hard water supplied by the water company. Fresh water must be added from time to time, to make up for evaporation. The bottom should be covered with two inches of well-washed river gravel, and the weeds planted in it should have been there a week or so before fishes or other animals are admitted. (5) If the weeds are abundant I have little doubt that gold-fish would survive ordinary winters in your pond.



SCOTS PINE.

Scalded Dog.—A water-spaniel belonging to "Floss" (Croydon) has had the misfortune to get scalded on the shoulder, where she cannot lick the sore, and her owner asks for advice. A scalded dog comes more under the head of veterinary practice or domestic medicine than natural history, because the trouble is not a natural one. I should treat it much the same way as a scalded human—i.e., cover the sore with fine flour and over this arrange a pad of cotton-wool, the object being to exclude the air. If the skin comes away, treat the sore with zinc ointment, and cover with the cotton-wool. If the dog were mine I should certainly show it to a "vet.," as the precise treatment must depend upon the extent of the injury.

Conifers.—I have already been called upon several times to arbitrate between readers on some disputed point, and here comes Percy Watts, who has had a friendly dispute with a chum as to the identity of certain fir-cones. Percy claims that a cone picked up on a Surrey hillside, and which he describes and roughly sketches, was produced by a Scots Pine. The chum contends that it grew on a Larch. "Which is right?" I have no hesitation in deciding that Percy is the better botanist, and so that his chum may feel satisfied with the verdict, I give sketches of the two species to make the points of difference clear. The cone of the Scots Pine is really conical, the ends of its scales thickened and hard; that of the Larch is smaller, oval, with thin scales. Larch-cones grow upright from the branches; those of Scots Pine hang with their tips downwards. The leaves of the two trees also will be seen to be very different in length and arrangement, and whilst those of the Larch are shed every autumn, those of the Pine remain on the tree for three or four years.



LARCH.

Gaslight Papers.

THE winter evenings are approaching all too quickly, but photographic work need not stop, for there are now several excellent photographic papers which can be used at night, the results being equal, if not in some cases superior, to daylight printing.

"Dekko" is a most admirable paper. In using this paper it should be kept away from the light when filling the printing frame; only one piece should be taken from the envelope at a time, and the packet should be put in a drawer or close-fitting box. To print from a negative of average density the paper should be exposed for two minutes, at a distance of six inches from an ordinary gasburner. A very thin negative will print in about one minute; a very dense one will need from four to five minutes. The average exposure should not be more than two to three minutes. "Dekko" paper does not print out; that is to say, the image is latent after exposure, and must be developed. The makers recommend the following formula for developer made up as a stock solution :—

Amidol	80 grains
Sulphite of Soda (cryst.) ...	200 grains
Water	10 ozs

For use take :

Stock Solution	1 oz
Water	3 ozs
Bromide of Potass. (10 per cent.)	5 drops

The prints should be soaked in cold water for a few seconds, placed face upwards, and the developer poured upon them. If the exposure has been correctly made, development will be very rapid, and the instant the print reaches the required density it should be transferred, without washing, to the fixing bath.

Hypo. ...	1 oz
Acetic Acid	4 drops
Water	5 ozs

The print should be kept moving during the first few seconds of immersion, then washed thoroughly for an hour, in at least *twelve changes of water*, and hung up to dry.

"Velox" is another well-known gaslight paper, made in four varieties of surface; the duration of exposure is about the same as with the paper already described. This paper may be developed with any of the well-known developing agents; the makers recommend the M.Q developer as being the most satisfactory for general use :—

Water	10 oz
Metol.	7 grains
Sodium Sulphite (cryst.)	½ oz
Hydroquinone	30 grains
Sodium Carbonate, desiccated ...	200 grains
Bromide of Potass. (10 per cent.)	10 drops

The developer may, with advantage, be applied with a brush, the print being placed face upwards on a sheet of glass, or it may be immersed in the usual way, when the print will be uniformly developed. The brush permits of local development, and assists materially in bringing out contrast. The image appears gradually, and prints on the "Regular" papers take as a rule about fifteen seconds to ensure full development. With the "Special" grade, development will take twice as long. When a print flashes up very quickly and grows black, it has been over-exposed, and more bromide should be added to the developer; on the other hand, if the print has been under-exposed, the print will develop slowly, and, even when fully developed, will be weak.

Yet another gaslight paper, that may with confidence be here recommended, is "Celerio." Exposure of this paper should be made at a distance of four inches from an ordinary flat flame gasburner. Negatives of average density will require an exposure of about ten seconds. It is advised, when printing from a thin negative, to place it at a further distance from the light, in order to bring the exposure more under control. Remember that doubling the distance will mean increasing the exposure four-fold. In order to arrive at something like the right exposure, use a narrow strip of paper before beginning to print full size. This procedure will result in the saving of many sheets of paper. When handling paper, or placing it in the printing frame, see that the gas is lowered; don't keep the stock packet of paper open to the light any longer than is absolutely necessary. The metol-hydroquinone developer answers admirably for "Celerio," which is made with a "matt," or "glossy" surface. In using bromide in the developer, great care should be taken, or the paper may have a greenish tint after development.

Some very beautiful prints can be obtained on Gaslight papers, and their use makes printing a pleasure in the winter evenings. The room need by no means be darkened, although,

as already stated, it is well to keep unexposed paper from the light as much as possible. Prints on these gaslight papers may be partially dried on white blotting paper, and then hung up with clips or push pins.

Lantern Slide Making.

The easiest method of making lantern slides is by contact, viz:—place the negative in a printing frame, take a lantern plate and put it film side down, just as is done in printing on ordinary P.O.P. or other paper, and expose the plate to artificial light. If the negative is very dense it should be exposed close to the illuminant—a gasburner is the best. If the negative is weak, the exposure may be made at least three feet from the burner. The duration of exposure will determine, in a large degree, the colour of the image, or resulting picture. Short exposures and strong developers give black tones. Long exposures and dilute—or weak—developers, give warm tones. A very considerable range of colour can be secured by gold toning. The warm brown or brownish red tones are most pleasing. There are many developers that can be recommended—pyro-soda, pyro-metol, pyro-ammonia, hydroquinone, metol-hydroquinone, etc., etc.

A One Solution Developer.

The following one solution developer is simple and will give good results: -

Potass. Metabisulphite	20 grains
Water, cold	10 ozs

When dissolved add Metol, 14 grains.

Then add 60 grs. hydroquinone, previously dissolved in 10 ozs. hot water; when cool, add 1 oz. soda sulphite, and finally 1¾ ozs. of soda carbonate, with 3 ozs. of potass. bromide. In use, take an equal quantity of the developer and water.

Enlargements.

The first condition necessary, in order to produce a good enlargement, is a sharp negative with well-defined image. The plate should therefore have been correctly focussed, the exposure being of such duration that moving objects show no blur; on the other hand, it must have been exposed sufficiently long to give a fully exposed plate. In order, then, to produce a suitable negative—for enlargement—give a full exposure and develop in a rather dilute solution, giving a negative thin almost to flatness: this is what is really wanted, because the enlarging process will increase contrast. There are two distinct classes of workers who enlarge: one aims at getting a big print with detail as sharp and clear as in the original negative; the other goes in for what he calls pictorial effect, and considers 12 × 10 or 15 × 12 a fair-sized print, and as a consequence modifies the sharpness of his picture according to his own ideas of art, etc.

Magic Photographs.

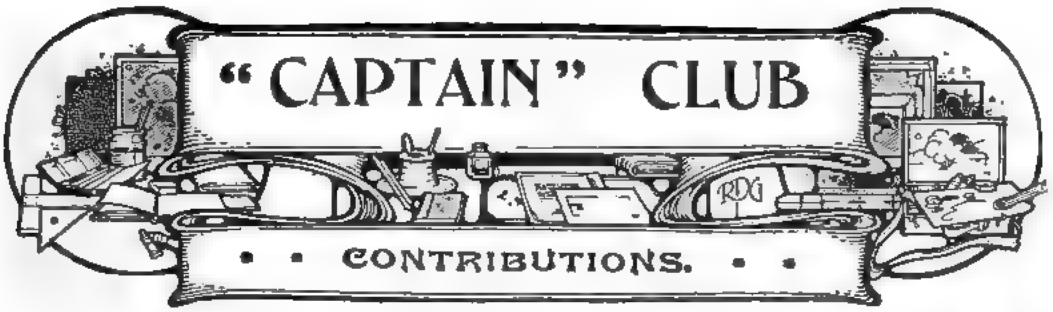
There is nothing new in connection with the making of magic photographs, but some amusement may be afforded by the experiment. Make a print upon a piece of sensitised paper, and print it out to the exact tone desired in the finished print. Wash for two or three minutes, and place, without toning, in a fixing bath—1 ounce of hypo. and 8 ounces of water. Leave the print in this fixing bath for about five minutes, then wash thoroughly, and place in a saturated solution of bichloride of mercury, until the printed picture has entirely disappeared. It must remain in the solution just long enough to bleach out the image, and should then be washed and dried in the customary manner. The paper will appear perfectly white, but it still contains the latent image the picture—and this can be made to reappear by the action of hyposulphite of soda. Soak a piece of clean, white blotting paper in a saturated solution of hypo. and allow to dry. When it is desired to make the picture appear, moisten the blotting-paper slightly, and place the print face downwards upon it, rubbing carefully in order to ensure perfect contact. In a very few minutes the picture will appear, and will be as bright and clear as when first printed. In order to create wonder and astonishment, prepare the bleached pictures and hand them round the room as pieces of white paper. Have ready the saturated solution of hypo. in a tumbler, which to the uninitiated will look like a glass of water. Nothing is now needed but the blotting paper. Persuade one of the company to moisten it, then place the paper on it, and presto! the picture appears.

Fixed Focus.

In these days very many hand cameras have a lens of fixed focus value, and correspondents are often asking how to arrive at the distance at which all objects are in focus. To assist them we have prepared a table which can be readily understood: -

Equivalent Focus of Lens.	Value of Stops.				
	f/6	*f*/8	*f*/11	*f*/12	*f*/16
Inches.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.
5	35	26	19	17½	13
5½	42	32	23	21	16
6	50	38	27	25	19
6½	59	44	32	29½	22½
7	68	51	39	34	26

Note.—If the camera has a lens upon it of 5½ inches focus, and, as is very general, an aperture or stop of f/11, all objects will be in focus at 23 feet distance, and beyond.



This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

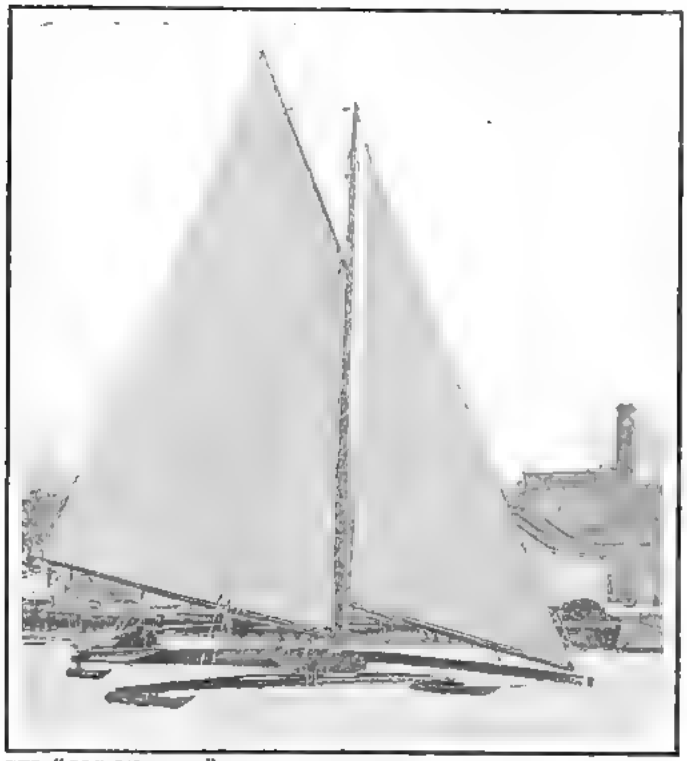
BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to the writer of "Football in Switzerland," to "Radix," H. W. F. Long, and "Outer Temple." Each prize-winner is requested to forward his or her present address, and at the same time to select a book.

Football in Switzerland.

AS few Englishmen (writes one of our readers, residing at Berne), visit Switzerland during the football season, it is not surprising that little or nothing is known in England of the popularity and progress of the winter pastime in that country. It may, therefore, be of some interest to the readers of THE CAPTAIN to be enlightened in this matter. It is now a considerable number of years since the first clubs were established. At first the organisers and players were chiefly English, but very soon the Swiss themselves began to take an interest in the game, which they found to be more novel and far more exciting than any of their own games. The authorities were rather against the innovation at first, thinking that gymnastics (to which much value is attached), would be neglected and the physique of the nation suffer in consequence. However, in spite of all opposition, the popularity of "Soccer" has increased by leaps and bounds, so that there is now scarcely any place of importance but what has its club. Most of the clubs belong to the Swiss Association. There are three divisions, for strong, medium and weak teams respectively, and the winner of each division receives a cup. There are about 100 clubs taking part in this competition, a fact which speaks volumes for the interest displayed. There are about twenty clubs in the premier division, consisting of clubs from Berne, Zurich, Basle, Neuchatel, Lausanne, Geneva, etc. The rules of the Association are exactly similar to those of the English Association, with the exception that professionalism is not at present recognised.

Besides meeting on the ground for matches and training, the members usually foregather several times during the week at their various club-houses, and better friends than those in these football circles it would be difficult to find. At these gatherings, at which Englishmen are often found, the theory of the game is studied and reports of the great matches played in England read and discussed. At many of the

IT IS NOT EVERY DAY THAT YOU CAN SEE SUCH A UNIQUE AND CLEAR PHOTO OF A STEEPLE-JACK AT WORK AS THE ABOVE, WHICH WAS TAKEN WITH A TELEPHOTO LENS.
Sent by "Outer Temple."



THE "DREADNAUGHT," ONE OF THE FASTEST ICE-YACHTS IN AMERICA. THIS BOAT AND THE "SCUD" WILL COMPETE IN THE RACE FOR THE CHALLENGE PENNANT OF AMERICA.
Sent by H. J. S.

club-houses photographs of the leading English clubs are displayed, and our great players are all well-known to the Swiss.

The chief club in Berne is the "Young Boys" F.C. The president is Dr. Fetscherin, Waaghausgasse, and the club-room, Café du Théâtre, Place du Théâtre. The secretary is F. Fetscherin (member of THE CAPTAIN Club), who has always taken the greatest interest in the welfare of his club, and the spread of sport generally. Having lived several years in England, his experience in the management of affairs is very valuable.

Any English sportsmen, especially footballers, visiting Berne, whether on business or pleasure, will be sure of a hearty welcome from the Y.B.F.C., and any intending to reside there permanently, cannot do better than throw in their lot with this excellent sporting institution.

Words that Have Seen Changes.

ONE of the most curious of the changes many words in our language have undergone is illustrated in that commonly used word, "treacle." It comes from a Greek word, "theriake," meaning an antidote for the bite of a snake (therien). Then it became, in time, wider, and meant any antidote or ointment. The next stage in its meaning was when it meant a glutinous sticky compound of any sort; hence the particular sticky stuff which we know as "treacle." Chaucer says, "Christ which that is to every harm triacle." "Idiot," again has a curious history. In Greece an *idiotes* was nothing more than a private gentleman, at first. Later, as all the learned and wise men took an interest in the affairs of State, one who did not do so was considered to be dull, and finally stupid. Thus has "idiot" come to grace our vocabulary. A pathetic instance of degeneration is "Hocus-pocus." Originally the words were "hoc est corpus." This was said by the priest in administering the Lord's Supper, and, as many men regarded this ceremony as a farce, or "hocus-pocus," the words became proverbial, and in lapse of time they were corrupted to the present

THIS IS WILLIAM ROCHE (HOLYHEAD) AND HIS FOUR YOUNG PIGEONS, TWO NOT BEING FULLY FLEDGED. THIS SNAPSHOT WAS TAKEN BY A FRIEND WITH W.R.'s "MERVEILLEUX" CAMERA.

form. In days gone by "knave" meant a boy, and no more. A "villain" was a low-born serf in feudal days; while "churl" (seal) was a small landed proprietor. "Heathens" were merely dwellers on the heath. In a paper of this length it is impossible, even were I otherwise able, to

A NEW MILITARY FOLDING BICYCLE WITH RIFLE ATTACHED, WEIGHING ONLY 15 POUNDS.

give at all a large list of such words, but I hope these few may prove interesting to readers of THE CAPTAIN.

"RADIX."

Ants.

ONE of the most interesting of all insects is without doubt the ant. The common white ant, or termite, leads a most wonderful little existence. Every termite colony is founded by an industrious little pair called the king and queen. As fast as the queen lays eggs they are carried away by the busy little working ants and carefully watched until hatched, the grubs being then fed and looked after until they have safely passed through the first stages of existence.

The greater number of the inmates of a termite colony are the workers, these outnumbering the soldiers by a hundred to one.

All species of termites are frightfully destructive to everything, excepting only metal. They always work in darkness, and in such a manner that a thing may be completely destroyed before the slightest change has been noticed. They work inside such things as the legs of tables, and chairs, and leave nothing but a mere shell as thin as paper, although the outside remains exactly as before. Sometimes the termite lines its tunnels with clay, which becomes as hard as stone, and thus causes the most wonderful architectural changes. Once a row of wooden columns in the front of a house were changed into stone pillars by these tiny insects.

The homes of ants are most realistic little places, like proper towns with streets and houses, and even a graveyard which is enclosed by a wall!

N. C. O.

A Curious Fact.

SINCE the completion of the Waverly Station, a very curious thing has been noticed in Edinburgh. Owing to the construction of the station, when the wind is blowing from the south-east the force of

HERE WE HAVE THE SAME BICYCLE FOLDED AND SLUNG UPON THE RIDER'S BACK.
Sent by James S.

it near the top of the Waverly steps opposite is something tremendous. People have been lifted off their feet and blown about when the wind is strong. When the wind is south-east, visitors should spend a few minutes watching the various comical attempts to reach the top of the steps.

JACK L——.

A Negative or Lantern-slide Box.

IT may be useful to some of our photographic readers to know how to make a cheap yet efficient box in which to store their negatives.

Obtain from a tobacconist a cigar box, of about the dimensions of your negative, if possible; if it is not the right size, take the box to pieces and cut down the sides and ends till the negative will just slip into it with about 1-16 inch to spare each side. Now glue two strips of corrugated paper, such as used for packing glass, etc., one on each side of your box, with the grooves vertical and facing each other, so that the negatives will just fit in slightly separated from each other by the ridges in the paper. Finish up by neatly covering the box outside with brown paper. It is then finished and ready for use.

C. H. Stokes.

THIS IS A SNOW TRACTION AUTOMOBILE HAULING A TRAIN-LOAD OF 200 TONS' WEIGHT OF LOGS THROUGH A CANADIAN FOREST.
Sent by "Harold."

On the Commonest Pet—A Rabbit.

THE OLD FAG and many other writers have warned keepers of pets to learn their plaything's manner of living, so that unnecessary suffering and unintentional cruelty may be avoided, and I hope and believe that many "lads and lassies" have benefited their pets by following this wise advice. But there seems to be one important consideration which is often forgotten, particularly where rabbits are concerned, and that is, that though two animals may both be rabbits, they may require very different treatment. For example, a black or blue and tan bunny will thrive anywhere south of the Forth with an ordinary sheltered hutch, plenty of hay and suitable food; but if a Silver Grey or Angora is taken much north of Yorkshire, it requires warm food once a day, and warm hutches at night. I am speaking of winter treatment, of course, as winter is the season which we are enduring or enjoying at present. If bunnies are kept properly clean, they should not have that smell which is known as "rabbit"; personally, I can always lift my pets fearlessly to my nose.

Apropos of lifting rabbits, many well-meaning old ladies still exclaim against the "cruelty" of lifting them by the ears; it is not cruelty, but kindness, as any one can tell by the sounds which a rabbit makes when lifted in any other way.

There are three important things to remember in lifting rabbits; first, do not do it too often, especially to the young ones, as it is not good for their soft, unformed bodies to be much squashed; secondly, lift quickly, but without jerking; thirdly, always lift with a hand below the tail, and let the animal's weight rest on that hand. If this is done gently, there is no pain, bunny's ears remain their natural length, and he soon becomes indifferent to his journey through the air!

A Tan Bunny.

Craigmillar Castle.

THIS interesting and picturesque relic of Scottish history is situated about two miles from the city of Edinburgh, and about a mile north-east of the pretty little village of Liberton.

The age of the ruin is too great for there to be any certainty on the point, but it is probable (although the building has been added to since then) that the keep itself was constructed in the fourteenth century.

The original entrance to the keep, which is built on the edge of a small cliff some twenty feet high, faced the south, but so close was the

door to the edge, that, being thought unsafe, it was built in, and the visitor now enters by a somewhat more pretentious gateway facing the north.

Passing through this door, we cross the courtyard to a small doorway at the foot of the dark and narrow spiral staircase, which we ascend to reach the "Banqueting Hall."

CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE FROM SOUTH SIDE.
By Fullarton Baird.

This is a magnificent apartment with a huge fire-place and deep-set windows, the recesses of the latter being provided with stone seats that can accommodate six or seven persons.

In a small arched chamber next the hall, and known as "Queen Mary's Room," there is a picture of that unfortunate lady, along with an old flintlock gun and suit of armour, reported to have been the property of Lord Darnley.

From the battlements, which we reach by another corkscrew stair, an excellent panoramic view of the neighbourhood is to be got.

Facing the north, we see in the distance the Firth of Forth, on whose broad surface Inchkeith and the Bass Rock are conspicuous objects.

Directly before us rises Arthur's Seat, with Edinburgh blue and hazy at its western base, while in the foreground of this peaceful scene are the picturesque church and lock of Duddingston.

Craigmillar was in 1567 occupied by Queen Mary, and it was during her stay here that her husband, Darnley, became the victim of the "Kirk of Field" plot.

A grim, though interesting, discovery was made in 1813, when in one of the dungeons there was found, leaning against the wall, a human skeleton.

In the opinion of Sir W. Scott and others, the position of the skeleton showed that the victim had been practically buried alive.

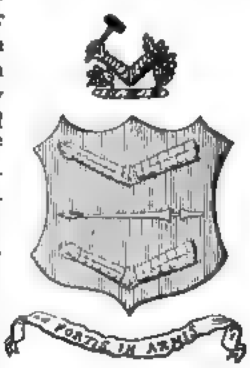
Truly, if a connected history of the castle could be found, it would be a strange mixture of comedy and tragedy. FULLARTON BAIRD.

Crests.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

CRESTS are of considerable antiquity. They were first used by knights in the thirteenth century, to display their exploits and triumphs. In this period, the crest and coat-of-arms of a person recalled the most important events in his history. They originally consisted of plain and simple devices, such as a sword or a wing, but in course of time have greatly altered. The coat-of-arms of a person may now consist of several devices, such as that of Sir Simon Lockhart. The crest of Edward Colston, one of the famous old Bristol merchants, has a very peculiar origin. The wealthy merchant, when in mid-ocean, found that his ship had sprung a leak. Great consternation prevailed, but after a time it was noticed that the ship had ceased sinking. It was found afterwards that a dolphin had accidentally jammed itself into the leak, thus saving the ship and those on board her. To commemorate this event, Colston took a dolphin for his crest.

A coat-of-arms is often an illustration of its owner's title, such as that of Baron Armstrong. The mottoes which are associated with crests are usually derived from a war-cry, or are characteristic of their bearer. The English motto "Dieu et mon droit," was originally the war-cry of Richard I. at the battle of Guisors. "Cælis Exploratis," the characteristic motto of Herschel, the astronomer, means "Having searched the heavens." Many mottoes contain a pun on the bearer's name, such as "Forte scutum salus ducem," the motto of Earl Fortescue, and "Fare fac," that of Baron Fairfax.



H. W. F. LONG.

Poor "Paddy's" Brogue.

"WHOY, bless *moi loife, Oi* didn't see you."

This is a sentence I have chosen at random from an English paper. Don't ask its name, and don't ask me what I think of it (it's not THE CAPTAIN, at any rate). The sentence is supposed to represent what an Irish rustic would say. Who ever heard a home-grown "Paddy" say "whoy" for "why," or "moi" for "my," etc.? This is an accent peculiar to the English lower classes, and why on earth an English writer tries to transfer it on to poor "Pat," is what beats me. Is it because he is ashamed to say that his fellow-countryman speaks like that? or is it ignorance? I am inclined to think it is the latter. The Irishman ("Oirishman," that paper would say), has a brogue which is sometimes imitated correctly on paper, but more often he is made to speak with an accent which would altogether surprise him were he alive. It is true, he says "yis" for "yes," and "wanct" for "once," etc., and it can't be denied that he *has* a brogue, but whoever tells me that "Pat" says Oi for I, tells a "*moighty foine loi.*"

JAMES H. SKUSE.

Literary Criticisms.

Scribbler.—Your remarks on literature are wise, but your composition is decidedly rocky. Write and rewrite until you have your sentences smoothed out to your satisfaction. Study good modern authors for style, and watch how they round off their periods. As for your essay—apart from its technique—you hit the right nail on the head when you say that young writers are far too anxious to dash into print. Still, can you wonder at it? The young writer, by virtue of his very youth, has not the wisdom to wait. Occasionally writers achieve success at a very early age—*vide* Dickens and Kipling. But here we come to genius, which is a thing beyond our ken. The great mass of writers are simply men of talent—quite a different thing to genius. As for youthful success—well, some men's brains mature sooner than others'. Dickens was famous at twenty-three; Thackeray at thirty-eight. All that long time of waiting Thackeray was maturing and collecting experience, the result being that, while Dickens has taken his place as the greatest caricaturist and humorist of our times, in point of scholarship, knowledge of character, and naturalness of description, Thackeray, as a purely literary man, stands head and shoulders above the author of "Pickwick."

James H. Skuse.—You have talent, Mr. Skuse. Curb your high spirits a little and polish your work a great deal more. Parts of your O.F. dialogue are good, and there appear to be the makings of a rather funny comic poem in the two verses your poet quotes. As a whole, however, your dialogue won't do. [N.B.—These remarks apply as well to the little scene you draw of the O.F. being declined by a maiden lady. It is only curate-egg-like.]

A Boy 12,000 Miles from England.—Your paper on "Girls," my Shanghai friend, is very bitter. Your experience of the sex cannot hitherto have been a very pleasant one, hence your trenchant sarcasm. I am not publishing the essay solely because I do not intend to continue the "Boy v. Girl" discussion. You write forcefully—let me see something else from your pen.

G. L. Clue.—The above remarks apply largely to you as well. You are observant, too, and you describe "Street Hawkers" in a picturesque and sympathetic manner. But your subject is not a new one, for you give us information which we already possess. Tell us next time about something we are unacquainted with, if you can.

J. A. Lowe.—You do not tell us anything that we don't know already about electricity. Your paper, indeed, reads altogether far too much like a school essay, and I don't want school essays for these pages. You express yourself well, and your writing is excellent. Next time send something more original.

Regnal Lrac.—Have accepted "Goodwick" article. You must please yourself as to whether you send picture post-cards to foreign correspondents. It is a matter to refer to your parents. The correspondent you speak of is a member of the club, and seems, from his letters, to be the right sort of fellow.

X. X. X.—You express the idea of "Autumn" prettily, my dear, but you will require a lot more practice before I can number you among the C.C. contributors who have earned the honour of print—an honour, mind you, that is not to be lightly regarded.

J. S. Cox.—Your "Summer Song" is pretty, but the rhymes are irregular. In short, you didn't take enough trouble over it. As for the other poem, it is only "fair." Nevertheless, I can see you have ability.

"Geographer."—Your contribution is stuffed full of useful information, but it is rather too like a page out of a Geography. Keep your next contribution shorter, and don't try to cover so much ground.

P. Dacre.—I have accepted your "Further Cameo of Low Life," your "Ghost" article, and "All the Fun of the Fair." Why don't you watch your spelling!

K. T. Russell.—A mere programme description of a journey is not very interesting. Travel essays should tell of curious places, incidents and people

A. G. T.—You are an observant fellow, but you don't tell us much we don't already know in your article on "Newspapers."

E. Detiel.—We have already had a very good comic poem on "Ping-Pong." I don't send criticisms by post.

R. S. C.—Sorry, but I don't think much of your poems

Contributions have also been received from:—H. L. Dobrée, F. F. (Nottingham), "The Ghost's Christmas" (no name attached), H. G. Truelove, G. H. L. Laird, Douglas Teague, Joseph Carley, Mary Croft, E. G. Dallison, Kenneth Dowie, Donald Campbell, G. Hoskin (!), 'Oberon" (not quite in our line), E. H. Savill, Jack L., H. G. McHugh, J. H. Walker, W. Statter, "Wanderer," P. McA. Stewart, H. Scholfield, T. R. Davis, "Tod," F. N. Brierley, "Ernest Charles," "Vet," and many others whose efforts will be criticised or acknowledged next month.

12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

"I am writing to you" (runs a letter which I have received from the Hon. Secretary of the Athenian Club, Cliff Hill, Gorleston) "in order to bring to your notice the bases upon which our club is conducted. My reason for so doing is that I believe it may induce others of your readers to establish similar societies, and thus provide, as the above club has provided, amusement for the winter evenings. Our Club, which is very exclusive, consists of eight members, all of whom are about the age of 18 or 19, and was formed in August, 1902, for the purpose of establishing a spirit of good fellowship among its members and also to provide proper amusements for the then forthcoming winter evenings. To further this object the parents of one of the members kindly let us have the use of a disused room in his house, which room has since served admirably as the Club's headquarters. On various occasions meetings have been held in rooms lent by other friends. The chief amusements provided were ping-pong, cards, boxing, and debates, and all the other games usual in clubs. In reference to the cards, I should say that there is a very stringent rule against gambling, which provides for immediate expulsion of an offending member. Smoking is permitted, but not drinking. During the winter months, several much-appreciated smoking concerts were held, and one *soirée* (to which ladies were invited), this latter proving an immense success. Besides these advantages, magazines (including THE CAPTAIN) were circulated among the members.

"Although the Club room was available for use every evening during the week (the attendance, however, was generally on certain days), and specially printed writing material provided, yet the total cost to each member (exclusive of a little extra for *soirée* and smokers) was under one penny per week. Now, I feel sure that many of your readers would be only too glad to embark on such a scheme did they think it would be successful. My opinion, judging from the results of the above club, is emphatically that it would be, and I strongly recommend them to make the attempt. The only necessaries are (1) say, not less than six members, and (2) the loan of a room (or it might be arranged so that the loan of different rooms was obtained alternately). I should say that the majority of your readers could manage to obtain, occasionally at least, the use of a room; or even a watertight barn, or such like, would do. All that remains to be done then is to provide the apparatus for amusements, and, in reference to this, it is well to remember that a pack of cards and sets of chessmen and draughts will provide a tremendous amount of entertainment. Of course, the meetings could be arranged for once, twice, or more times a week, according to circumstances.

"I believe there are many gentlemen, or sets of gentlemen, who would willingly give the loan or pay for the hire of a room, and for the apparatus necessary to furnish such a room, in which case a larger, and, therefore, in some ways, a better club might be formed, say of twenty-five or more members; in fact, I know of an instance where this has been accomplished with great success, the members paying all working expenses. There are, however, to my mind, three essentials for success, and they are—absolute reliability as to the character, etc., of the members, and absolute exclusion of religion and politics.

"In our case the Club has been governed under the foregoing principles by

a council of two, elected each quarter, together with the secretary, whose election takes place annually. It is quite unnecessary for me to point out the immense advantages to those engaged in clerical work, in shops, etc., which accrue from a society of this sort, and I should be only too pleased to give any assistance or information I can to any one who is desirous of forming a similar club; in fact, as I think it would be advantageous if such clubs were, more or less, connected with one another, I shall hope to hear from those who are about to make a start in this direction. Trusting you will appreciate my object in thus writing, and that you will be able to find space to insert this letter or its purport in your magazine, I remain, yours faithfully, W. R. CARTER."

This seems to me a very sensible and practical scheme. In our towns and villages there are hundreds of thousands of young fellows set loose from the shackles of toil at five or six every evening. What do they all do? A good many go home and spend the evening quietly with books and so forth. A good many work privately for examinations, the passing of which will enhance their commercial value. A good many go to gymnasiums and to the drill-halls of their volunteer corps. And what of the rest? Some go to the theatre—that is all right, but you can't go to the theatre every night. Some go to music-halls—and, well, although I am no Puritan, and have never set up to be one, yet I never have been able to see what possible good a youth can derive from such places of entertainment. Why? Why, because a music-hall programme, though quite sound in many respects, includes a great deal that is unnecessarily vulgar and coarse, the atmosphere is redolent of bad cigars and bad whisky, and the audience generally is not composed of such people as one always cares to rub shoulders with. I am quite aware that music-halls nowadays present much that is highly entertaining and interesting, and I have myself spent many a pleasant evening watching very clever performances, but I am now thinking of young fellows in the "cub" stage. Men can do as they like. It is different with youths. I have often watched long-legged striplings at music-halls who think it the proper thing to laugh in a loud, forced way, talk with their pipes between their teeth, and adjourn every now and again to the bar for a drink that they don't really want. I say that this sort of amusement and companionship has a tendency to demoralise a man who is in the spring of his years, and I know that lots and lots of young fellows go to "halls" by way of passing away the evening, *because they don't know where else to go.*

Mr. Carter's letter supplies a solution to this problem. Band together, you young men, and form clubs. These need not have a religious basis, but there is no harm in their being associated with churches and chapels. Your club formed, learn to govern it. The strong personalities will take the lead, and the others will recognise their authority. Submit to your president just as you submit to your captain at football and cricket. Unless you do this—unless you learn to obey rules—harmony will not prevail and discord will be rampant. You *must* have rules and obey them.

Think what an additional pleasure such a club as Mr. Carter describes will bring into your lives—you who now loaf through the evening the best way you can. The prospect of meeting a set of jolly, "straight" fellows, and competing with them in games of skill, and discussing all sorts of interesting subjects round the club fire, ought to cheer you up immensely during the tedium and the drudgery of the day. You will make life-long friends, too, many of you, and so you will have double reason to be grateful to your "club."

Friends! Aye, real friends are pearls beyond all value. Read this pathetic little letter I have recently received, and then you may realise what it is to be friendless:

DEAR SIR,

No doubt you will be surprised to receive this letter, but I do not know what else to do, and so I am appealing to you. The fact of the matter is, I find myself at the age of eighteen without a single friend, and I write to ask by what means I can find one.

I am,

Yours respectfully,

A CONSTANT READER.

P.S.—I am a boy.

There now, what do you think of that for lonesome? I am going to try and put "Constant Reader" (if he will send me his full name and present address) in the way of finding some friends, and if there is any club of the kind I have been discussing in

his neighbourhood, I shall certainly advise him to join it.

These Clubs which I am sugge ting to you will not only be the means of making you many good friends. They should serve as social tonics. Many a very decent fellow has a touch of the "bounder" about him: a club has a way of teaching him his place and toning him down. Then again, let these clubs be a source of help to their members. If a fellow is out of a job, and his club-mates learn of it (although, mark you, "shop" is tabooed at a club), then let them put their shoulders to the wheel and help their friend out of a hole. For, although it is bad form to talk "shop" at a club, the private affairs of members have a way of becoming known, and in a case of need a good deal of help can be proffered in a quiet and delicate way.

There is one other thing I should like to mention in connection with the premises you obtain for your clubs. Young blood is young blood, and fellows don't always want to be reading or playing sedentary games like draughts or chess. Very often—as at a certain village club I wot of—a spirit of restlessness seizes the members, and then the furniture suffers. I suggest, therefore, that you should endeavour to obtain a room leading out of the club-room wherein members may give vent to their animal spirits—where they may box and wrestle and perform various acrobatic feats of a kind that one occasionally witnesses in a private house when a number of young people are gathered together.

"Captain" Clubs! I should feel very proud if these few words of mine were to result in a number of manly, healthy little coteries being formed all over the country. We can't start them ourselves—we have too much to do for that—but we shall always be very glad to hear of their being started, and to announce the fact in THE CAPTAIN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. V. Brenan may certainly regard himself as Official Representative for Osterode, Germany. T. V. B. says that if any CAPTAIN reader should be looking for a place to stay where he could learn German, he might do worse than go to the place T. V. B. is living at, i.e., c/o Frau Hubener, Osterode, Am Harz, Germany. The price per month for board and lodging is £5, the scenery is beautiful, and delightful tours can be made into the Harz Mountains In the winter there is plenty of tobogganing and skiing. Sounds very nice, doesn't it? Should like a month there myself.

R. T. E. Massey.—If you look through the "Answers" in your back numbers you will find that I have on several occasions (and recently) given advice to people who "want to become" editors and authors. Many thanks for your congratulations.

C. Rowson.—(1) Sell your bicycle privately if you can. Perhaps a local maker would undertake to dispose of it for you. The firm you buy your new machine from would take your old one (which is a very good "make") in part-payment. (2) No; members of THE CAPTAIN CLUB do not contribute to our Prize Fund. What an idea!

G. W. B.—Am so very glad to hear that THE CAPTAIN cheered you up while you were "out of a job." It is satisfactory to know that you are at work again. Yes; your CAPTAIN vols from No. 1 must bulk large by now. They make a substantial item in the bottom shelf—where the big books are kept—of any bookcase. That reminds me—I really must be seeing about a CAPTAIN bookcase. Keep your eye on this corner for further information.

S. T. C. writes a very jolly, open-air letter from Australia. He says: "I have taken THE CAPTAIN for several years, and have read all the accounts of camping-out with great interest. What has always struck me very much is the amount of things boys in England always burden themselves with. I don't know if the camping parties that I have been with are typical Australian ones or not, but, when camping, all we took with us was a change of clothes and several shirts and pairs of socks, and a blanket. For food we took a couple of loaves of bread each and a couple of tins of milk, a tin of butter, tea, sugar, and salt. For the rest we trusted to our fishing-lines and pea-rifles. Cooking utensils, etc., consisted of a tin billy, a gridiron, knife and fork, a tin plate, and quart pot. My last camp-out was at Guinea Bay, Hacking, N.S.W. There were five of us. We did not take a tent, but at night used to roll ourselves up in a blanket on top of a heap of leaves under an overhanging rock. As we had only taken bread, the rest of our food had to be caught or shot, which, however, was not very difficult of accomplishment, as fish were plentiful and with our pea-rifles we could always shoot a couple of wild pigeon in an hour. It was grand fun to wake up in the morning, and, after having a swim, go and catch or shoot some breakfast, which, when caught or shot, was cooked over the fire on the gridiron. Then we all sat down on the grass with our plates on our knees and a quart pot of tea at our sides, and we always felt that we had earned our right to feast. The food tasted grand, out under the trees there with the sun just warm enough and a lovely view out in front of us over the bay. As to cost, it generally came to about ten shillings each, or sixteen shillings if we had a boat, this sum including rail from Sydney."

Porangi Potæ writes from Wanganui, New Zealand, to tell me of the lovely country he lives in—of the green fields, the singing birds, the wild flowers, and the wilderness of bush, and wants to know whether he may send an essay about it to the C.C. pages. Why, yes, of course he may, and "A Half-Holiday with a Hand Camera" would be a good title, too. Adds Mr. Porangi:—"Your life among the smoke must be a beastly one, young man. Isn't it? We grumble here sometimes, but some people are never satisfied, are they? I would love to live in London for a while, if not altogether. Will you change with me? Don't you wish you could?"

—Ahem! This is an abrupt, sudden offer! Will I go to New Zealand and let Mr Porangi come over here in my place? Well, not just at present, thanks, *old* man! I think I'll jog on here a bit longer. My life's not all spent among smoke, you see, Porangi, for I happen to be writing these lines in an inland village a hundred miles from London, and the only smoke I can see or taste at present is the smoke from my good briar pipe. Too soon I shall be up among the London smoke again, and then I shall think of Porangi, and of his "green fields, his singing birds, his wild flowers, and his wilderness of bush.

Frank L. Bowes: Clubbed.—Your writing is very clear and readable. I can't say off-hand what you ought to be in weight and height at your age (fifteen), but if I were you I shouldn't bother about either. To be healthy is the thing. Give yourself the very best chance of developing in height and girth by getting heaps of exercise and fresh air, taking cold baths (unless they turn you blue, when they should be tepid), and sleeping with your window open. (N.B.—I should say at a guess that the average height at fifteen is five feet four or five.)

E. P. Watts.—Hereunder I quote three verses of the poem concerning my unworthy self. Perhaps one of these fine days I may find room for the other set of verselets

THE CRY OF THE REJECTED
By E. P. Watts.

He lives in London Town,
His head is rather bald,
I know he's liked by all
May they be great or small!
His head *is* rather bald—
The Old Fag he is called—
But though so great his virtues are,
The old chap *is* particular!

Send him an ode on Spring—
Soon you will hear a ring,
It is the postman grim,
Quickly you fly to him.
"Not quite the sort of thing."
Is what the post will bring—
Yes, inspirations sobered are
With one who's so particular!

Try next an article
Without *one* particle
Of grammar incorrect,
Oh! *he'll* find some defect!
"The subject's awfully good,
But I—don't—think—I—could"——
No, certainly I *can't* go far
With one so *very* particular!

A Reply to "Amant des Filles":—Dear Mr. Old Fag.—I read with great interest the letter of "Amant des Filles," which you published in the September Captain. Being an "Amante des Garçons" myself, I feel quite sorry for the way in which he appears to think girls ought to be treated. It is evident he can't know many decent ones. I have always been friendly with nice boys, and know several of the real good sort, but as for "walking out," and giving presents, etc., *that* wasn't on the card at all. I have certainly been out with them sometimes, and sometimes had sweets given me, but we were just "pals," and nothing more. What "Amant" wants is a sort of amateur *fiancée*, but I can tell him that girls don't care about playing postman's knock *every* day. I am fifteen myself, and so exceed his particular age-limit, but I'd rather like to know him if I were younger, and show him what the ordinary proper sort of girl is like to the ditto, ditto sort of boy.—Yours admiringly, "Boys' Girl."

C. H.—The solution is extremely simple. There were four letters, B—L—U—E. A bird sat on each letter, except B. Therefore the solution was: *B lack—bird.*

H. G. Taylor.—Write and ask to be clubbed, stating that you are a regular subscriber to the magazine.

Prince Giglieo (hope that's right).—A nice little story for children.

Tramping Theresa, in a lively letter from Oxford, observes that girls don't know what it is to be *alive* until they have learnt to swim. (Boys, too, I presume). Excellent advice. There are many virtues in water—hot and cold, used as an ablution or a liquid. Theresa's handwriting is quite readable. She could make it less "niggly" by using a big size of paper and a J pen.

Old Tuds and **Wellwisher.**—Thanks for your criticisms. I will give them very careful attention.

R. K. H.—Your competitions may be typed.

J. C. Broatch.—Have handed your stamp query to Mr. Nankivell, who will reply next month. Send full address if you want to be clubbed.

John Hay.—(1) Certainly two members of the same family may send in, provided their competitions are posted separately. (2) Paste-on-card or slip-in-mount, as you please.

W. W. Clarke Pitts.—I thank you for your very kind letter.

Fred. G. Skinner.—Have committed your suggestions to memory.

G. D. Jamieson. (1) I cannot insert such a notice in The Captain. It is quite contrary to my rules. (2) Clubbed.

E. A. and **Captainite's Sister.**—Of course girls are allowed to wear our badges. That is why we have them made as brooches as well as "buttons" and pendants. An article on the "Law" appeared in our "When you Leave School" series, Vol. II., October, 1899.

L. A. Evans and C. B. Colmore.—A letter addressed to him c/o this office will reach him all right.

C. S. G. wants to know of a book—or I suppose an article in a periodical would serve his purpose as well—giving information as to the construction and handling of a catamaran. Can any reader oblige?

To Photographic Competitors.—The photo. "Leapfrog," reproduced on page 20 of our October Number, was a copy from a copyright photograph by Mr. A. W. Sargent, 12 Albany-road, Cardiff. Photographs sent in for Captain competitions *must* be original, and not copies of other artists' work. Any one sending in a copied photograph after this notice will be struck off The Captain Club list, and precluded from entering for any further competition.

Letters, etc., have also been received from: "Sir Jester," H. V. Fielding, "Vectis," A. H. Gibbs, T. H. Hillier, "H. C. G.," "A Girl Reader," (clubbed), T. Pollock, "P. W." (thanks), S Smith (will reply to you next month), Jessie Mackenzie (Rugby colours are light blue, I think), Gordon Stark (hope to publish your new proposition), and many others whose communications will be acknowledged in our next number.

THE OLD FAG.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Last day for sending in, November 18th.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by Nov. 18th.

The Results will be published in January.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"**The Poets and Flowers.**"—Send the best poetical quotation you can find on the subject of flowers generally, or on one flower, such as the rose, violet, king-cup, &c. Prizes: Three Half-Guinea Footballs (Association or Rugby, by Messrs. H. Gradidge); or, in the case of girl winners, Three Hockey Sticks, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class II.	... ..	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—"**Comic Sentence.**"—Write, on a CAPTAIN post-card (a packet of which can be obtained from this office for 1½d., post-free), a comic sentence composed from the leading lines of CAPTAIN advertisements in the present number, as, for instance, "A Gamage Football is a Delightful Companion and an Admirable Food for all Seeking a Profession." To the senders of the six best sentences will be awarded: Six of Messrs. Leighton, Son, and Hodge's Postcard Albums, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

No Age limit.

No. 3.—"**Photographic Competition.**"—Send a print from your best negative; any subject. *Photographs must be original, and not copied from the work of others.* Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Swan" Fountain Pens, value 10s. 6d. each, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 4.—"**How to Make.**"—Describe, with drawings or photographs if possible, how to make any interesting or useful article that may be made by a boy or girl. Neatness and simplicity of construction will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Class I. A Two-guinea Silver Waltham Watch, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page; Classes II. and III., a Sandow Developer, value 12s. 6d.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	... ..	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—"**Anecdotes.**"—Send, on an ordinary post-card, since there may not be room on a CAPTAIN post-card, any good anecdote that you have never seen in print. Keep your anecdote as short as possible. To the senders of the six best anecdotes we will award Six of Messrs. John Piggott's Hockey Sticks, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

No age limit.

No. 6.—"**Handwriting.**"—Copy, in your best every-day handwriting, the first verse of the little poem which you will find in the "Old Fag's" Answers to Correspondents, entitled "The Cry of the Rejected." Prizes: Three Half-Guinea Footballs (Association or Rugby, by Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons), as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

In this competition we will also award Six Sets of Messrs. Harbutt's "Plasticine Designer" as Consolation Prizes.

Class I.	... ..	Age limit: Twenty.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Twelve.

IMPORTANT NOTICE:—In applying for "Captain" post-cards, mark your envelopes "POST-CARDS" in top left-hand corner. Orders for post-cards must not be sent with competitions.

Results of September Competitions.

No. I.—"Of National Interest."

Winner of Two Guinea Solid Silver Waltham Watch: Bertha Bickerton, 6 Clint Road, Edge Hill, Liverpool.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to W. J. Cowan, 26 Wilton Street, St. Anne Street, Liverpool, T. J. Fisher, 61 Waverley Road, Redland, Bristol.

Honourable Mention: Fred. Hales, A. Loy, N. D. Willett, Harold Scholfield, Frank L. Christie, F. W. Caton, Ernest A. Taylor, S. H. Barmby, Stuart A. Barrow, W. S. Leeming, C. B. Naylor.

No. II.—"Hidden Boys' Names."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty five.)

Winner of "Folding Scout" Camera: Fred. Insker, 14 Viewforth Square, Edinburgh.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: William J. Abbott, 28 Lawn Crescent, Kew Gardens, Surrey, Stanley Matthew, 6 Mamhead View, Exmouth; Frank L. Cloux, 66 Beckwith Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Honourable Mention: A. G. H. Emslie, Lionel V. Kent, Oliver C. Mather John H. M. Nichols, F. A. Harwell, L. E. V. Tiffen, E. N. Grimwade, F. G. Skinner.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winner of "Folding Scout" Camera: Marjorie Deering, Long Ashton Vicarage, Clifton, Bristol.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to J. H. Bryson, 7 Salisbury Place, Edinburgh, William Dalrymple, 160 Easter Road, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention: Joseph O. Young Harry Roberts, James Beahan, Sidney D. Wale, Gladys Dickinson, Thomas W. Owen, Cyril Clarke, William L. P. Harris, Harry A. Willits, R. H. Sothern.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

Winner of "Folding Scout" Camera: David Rankin, 2 Cadzow Place, Edinburgh.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Fred. Staddon, 206 Gladstone Street, Bradford, Yorks; Donald Rooksby, Castlegate, Grantham.

Honourable Mention: Eric Müller, Reginald Rucker, Colville Clark, Percy Threlkeld, A. H. Munro.

No. III.—"Interesting Kings."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

Winners of Printing Outfits: G. E. Mitchinson, Sunningdale, Aldenham Road, Watford; Albert E. Hodgkiss, 6 Stewkins, Wordsley, Stourbridge, E. Wilberforce, 22 Circus, Bath.

Honourable Mention: R. Boyton, Frank B. Morton, Lilian Dunstan, W. A. Oldfield, W. Watkins, T. Grant, S. H. Barmby, G. M. Adams.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winners of Printing Outfits: Ethel Talbot, 9 Merivale Road, Putney, S.W.; E. A. S. Fox, Felsted School, Essex, Ethel Hour, 37 Elm Road, Mannamead, Plymouth.

Honourable Mention: Leila M. Hawksley, M. Lupton, W. E. Turner, R. H. Crump, S. D. Wale, J. C. Knapman, P. V. Early, Geo. Eldridge, G. Hamilton.

No. IV. "Landscape Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

Winners of No 2 "Kruno" Photographic Outfits: John Brown, 13 Argyle Street, Paisley, Sydney J. Bond, 152 Mere Road, Leicester.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: James H. Dowd, 11 Travis Place, Broomhall, Sheffield, W. B. Huntly, Rochus Strasse 22, Dusseldorf, Germany.

Honourable Mention: James S. Ross, Frances A. Barton, Arthur S. Atkinson, George Hughan Hampton, Hazel Cuthbert, Leonard E. Wynkle, H. Lawrence Oakley, Harold B. Hewlett.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winners of "Kruno" Photographic Outfits: Fred. Wood, 28 Cottam Road, Bradford, Yorks; David John Jones, 10 Lincoln Street, Llandyssul, S. Wales.

Honourable Mention: Maude Ogden, Frederick Day, Dorothy R. Walthew, Hilda Case, Nellie Day, David Lang, R. M. Y. Gleadowe, B. Young, J. F. Bebbington, Harry Hill, Patrick Kennedy.

No. V.—"All-Round Development."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty five.)

Winner of Boxing Gloves: Roy Collard, 2 Westcombe Park Road, Blackheath, S.E.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: John Munro c/o Easton, 4 Brougham Place, Edinburgh; George Booth, 7 Richebey Road, Egremont, Cheshire.

Honourable Mention: Percy Craven, Harry Payne, Lilian Bowyer, Hedley V. Fielding, H. T. Austin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

Winner of Boxing Gloves: Alfred G. Frost, 42 Brae Street, Liverpool.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: D. H. Thompson, 2 Churchfield Road (will this competitor kindly send his full address?); H. C. Smith, 53 Windsor Road, Tuebrook, Liverpool.

Honourable Mention: John W. Harvey, Bertram A. Poole, Bennett Saywell, Edwin R. Rhodes, Ruth Clark, C. G. S. Gordon, Edgar Allen, Morton Lewis, George Reanie.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winner of Boxing Gloves: H. T. Retallack Moloney, 199 Romford Road, Romford, Essex.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: A. J. Elkins, 14 Henbury Street, Camberwell, S.E., Louis Piser, 58 Dunsmure Road, Stamford Hill, N.

Honourable Mention: E. Drew, Stanley B. King, P. R. Laird, Stephen Critten, George Wood, Stanley J. Radford, Rupert Mann, T. W. Spikin, W. J. Cowan, Leonard Wheatham.

No. VI.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty five.)

Winner of "Swan" Fountain Pen: A. E. Radford, Tunnel Road, The Park, Nottingham.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to William Williams, 26 Victoria Road, Oldfield Park, Bath.

Honourable Mention: Frank R. Orchard, V. Nishigawa, W. J. Watt, Jerardine Byrom, G. Eric Mees, H. Richmond Hilton, William Paterson, T. B. Franklin, Archie Mackenzie, A. H. Pickett.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

Winner of "Swan" Fountain Pen: G. Kay, Little Holland House, Kingsgate, Thanet.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: Hubert Haward, Woodstock Corner, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W.

Honourable Mention: John Gray, Dorothy Whitfield, R. E. Dickinson, W. S. L. Holt, T. Fischer, G. H. Tyrrell, B. S. Arnold, John L. Ingham, Andrew W. Dick, H. C. Hall, E. H. Hollett, Fred. Merry, E. S. Webb, E. G. Caldeleugh, Norman C. Price, J. H. Young, W. N. Bagshaw, C. H. Boissier, A. N. Brooks.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

Winner of "Swan" Fountain Pen: Dorothy Alice Hilton, Oaklands, Sturry, near Canterbury.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: F. L. Goodman, 11 Palmeira Avenue, Westcliff on Sea, Essex; Andrew Mennie, 22 Lancefield Street, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention: Sydney Milburn, W. H. Rudder, A. Milburn, W. Gingell, Jack Brooke, George Sheriff, C. A. Ainsworth, G. Maddison, Alan B. Peck, W. G. C. Rear, M. Payne Gallwey, Willie Price Jones, C. C. Hett, Maurice Wilson, G. E. Hall, B. H. Wadsworth, Marian Wadsworth, G. Bourne, Frank Howard, V. A. Beaufort, Will Laing, M. K. Brown, Charles Gordon Bastow, Stella Clay, Fred. Rawson, Edmund G. Gray.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE SEPTEMBER COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—An enormous number of entries, and a great many with only one wrong, comparatively few managing to get the list complete. The lucky winner of the watch managed to combine neatness with a correct list. The list decided by vote is as follows. Death of Lord Salisbury, Death of the Pope, Royal Visit to Ireland, American Yacht Races, Chamberlain's Fiscal Proposals, President Loubet's Visit to England.

No. II.—A fair number of competitors guessed all the names correctly. 'Cloud' seems to have been the most difficult, many substituting 'Manfred' as the 'Wonderful Lion Tamer!' The correct list will be found on an advertisement page.

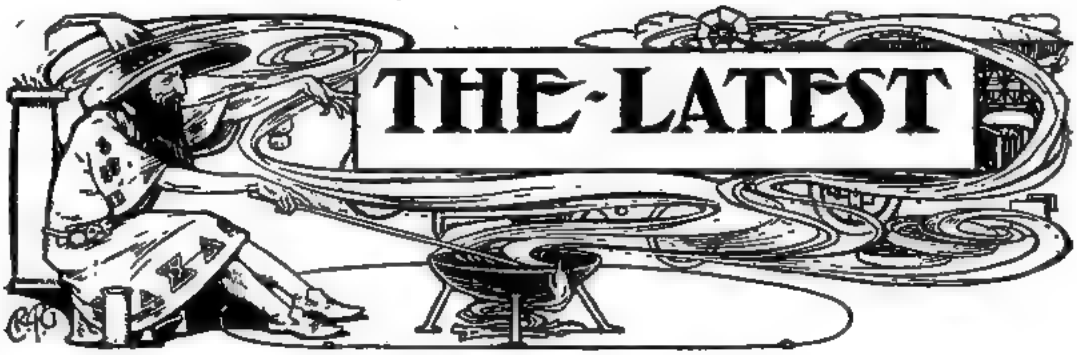
No. III.—The winning list—decided by vote—is as follows.—(1) Alfred the Great, (2) William I., (3) Richard I., (4) Edward III., (5) Henry VIII., (6) Charles I. Several had the list entirely correct, and a great many only one wrong.

No. IV.—The majority of sketches submitted were in water colours, but those in pen and ink were very well done, and, we were pleased to observe, evidenced attention to the hints given from time to time in the C.C.C. art stic criticisms.

No. V.—This was evidently a popular and interesting competition, and, as usual, the essays reached a high standard of excellence. Swimming was the favourite pastime as an all-round developer, but boxing, rowing, and walking all found staunch supporters and five had at least one able champion!

No. VI.—There were more photographs than usual this month, and the quality of the work was consistently good in each Class, the most pronounced fault, however, being the great amount of unbroken foreground displayed in many pictures.

The Competition Editor.

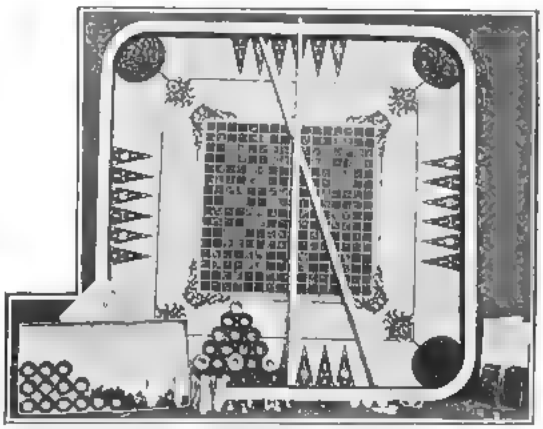


Motor Hansom Cabs.

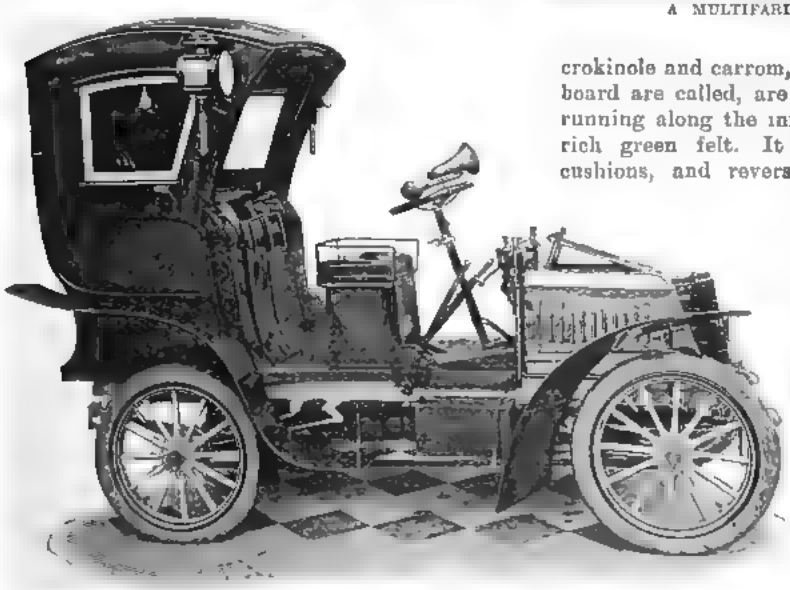
The accompanying photograph shows a motor hansom cab, fifty of which will shortly be placed on the streets of London by the London Express Motor Service Company, Ltd. There is plenty of accommodation provided for luggage, which is carried at the rear, and there is also room for extra luggage on the floor of the cab in front of the passenger. The cab is worked by a 2-cylinder 12 h.p. petrol engine, capable of running up to twenty-five miles an hour. As will be seen, the actual cab itself is somewhat larger than its prototype, the ordinary horse-cab, and there is an additional folding seat for a third passenger beside the driver. The cabs can be seen at the offices of the company, 37, Walbrook, E.C.

Sixty-five Games for £1.

Sixty-five games, all of which are played on one board, for the modest sum of £1, is, the most inveterate bargainer must admit, not a bad purchase. The "De Luxe" Crown Combination Game Board, which is now being sold in this country by the American Importing Company, of 8, Long Lane, Aldersgate, E.C., is a marvel of ingenuity, beauty, and entertainment. The



A MULTIFARIOUS GAME BOARD.



AN ELECTRIC HANSOM CAB.

crokinole and carrom, as the reverse sides of the board are called, are of mahogany, the ditches running along the inner sides being lined with rich green felt. It is fitted with patent felt cushions, and reversible net pockets, and is adapted for the playing of no less than sixty-five different highly diverting and skilful games, the attractiveness of which is well evidenced by the fact that in America they have become one of the necessities of every household. Readers of THE CAPTAIN who are seeking some new form of amusement for the long winter evenings should write to the American Importing Co. for one of their

catalogues of board games, from which a large and varied selection can be made.

The Latest in Fireworks.

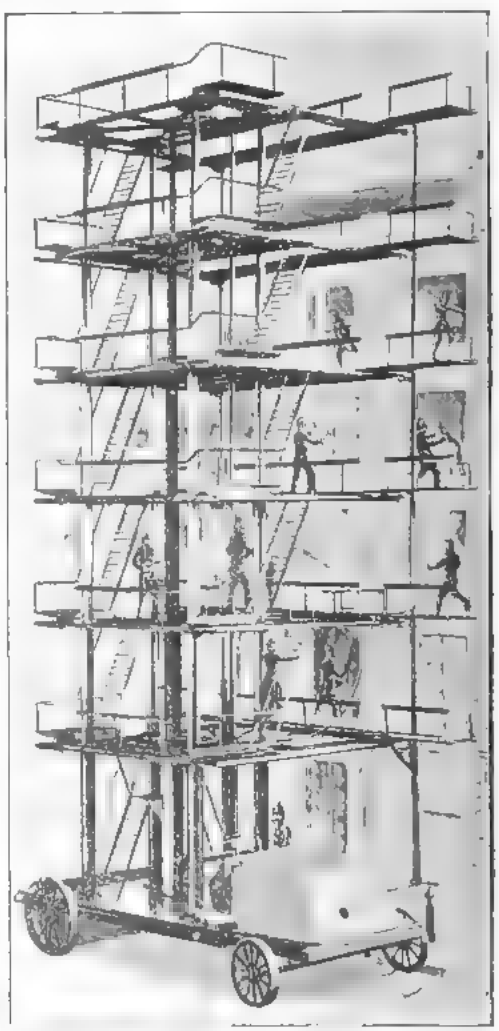
The "fifth of November" will soon be with us again, and we would remind our readers not to delay ordering the fireworks with which they intend to commemorate "Guy Fawkes' Day" this year. As a glance through their catalogue assures us, many novelties in pyrotechnics have been introduced this season by Messrs. James Pain and Sons, 121, Walworth-road, London, S.E., the principal of these being their "brilliant silver" fireworks, which are greater in brilliancy than even electric light. Electric catherine wheels, and many other specialities suitable for garden displays are also included. Much trouble is saved their customers by the selected cases, varying in price from half-a-crown to five guineas, which Messrs. Pain have arranged with their expert knowledge of what constitutes a varied display exhibition. For those, too, who require rockets only, selected boxes of them, in position ready for firing, have been introduced. There are dozens of varieties of "loose" goods, and set-pieces galore, and the makers' long association with the Alexandra Palace is sufficient guarantee of their excellence. In addition to having the honour of being pyrotechnists by special appointment to his Majesty King Edward, Messrs. Pain manufacture two-thirds of the fireworks used in Europe, and supplied all the fireworks used at the welcomes accorded to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, during their Colonial tour in 1901, while nearly every ship that leaves the Thames, Mersey, and Avon, carries a large quantity of Messrs. Pains' rockets for signalling purposes at night-time, and in case of distress.

The Latest in Fire Escapes.

Amongst the many interesting exhibits at the Earl's Court Fire Exhibition was a model of a new type of fire escape, of truly remarkable conception and utility, and quite unlike anything of the kind ever before devised. Instead of the long and unwieldy ladder which has stood service for so many years, this clever invention consists of a series of platforms which are raised by mechanical means to any height required, so that the occupant whose exit is cut off by the staircase can step on to the nearest platform, and descend easily by means of light steel ladders to the ground. One of the most novel features of the appliance is the device by which the platforms are capable of being extended, not only longitudinally, but also lengthways, in accordance with the width of the house on fire. In addition to its value as an escape, it serves as well as a pumping machine, and a large water tower is provided for this purpose on the motor-car on which the whole apparatus is carried.

"All About Post-Cards."

This little book is sure to be welcomed by all those who have become bitten by the craze for collecting pictorial post-cards, or, in other words, by all "Cartophilists," as the author says they may be called. It gives a mass of information concerning this popular subject, and, being written in a bright and chatty style, is both readable and useful to the average and advanced collector. At the end of the volume is a long list, together with prices of post-cards, pictorial and other, issued by the various countries of the world. The price is only 1s., and the publishers are Messrs. Scott and Wilson, 4, Reginald Mount, Leeds.



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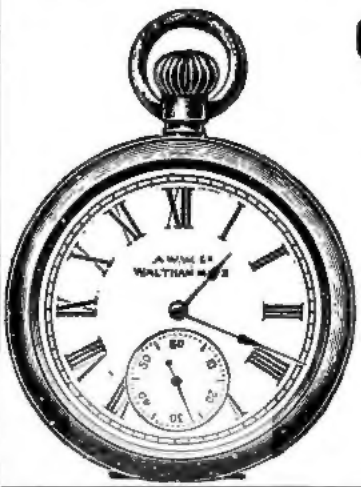

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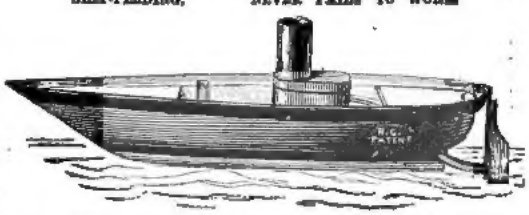

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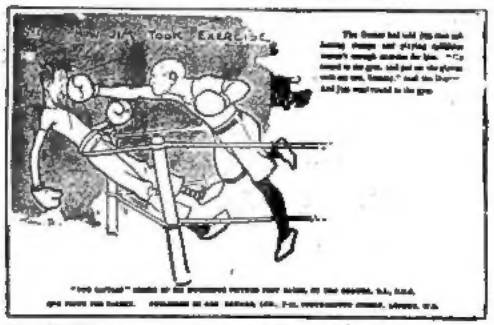

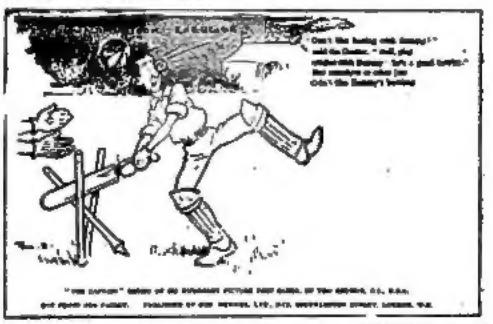

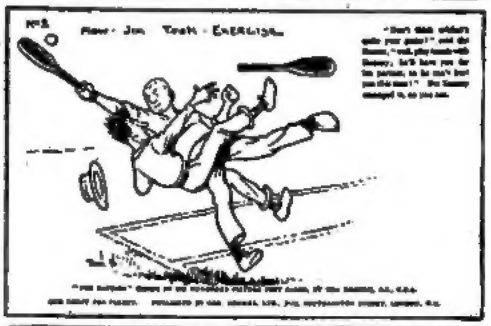

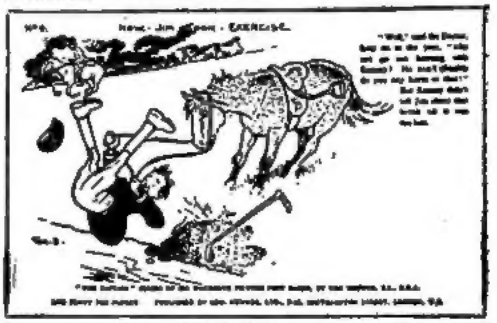

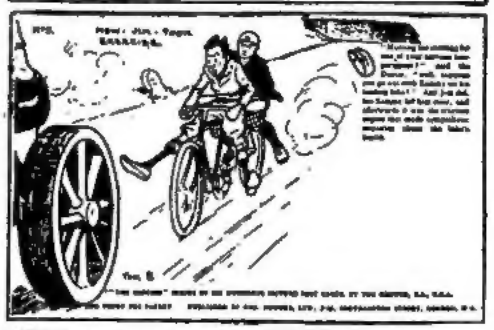

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